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THE GRAND PACHA'S

CRUISE ON THE NILE

IN

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT'S YACHT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

EMMELINE LOTT,

Author of "Harem Life in Egypt and Turkey," &c., &c.

VOL. I.



London:

T. CAUTLEY NEWBY, PUBLISHER,

30, WELBECK STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1869.

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203. f. 195.



DEDICATION.

TO HIS GRACE
CHARLES CECIL MANNERS,
DUKE OF RUTLAND, K.G.,
ETC., ETC., ETC.

MY LORD DUKE,

This Work is most respectfully inscribed to your
Grace as a slight token of sincere acknowledgment for the
kindness received at your hands.

I have the honor to remain,

Your Grace's

Most obedient and grateful Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON, *February*, 1869.



THE ‘TAKA;’

OR,

A CRUISE IN THE VICEROY
OF EGYPT'S YACHT.

CHAPTER I.

ABOUT four o'clock in the morning of the 26th of April, 186—, I was awoke by one of the eunuchs scratching at my door, who in answer to my inquiry, “What do you want?” replied that the Viceroy Ismaël Pacha had ordered the Grand Pacha to accompany their highnesses, the Princesses of Egypt, on their visit to the Harams of the Buiük Hanems, on the Nile, thinking that ‘the Cocóna,’ as I was termed in the palaces, would like to see Egypt and its wonders.

His Highness had requested the Grand Eunuch to inform me that he desired I would afford the Grand Pacha as much book knowledge as I possessed of the places he might wish to visit, and direct his attention to every remarkable object. Hastily attiring myself in a grey silk travelling dress, I ordered my attendant, Gul, to pack up my portmanteau and bonnet box, and go and order Sheitan, the Prince's nurse, to bring his little highness as quickly as possible. On reaching our reception room I found the Grand Pacha dressed in a very pretty uniform. It consisted of a pair of grey trousers, fastened round his knees with straps and buckles, patent leather laced up knickerbockers, a grey cloth kilt buckled round his waist by a broad band of silver lace, over which he wore a jacket of the same colour, richly embroidered with silver lace and ornamented with silver buttons. Over that a black silk velvet paletot trimmed with gold lace, decorated with gold buttons, and lined with crimson satin, the skirts of which were looped back by a strap of gold lace, fastened behind to the waist with a gold button. On his shoulders were two gold epaulets. His Highness had just finished his breakfast. Seating myself on the divan by his side a slave handed me a findjan of mocha, while another

brought me a small roll of European bread, which constituted my repast. After having partaken of that meal I took the Grand Pacha by the hand, led him down the grand staircase of the haram at Ras-el-Tin, and passed into the lofty chamber occupied by the ladies of the Princess Epouse's suite.

There I found their Highnesses, the three Princesses of Egypt, sitting on the divan *à la Turque*. The Lady Paramount, the first wife, in the centre, elegantly attired, but unadorned; on her right hand the Princess Epouse, the Prince's mother; and on her left the third wife of his Highness Ismaël Pacha. Making my usual salutation, I bade the Prince salaam their Highnesses. Then he approached the Lady Paramount, who patted him on the cheek; proceeding to his mother who lifted him up and kissed him; and the third princess bestowed her usual endearment on him. From all of whom he received his daily allowance of *paras* in small silver coins. Soon after their highnesses rose, and proceeding between the double file of ladies of their harems, who had ranged themselves on each side of the chamber, they passed through the eunuch's hall on to the wide covered landing on the terrace, which borders the seashore, and entered the long narrow rowing boats, which were covered

with rich silk awnings placed over light canvas ones, the valances of which at the sides were fastened to the gunwales, so as to preclude the possibility of any idle spectators in the harbour peering their evil eyes into the boats. They were richly carpeted at the bottom, and crimson velvet cushions ranged on each side. The fourteen rowers soon took them on board. As the boats neared the Viceroy's yacht, 'the Taka,' the military band on board, struck up the Sultan's March as the Princesses ascended the ladder, which was covered with crimson cloth, and the guns of the fort and Egyptian Fleet in the harbour fired a salute of eleven guns.

The Grand Pacha and myself had been previously rowed on board, and were received with the same honours.

Then followed the ladies of the harems, the slave attendants, the eunuchs, and the whole staff of oustas, together with the cooks, scullions, &c., for our trip was to extend over a considerable period.

On reaching the deck of that floating palace I found it completely screened in with a crimson awning, with small glass windows, let in here and there on both sides of the deep valances which were fastened to the bulwarks, while two wind sails, hanging from the top,

admitted currents of cool air into the elegant saloons. The deck was covered with several thick Turkey carpets, divans were scattered about in various directions, silk cushions lay upon the carpet, and the whole was thickly screened off from the fore-deck, which was appropriated to the officers, crew, and soldiers. Their highnesses soon doubled themselves up on the divans, the ladies of the harems also on the silk cushions, some of the attendant slaves were hob-nobbing it together with the eunuchs on the carpeted decks, while others were standing in groups peering through the windows in the valances, like a lot of children looking through the small glass peep-holes of dioramic shows at a country English fair.

After their highnesses had been served with cigarettes and were enjoying the pleasures of their fragrant Latakia, his Highness the Grand Pacha requested me to accompany him to the fore-deck, for he was anxious to look around him as the steamer steered her way through the dense labyrinth of vessels that were then crowded in the harbour (like the pool in old Father Thames), awaiting their cargoes of cotton. The Grand Eunuch, who was always particularly attentive to the Viceroy's little pet, placed two chairs for us close to the bowsprit, and there we gazed upon the exciting scene before us.

Behind us stood out in bold relief the snow white, large, but plain-looking Palace of Ras-el-Tin, which the illustrious founder of his dynasty had built. On our right the busy port of Alexandria, with its arsenal, college, Marina, and bazaars, while above them towered Cleopatra's needle, and beyond many a windmill with its sails clewed up, for little use is now made of them since King Cotton has supplanted the Goddess Ceres in the land of the Pharoahs. On our left lay the Egyptian steam-fleet, but small indeed in comparison to that which Mahomet Ali was accustomed to gaze upon from the gallery of that stately palace, which is formed by twelve small white Corinthian pillars, and where, while pacing up and down its beautiful marqueterie floor of bronze and white chequers, he beheld the gallant conqueror of Syria embark on board that vast armada which conveyed him to Saint Jean d'Acre, where he accomplished that task which had defied all the consummate tact and skill of Bonaparte. The taking of the fortress—the old tower of which was called by the French *La Maudite*, and which had most successfully resisted all the assaults of that celebrated warrior, who significantly muttered to himself as he gave orders to raise the siege, "The fate of the world lies in that tower"—most ominous words, but

words which were not at the time rightly understood by those around him—at which the little prince gazed intently as their heavy guns boomed forth the salute of twenty-one guns, as the ‘Taka’ steamed majestically past those fine looking vessels ; for, like all the scions of his illustrious race, he possesses a most martial spirit, and loves to hear the echoes of the cannon’s roar, notwithstanding that he has a perfect horror of wild beasts. Just as the steamer neared the French iron clad “L’Empereur” the band of the marines on board, which had been playing “*Partant pour la Syrie*,” suddenly stopped, her formidable guns saluted the “Taka,” and the yards were instantly manned as soon as the officer on watch perceived the little Prince on deck.

“Madame,” said the Grand Pacha, “I never hear the French National Air but it recalls to my recollection a story which the old Frenchwoman who takes care of the Palace of Ras-el-Tin and the Haram when the Baba is not there, told me, and which she said was related to her by that French Mameluke officer Amrou, who now belongs to the regiment on board. Perhaps it might please you. I know that Amrou is not a good Mohaddetyn, but as it is about that great Franzowee Séraskér, who could not capture that celebrated fortress Saint Jean d’Acre, of

which my Grandfather Ibrahim so gallantly took possession.

"I should like to hear it, my Prince."

Scarcely had I replied, when the yacht passed into the Mahmoodééh—so named by Mahomet Ali, in honour of Sultan Mahomed, who was then the Deity of Islam—Canal, and as I wished to make the aquatic excursion as amusing as possible to the Prince, I begged him not to call Amrou, but to look at the powder magazines on our right and the Arab guards on our left. Then the "Taka" steamed rapidly along. Passing a bend we came in sight of the only interesting spot on the whole length of that canal which is studded with Egyptian farms, European villas, and a few harems. As the "Taka" now slackened speed, for we were not far from the place where we were going to visit a harem, I availed myself of that opportunity to act upon the suggestion which the Viceroy had thrown out—that I should endeavour by conversation and narratives, to store the Grand Pacha's mind with a fund of useful knowledge, and having by this time acquired a sufficient insight into both the Arabic and Turkish languages, which I picked up in a short space of time, I explained to his Highness that in former days there existed an old canal called the Fooah, which entered the walls of Alexandria at the

salient angle to the west of Pompey's Pillar, and proceeded to Kibôtus, and another to the ancient Canopic branch of the Nile, down which the Venetians, who were the first European traders with Egypt in modern times, and who then possessed nearly all the commerce with Egypt, conveyed merchandize to Alexandria, which left the Nile at Rahmaneéh—the ancient Naucratis, so celebrated in days of yore as the resort of all the *beau monde* of Greece, and famous for its drinking vessels, vases, and courtesans. It is eleven miles beyond Atfeh, and was strongly fortified in 1801, when the British captured it from the French. I informed the Prince that the late Mr. Briggs, an English merchant at Alexandria, with whom his illustrious great-grandfather Mahomed Ali had intimate commercial relations, pointed out to that ruler how desirable it would be for him to construct the canal along which we were then steaming, and which was seventy miles long, ninety feet wide, and eighteen feet deep, with only one lock, which was at Atfeh.

No sooner did Mahomet Ali become sensible of the great benefit that Alexandria would derive from its construction than, in 1819, he ordered his chief surveyor, a clever Turk named Hagee Osman Agha, to consult with the Italian engineers, the S.S. Bilotti, Costa, Massi, and two

others as to the practicability of that undertaking. Plans were drawn up and presented to the illustrious founder of the present vice royal dynasty, who, after having inspected them, issued orders to the Cheikhs of the villages in Upper and Lower Egypt to collect together two hundred and fifty thousand Fellahs and Arabs. Exercising the arbitrary powers which they then, and still do, possess, they literally drove them, like gangs of slaves, down to Cairo, there they were placed on board boats and taken down the Nile to Atfeh, where they were set to work to dig the canal without any arrangements having been made either for their shelter or victualling.

It is almost impossible to phrenograph the horrors of their position, or the privations they had to undergo. There, beneath a scorching sun, in a state of nudity, standing in the water day after day, victualled with only a scanty supply of Arab bread, and their beverage muddy water, they worked at that ghastly trench both night and day, for a period of twelve months, at the end of which it was completed at a cost of £18,840 sterling; and the sacrifice of upwards of twenty thousand souls, who perished by accident, want, plague—which at one time made most frightful havoc among them—and exhaustion. It is wonderful that a *greater* mortality did not

occur, for the work was not only hurried on most rapidly, but the gangs were not relieved at such short intervals as they ought to have been, and their scanty rations were, at times, scarcely fit for human creatures to consume. While thus occupied, some of the workmen came upon a very thin copper plate, bearing the following inscription in Greek characters:—

“King Ptolemy, his sons, Ptolemy and Arsinoe, the Queen Berenice, his sister and consort, have dedicated this Temple to Osiris.”

It was handed to the Viceroy, who presented it to Sir Sidney Smith, through Mr. Salt, then the British Consul General at Alexandria.

In 1821 an accumulation of mud so clogged up its channel that vast quantities of that Viceroy's merchandise was damaged on the bar of the Nile, at which the Sultan Mahomed rejoiced greatly, for he hated your illustrious great grandsire most cordially, and no boat of any considerable burthen could navigate it during the greater part of the year. Mahomet Ali, who was ever anxious to develop the resources of Egypt, did not, most unfortunately, take the precaution to guard against such an occurrence, neither did Abbas Pasha, but Said Pasha employed fifteen thousand Fellahs, at an enormous cost, to cleanse it in twenty-two days.

Soon we reached that part of the left bank where the villas stand detached in picturesquely ornamented shrubberies and most beautiful gardens. The most conspicuous are those belonging to M. M. Bravay, the French Deputy for Var—which H. H. the Viceroy often visits—and Pastré, the Managing Director of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, as also that of Count Zizinia, the Belgian Consul General, and several others, which are converted into Egyptian harams. Along the bank extends a most delightful promenade, lined with tall laurel rose bushes, and well shaded with noble linden trees; proceeding up it, the walk winds between a small salt lake and the canal, and far in the distance is seen the calm, azure waters of the Lake Mareotis. About five o'clock in the evening it is lined with elegant carriages, filled with the *élite* of Alexandria, both European and Levantine ladies on horseback, attended by an escort of gentlemen, and *sais*-Egyptian and Turkish ladies, riding on high asses, attended by their slaves or eunuchs, but whose figures are so bulky and ungainly that they look for all the world like sacks poised upright. Squatting down on the sides, sit sedate impassive-looking moslems, puffing away at their pipes like steam engines; dashing by them pass groups of European shopkeepers, principally

Italians, mounted on their *fiacres du pays*, enjoying the invigorating breeze. At the portals of the beautiful and extensive Rosetta garden may be seen lines of handsome carriages, some with European attendants, awaiting their masters and mistresses, who, seated within those pretty grounds, on rustic benches, or cane chairs, are partaking of ices, sherbets, or wines, while listening to the band ; others are perambulating about beneath the shady avenue of tall, stately trees, gazing on their children and attendants amusing themselves with sundry childish sports. The bank of the canal is the rendezvous of wealth, rank, and fashion. While on the opposite side, close to the stately rows of palms, stand the wretched mud hovels of the Fellahs, the abodes of most squalid misery and wretched poverty. Now and then is seen a beautiful, stately *fellahine* drawing water from the canal, poising her *goolleh* upon her head, and standing in just such a graceful attitude as sculptors love to depicture the ancient Egyptian women. Not far off are several hideous, unsightly looking buffaloes, up to their haunches in the water, taking their fill of the cool, wholesome beverage, while others are bellowing most lustily, and displaying to advantage their ungainly forms. *W'Allah*, they are frightful animals, and the contrast between

the scenes depicted on both banks is highly amusing and illustrative of Egypt as it is in this nineteenth century. Monotonous as this canal route is, nevertheless, the Prince was highly amused by the instructive lesson which the contemplation of life on its banks and water afforded him. The passage of boats, laden with the productions of the fertile valley of the Nile, the picture of squalid misery and wretchedness which met his eye, the dog holes of Fellah hovels, their naked, dirty children, basking in the sun like little lizards, the yelping of the provincial scavengers, yocapt *Kelbs*, the greasy, blear-eyed, partially blind, vermin infested, noisy, tattered-malion, disgusting-looking peasants, many of whom were in nature's full dress engaged in manœuvring their clumsy boats, and veiled ghost-like looking women; whose faces, when they readjusted their masks were hideous to behold, were the interesting objects which met our sight as we steamed along this monument of Mahomet Ali's recklessness of Fellah life and limb. Soon we obtained an excellent view of Pompey's Pillar, 'the Hemadeslaeor' of the Arabs. It stands upon a hill about eighteen hundred feet high to the south of the present walls of Alexandria, of which it commands the finest panoramic view, as well as that of the surrounding country. It consists of

a capital shaft sixty-three feet high and eight feet in diameter. One solid piece of red granite, base and pedestal, which last rests on substructions of small blocks cemented together by mortar, undoubtedly the remains of much more ancient monuments.

Wilkinson in his *Modern Egypt* states that he observed the name of the First Psammitichus on it.

Said Pacha finding that the European travellers had picked, or cut away the cement that united the stones together, and fearful lest the column might be endangered, had the holes filled up with mortar. H.H., the present Viceroy, in August, 1864, ordered the government engineers to repair the foundation on which the column rests. On examination it was discovered that this enormous mass was resting *entirely* on one central stone about five feet square; all the other blocks round it, for about five feet deep having more or less given way, so that when the rubbish was cleared, it was possible to pass underneath the base of the column which projected over this supporting stone, for several feet all around. The engineers were completely astounded at the skill thus displayed of ancient engineering, which could poise so accurately such an enormous weight.

A legion of travellers—to the great disfigurement of this monument, which is almost entirely covered with hieroglyphics—have carved their names upon it. One of those vandals has completely obliterated the Greek inscription, with the enormous letters which he has carved thereon. Said Pacha very justly complained of the absurdity of travellers defacing monuments of antiquity in the manner they are accustomed to do when visiting Egypt.

According to Messrs. Salt and Wilkinson, who clearly deciphered the Greek inscription, this column, which has so currently been designated Pompey's Pillar, was erected by Publius, the Prefect of Egypt, in honour of Diocletian. Its total height is 98ft. 9in., the shaft, according to the measurement of the engineers is 63ft. high and 8ft. in diameter, and *not* 73ft. as given by Wilkinson. The shaft is elegant and of good style, but the capital and pedestal are of more recent architecture. Mr. Wilkinson, who examined the summit of the column by means of ladders, observed a circular depression of considerable size, in all probability intended to admit the base of a statue. He conjectures that this column was erected in honor of Diocletian when he captured Alexandria in 296, A.D., then in revolt against him. It must also

be borne in mind that Diocletian had many claims upon the gratitude of the Alexandrians, for on one occasion when a famine devastated the land, he gave them two million medimni of corn, and the Circus close to the Redoubt, a fort thrown up by the French at the time they occupied Alexandria, close to the site of an ancient stadium, in the hollow space to the S.W. of Pompey's Pillar, hence the name of that fort.

Soon the familiar words "stop her," struck upon my ear, as the captain—a Turkish officer—who spoke English very well, gave his orders to the chief engineer, himself an Englishman, and the "Taka" remained as stationary on the waters of the canal, as a seagull resting on the dark blue ocean. The long boats, in which we had embarked, were lowered, the Prince and myself entered the first, then their Highnesses, the three Princesses, proceeded in another, as also did several of the ladies of the haram, who had been appointed to attend upon their Highnesses, and the viceroynal water procession was rowed to the small *scale* (landing place), in front of the large iron gates of a one-storey commodious, but plain structure, standing in most beautifully arranged gardens, approached by a noble carriage-drive, along an avenue of sycamore trees. On the landing place stood about two dozens eunuuchs.

bearing their usual wands of office. They were ranged in double file and salaamed their Highnesses, the Grand Pacha and myself, as we walked slowly between them up to the grand entrance, where we were received by the Kislár Agassi of the haram, which formerly belonged to His Highness Moharrem Bey, the son of that amiable Shórbagee of Cáwala, who took the illustrious Mahomet Ali under his protection, after the death of his father Réngber, and who remained firmly attached to the Regenerator of Egypt during the whole of his career. He was married to Mahomet Ali's daughter, Tafeédah Hanem, and held the responsible posts of Governor of Alexandria and Vice-Admiral of the Egyptian Fleet, but which was then tenanted by the Princess Lala, his niece. Proceeding up a noble staircase, which was covered with rich Brussels carpet, we passed between two files of slaves, all elegantly dressed, but wearing more natural flowers about their head gears than diamonds or precious stones, of which not even the ladies of the haram showed much display, as they stood upon the landing to receive their Highnesses, whom they ushered into the large and elegantly arranged reception room. The Princess Lala who was a lady of prepossessing appearance, attended by several of her ladies of the haram, met their

Highnesses at the threshold of the door hangings, saluted them in the Oriental fashion, touched her lips and forehead with the right hand, then removed the Princess Paramount's mauve silk habarah as a mark of honor, which a slave took from her, and placing it on a beautiful pink cashmere handkerchief, embroidered with gold, carried it away into another apartment. The same ceremony was performed towards the other two Princesses, and the mother of the haram disrobed me of my shawl and bonnet, which were carried away in like manner. Then the niece of Moharrem Bey conducted the Princesses to the divan; taking her seat as the hostess, she motioned to the Lady Paramount to occupy the right hand, the seat of honor; the Princess Epouse took the left, by the side of the first wife sat the third wife, H.H. the Grand Pacha next to his illustrious mother, and your humble servant by the Prince's side.

The ladies of the haram then entered, made their temenas, and ranged themselves in the form of a crescent on cushions which had been placed on the carpet, and behind them stood the attendant slaves, while the eunuchs grouped themselves about the apartment, but chiefly in the embrasures of the French windows, which commanded a fine view of the lovely gardens studded with sycamore trees, roses, jessamine, tenna plants, oranges,

citrons, violets, myrtles, Egyptian pivet, peaches, almonds, anemones, gilliflowers, narcissus, eglantine, and many an Oriental willow, and which, being open, the fragrance of that bouquet of *mille fleurs* was wafted through the beautiful fine wooden trellis-work, placed against the windows, and impregnated that noble apartment.

The hostess clapped her hands when her white oustas formed a semi-circle, and receiving from the black slaves the silver trays containing small dishes filled with sweatmeats, having several gold spoons in each, they passed them round to their highnesses, the prince, and then to myself, after which coffee was served on elegantly chased silver plateaux in small Japan china findjans, placed in plain gold fillagree *zarfs*, which the slaves held between the thumb and finger of the right hand. A short interval elapsed when rich cut-glass covered cups, like custard cups, only larger, standing in small saucers, filled with various kinds of sherbet, were handed round in massive silver trays, covered with handsomely embroidered pink silk napkins, which the slaves removed as they approached their highnesses, whom etiquette only allowed to drink about a third part of the proffered beverage. The slaves then advanced with silver trays bearing large white embroidered

handkerchiefs, which were very prettily piled up in a kind of pyramid, with which the princesses merely touched their lips. Cigarettes were served, for such now appear to have taken precedence of the everlasting pipe in the harems of the great. Then commenced a kind of running chit-chat.

After half an hour had been spent in that manner the Princess Lala rose, threw her arms gracefully round the Lady Paramount's neck, and led her to inspect that beautiful harem, the rooms of which were very large and lofty, the other princesses, the Grand Pacha, and myself following in their footsteps. In all of them—I am speaking of the various reception-rooms, for there were several of those apartments in that princely mansion—stood a raised dais, covered with very fine matting; in the centre a tasteful fountain, inlaid with black, red, and white marble, sportively jetting forth *jets d'eau*, forming various devices; but especially crescents, roses, gilliflowers, and Egyptian pivets. The ceilings were ornamented with highly-wrought and elegantly finished arabesque work; the walls were plain and white-washed, and the lower portion cased with tiles six feet high, beautifully glazed, and closely resembling Dutch tiles; the windows were *à la Française*, the trellis work being so arranged that

it could be removed at pleasure, and tastefully ornamented with elegantly embroidered fine muslin curtains, looped up and fringed with various coloured cords and tassels; the greater portion of the furniture was French, and very costly.

Then she took us into the bath-room, which was arranged with luxurious divans; but the heat and vapour made it so overpowering that I was exceedingly glad when we quitted it. When taking leave, the Princess Lala clapped her hands, and the white slaves entered, bearing their highnesses' *habaraks*, and my shawl and bonnet; the princess took the princesses' *habaraks* and robed them, pressed their hands, saluted them on the cheek, when their highnesses lowered their right hand and touched their lips and forehead, and all proceeded into the hall.

The mother of the haram went through the same ceremony with myself. Proceeding across the hall we reached the curtain entrance of the haram, which was raised by the black eunuchs, and all retired, accompanied by the Kislal Agassi and his staff, who received from the hands of their highnesses' grand eunuch the *backsheesh* which it is customary to bestow on him, and accompanied us to the *scale*, whence we re-embarked in the boats, which soon bore us alongside the "Taka,"

whose steam having been kept up, she passed up the canal, the monotony of whose high embankments were only here and there relieved by the posts of the old telegraph to Cairo, which were erected in Mahomet Ali's time, rising at intervals above the dreary plain.

The gloominess of the scene quite gave the little prince the fidgets.

Athié, the third wife's mother of the haram, having heard me make the observation that the Princess Lala looked very sorrowful, although much pleased at the honour which the princesses of Egypt had conferred upon her by paying her a visit, kindly volunteered to amuse the Grand Pacha by relating her antecedents, which she did in the following manner :—

THE PRINCESS LALA'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

“ The Princess Lala, a Georgian by birth, was purchased by the late Shórbagee of Cávála, and being brought up in his wife's haram, she was married, at the age of thirteen, to his eldest son, the same who on being sent to Egypt in command of the contingent of troops in which Mahomet Ali was appointed Bóolook-Báchi, becoming disgusted with the service, quitted that corps, giving the command over to that mutinous

prince, which became the stepping-stone to all his future greatness, who then held the rank of Bin-Bachi (Major), and returned to C wala, where he died. His widow accompanied the haram of Moharrem Bey to Cairo, where he took up his residence, at the pressing entreaties of Mahomet Ali. There she remained until the Bey married the daughter of the Regenerator of Egypt. Soon after that auspicious event took place Moharrem Bey, who had acquired considerable property by that marriage, built himself the large palace which their highnesses had that day visited, and the princess removed thereto. Unfortunately for her she became on intimate terms with Zohra Pacha, the beautiful, but licentious Princess Nuzleh (Nazly), and following her example, launched forth into a most profligate career. Having taken a fancy to that gay Lothario of a Turk, Mahommed Ali, the youngest son of Mahommed Ali, whom she had often seen through the trellis-work windows, when he came to visit Moharrem Bey, she induced one of the eunuchs, by dint of *backsheesh*, to convey a *mektoob* to the prince, for she had been taught to read and write Turkish, in which she stated that '*he had pleased her*,' and besought him to pay her a clandestine visit at the old Bey's haram, on the banks of the Khalig canal.

Disguising himself in female attire one evening, he was introduced into the haram, by Alimed the eunuch, in whom the princess had reposed great confidence. The first interview lasted a considerable period, and they took leave of each other evidently much pleased with their *tête-à-tête*. These stolen interviews took place frequently. At the end of seven months the princess became ill, and upon being attended by Gul, the mother of Moharrem Bey's haram, it was discovered that she was *enceinte*. In the meanwhile Mahommed Ali had been sent to Paris to finish his education, and the eunuch had died. Moharrem Bey's wife, Akik, who was a most exemplary princess, had quietly communicated the fact to the Bey, who, fearing the anger of the Viceroy should he dare to accuse his son of the act of which he had been guilty, and not wishing to give room for any additional scandal being spread about, for Zohra Pacha's diabolical conduct in intriguing with various individuals, and then having their bodies cast into the Nile was at that time the public talk of the Cairenes, condemned the imprudent princess to become one of the lowest of his *oustas*, in which capacity she passed many years, until the death of Moharrem Bey, who, perhaps, repenting of his harshness towards her, bequeathed to her the greater bulk of his pro-

perty. The princess petitioned Abbas Pacha to restore her to her former rank and station ; but that prince remained inexorable. When his bigot of a mother returned from the Holy Land of the Moslems, the Princess Lala's mother of the haram sought an interview with that Princess Validé at the Bairam time, and as it is customary for both Moslems, as well as all Moslemah women, *never* to refuse any petition that is presented to them at that fête, the princess's mother of the haram, when paying her respects to that saint of a Princess Validé, of Egypt, besought, and obtained from her the pardon of her penitent mistress, and the full restitution of her rights and fortune, which she has ever since enjoyed ; but it happened most singularly that the day on which their highnesses visited her was the anniversary of that sad day when she was degraded from her position. Singular to add, two of her favourite slaves were also discovered to be in the same interesting condition ; suspicion, whether well founded or not, fell upon Prince Mahommed Ali, and as he always led a very gay life, both in Paris and Egypt, it is not improbable but that he was the actual offender. Those two slaves were cast into the Nile, after having acknowledged their guilt, and proclaimed that prince as their seducer."

Scarcely had Athié concluded her narrative, when the little prince directed my attention to the huge mounds of ancient towns which here and there peered forth amidst the gloominess of the scene around us.

Finding that he began to manifest a desire to retire to the saloon, and being anxious that he should enjoy the cool breeze that had then sprung up, I reminded him that he had told me that Amrou, the French Mameluke Officer on board, could relate to us the story about Saint Jean d'Acre, to which he had previously alluded, for, like all Turks, he had promised to let me hear it, but owing to the Taka having entered the canal much quicker than he had expected, his attention had been directed to the sight of Pompey's Pillar, and he thought no more of it.

"It is too dull, madame," was his highness's reply; so I turned the conversation on another subject.

After having steamed about five miles amidst solitary and deserted high embankments, we reached a spot called, E'Sid (dam, or *Maison Carrée*, from the circumstance of the British, while besieging the French in Alexandria, having cut a passage to admit the salt water into the Lake Mareotis, which was afterwards closed), thence we passed on to Karioón, thirteen miles,

with its manufactory of glass and pottery, and a little beyond loomed forth the mounds of the ancient town of Chereu. As we proceeded, the man heaving the lead gave the soundings much deeper, for the canal widens considerably. Soon we sighted the remains of the old town of Schedia, which were discovered in 1820, by Mr. Salt. It was a bishop's see in the time of Athanasius, and derives its name from the bar which here closed the flowing of the river. Thence the Telegraph Station, proceeds for three quarters of a mile to the south extremity of the large mounds of the ancient town of Nishoi (Boats), the ruins of which consist of a few enormous cisterns. In the distance we perceived the village of El-Birkeh, or Birket Ghuttas (the Lake), three and a-half miles; then we pass Karrawee, four and a-half miles, where a road branches off to Damanhoor, about seven and a-half miles, which place is the capital of the province of El Baháyreh; then several mounds of ancient towns loom forth in the plain to the south. As we proceeded a little farther, the canal bends to the northwards, we pass Zowyet el Ghazál (four and a-half miles), the Ruins of Gheyk (eight and a-half miles), and two miles brings us to Atfeh, which stands at the mouth of the canal upon the Rosetta branch of the Nile. Here we first catch

sight of the far-famed Nile, the view of which is extremely pleasing, and quite a relief to the eye, after the uninteresting monotony of the Mahmoodéeh Canal.

This village has considerably increased of late years. Large docks are erected, which, together with the supply of water, form a lateral canal from Teráneh—in the vicinity of which are the Natron (subcarbonate of soda and muriate of soda) Lakes, which is largely exported to Europe; and in Mahomet Ali's time its exportation was formed by Signor Gibarra, a wealthy merchant of Alexandria, who enjoyed that illustrious prince's intimate friendship, and in whose beautiful gardens close to the Greek Convent, His Highness delighted to smoke his chibouque—and opened for a time the clogging up channel of the canal.

H.H. The Viceroy, in 1864, granted a concession to Messrs. Oppenheim and Co. for a construction of a railway from this place to Rosetta. Opposite to it stands the once large and populous town of Fooah, on the site of the ancient Metelis (Meleg, Meledg), with the fairy-like minarets of its numerous mosques peering forth from amidst the dense masses of palm trees. It is now but a very insignificant town to what it was in its palmy days, when the bazaars were very extensive, and the shops not only well stored with

merchandise, but its streets graced with Egyptian ladies going "shopping." Now its streets are mere lanes, and its only "wérshéh" consists of tarbooshes, and the dates, considered in olden times as far superior to any in Egypt, but now by no means as fine as the āāmeree, which come from Korayn, and are highly prized by the Cairenes.

The Crusaders in the reign of Melek Adél (1180 to 1225 A.D.) plundered it of its riches, and then burnt it to the ground; but in the fifteenth century it had recovered somewhat of its pristine grandeur. The only remains of its former splendour are the granite blocks bearing hieroglyphic inscriptions, which now form the thresholds of the door of some of its best houses. The date groves in the vicinity, with their beautiful fan-like branches, are very fine and extensive; and madder, which was first planted here, still continues to be most extensively cultivated.

H.H. The Viceroy, in 1864, granted a concession to Messrs. Oppenheim and Co. to construct a railway from this place to Tanta. The old canal which conveyed merchandise to this place still existed in 1777, although its channel was nearly dry.

The scenery of the Nile now becomes much more interesting, the country being studded at a short distance from its banks with villages con-

structed of mud huts, picturesquely embedded in lofty palm tree groves, from which peer forth the snow-white minarets of the mosques; swarms of Fellahs and their families, with their incessant babble, keep moving along its banks, on which are heard the beating of the darrabouka drum, like the tom-tom in India; green valleys are seen in the distance, beyond loom patches of the yellow-looking desert, and sandy shoals covered with swarms of brilliant plumaged *ibises*; huge pelicans approach the river side, flights of pigeons nestle on the mounds of filth which stand forth most prominently at the side of every village; but in some from amidst the very centre, as if they formed a kind of Boulevard for the Fellahs to stand upon to take a sight at the djerms and other boats passing up and down the river laden with cotton, cereals, rice, and European merchandise. The banks became the colour of chocolate, the air was balmy, the sky cloudless, the heat oppressive, the flies tormenting, the beggars on the banks of the broad yellow river most clamorous for *buksheesh*, the dust lay as thick as powder on the palm groves, the mangy dogs were searching the filthy mounds for their daily meal, the villagers were squatted at their hovels hunting vermin, mosquitoes were stinging us like leeches, the Viceroyal sailors were catching the *browns* in

hundreds, and consigning them to the enjoyment of a hamman, formed of the delicious waters of the Nile, the Arabs were lying about the gangways literally covered with flies, which did not arouse them from their *kef*. I even think they sleep sounder, when blessed with their company.

Occasionally we met with several earthen-pot rafts—which consist of a slight stick frame-work bouyed up on those utensils—laden with coarse earthenware and *goolehs* (water coolers); now and then steamers plying from Atfeh to Cairo pass along, their decks crowded with passengers of all grades of both the indigenous and European populations of Egypt. Here and there are seen some native cafés, picturesquely situated amidst a shady date tree grove, on the wooden chair before which is seen many a Cheikh doubled up on the seat of honour, like the ninth-part of the man upon his board, smoking his chibouque, with some of the wealthiest of his villagers squatted on his right and left enjoying the acme of a Moslem's delight, cogitating on the amount of *myr* (taxes) they have been called upon to pay the government; at their feet are grouped a host of Arab and Fellah *gamins*, the most audacious imps imaginable, while others are rolling in the sand and covering their nudity with coats of the soil, as if they were anxious to show his goodly

worship of a Cheikh-el-Beled what an excellent garment bountiful Nature had bestowed upon them without toil or labour; not far off stood a number of those patient, indefatigable, sure-footed *fiacres du pays*, here and there were several camels, droves of buffaloes, farther on, on the brink of the river, were the everlasting *sakias* (the irrigating water wheels) emitting forth their creaking sounds, that music which seems to fall so melodiously on the ears of the industrious Fellah.

Then we steamed along amidst an almost breathless silence, but soon the babbling of the Fellah women, like the cackling of a drove of geese, vibrated upon the ear, which soon became drowned by the beating of the Egyptian tom-tom (the *darraboukav*), and all this variety of human forms and actions seen beneath a most brilliant sun and clear azure sky tends much to alleviate the dullness of a noon-day trip, and at the end of eleven miles we reach Rahmaneéh, opposite to which stands the village of Dessóok on the Rosetta branch of the Nile. The approach to it was absolutely crowded with boats of all shapes and sizes, and the banks were swarmed with crowds of Moslems, both male and female, who had arrived to be present at the annual festival of "Ibrahim e'Dessóokee," which lasts eight days,

and is second only in rank to that of Sayd Ahmed el Beddowee, the Moslem saint of great renown, the ancestor of Mustapha el Beddowee, the mentor and tutor of Mahomet Ali, which is celebrated at Tanta. Both of those festivals take place twice annually, and are visited by nearly two hundred thousand individuals, and the Cairenes, who have not an opportunity of going in a party to either, if not both those places, look upon such as great a privation as a Londoner does if he cannot go to the Derby. The majority attend for the purpose of killing three birds with one stone—that is, repeating a few prayers at the tombs of those much honoured saints, indulging in a *debauche*, and doing a good stroke of business according to their respective callings.

Soon we came in sight of the village of Sa-el-Hagar 'Sa of the stone', the modern Sais (fourteen miles), close to which stand several broken blocks, ruins of ancient houses, and an enclosure composed of crude brick walls, to the north of which is a lake—whose water serves to irrigate the land, but which is generally dry in June; its banks are interspersed with reeds, and in the early part of the year its surface teems with wild ducks and waterfowl—supposed to be the spot where ceremonies were performed in ancient days

in honour of Osiris, which appears to have washed away the site on which stood the celebrated Temple of Minerva, the tombs of the Saïte Monarchs, who first began to govern Egypt in 664 B.C., the first of whom was Psammitichus, and the last Amyrtœus, who flourished in 411 B.C. To the east stand several mounds, the ruins of the burnt wall of the El Kala (citadel), in which those monarchs resided. Close to the N.E. corner of the walls runs a canal, and near it stands a massive block of granite, and the remains of a Sarcophagus; while to the south are seen a Shekh's mausoleum, ruins of houses, several ancient tombs—all approximate to the modern village—which now replaces that old town which was so much frequented in days of yore, and of which Herodotus makes mention; while to the north loom forth the mounds of Saïs, which was a place of much importance—and whose merchants held in their hands the greater part of the Egyptian trade with the Mediterranean—during the rule of the Saïte Dynasty; and here it was that “the Fête of Burning Lamps” took place, and if we are to credit Pluto, the interview between John and the priests.

Soon after which we pass Nikleh (four miles). In the distance to the west loomed forth Kom

Sheréek, with the mounds of an ancient city, and close to Taréeh were seen others near the old Lycus Canalis, not far from Booragát (Kafr Daoot), the site of the ancient Momemphis.

As we passed some of the islands on the Rosetta branch, the Fellahs brought us several wild boar tusks, which they had taken. I purchased them for a handful of paras, as the Grand Pacha desired to have some ornaments made of them to decorate his *petit salon* in his own yacht.

The wind now began to freshen, and we beheld many a light *cangia* half submerged in the river on the leeward side; some of the travellers, who were Germans, appeared to be very much alarmed, as well they might be, as that sudden gust was not preceded by any flying clouds; fortunately, however, they had taken care to keep the rope, by which the huge sails are fastened to the side, loose, which one of the boatmen held in his hand, so that when the captain gave orders to let it go, the light and graceful *cangia* soon righted herself. The banks of the river are dotted with the everlasting mud-hutted villages, which produces a monotonous sameness. The stream flows down with great rapidity, and at the angles of its banks great exertion appears to be necessary to tow the light *cangias* as they make head against its velocity, but when a north wind blows then a

tremendous swell gets up, and the motion even in a steamer makes those who are not good sailors rather squeamish.

The greatest beauty in the Nile landscape is the superb palm groves, which meet the eye at almost every bend, especially when approaching any large villages.

The Grand Pacha, who had never made the trip before, and who displays a wonderful taste for every kind of machinery, whether warlike, industrial, or agricultural, kept repeatedly exclaiming, "Bad! bad!" as we passed the everlasting, clumsy looking, irrigating wheels; and yet he seemed highly amused at the adroit manner in which the Fellah sinks a pit in a bank into which the water of the Nile flows; it is then raised for that purpose to the surface, by means of a broad wheel, turned by a buffalo. All around this wheel is a band with numerous earthen jars attached to it, which dip into and bring up the water as it is turned round, and empty their contents into a channel which runs into trenches through the soil; and it is that simple means of irrigation which renders the Valley of the Nile a rich carpet of prolific verdure throughout the entire year, except during the time of the inundation, which generally commences about the end of June, and reaches its full height at the close of

September, when its waters are retained in numerous canals.

The Prince perceiving that the water of the Nile was full of mud, ordered some of the sailors to bring a large *gooleh* (porous clay jar, the finest of which are made at Keneh), which he had filled, and in order to show me that the Fellahs did not drink that water in its muddy state, he hailed one, who was standing on the bank of the river, through a small speaking trumpet which had been placed at his side.

The man jumped into the Nile, and was soon along-side the steamer, which slackened speed, and upon the sailors throwing a rope to him, he climbed up the bulwarks, made his salaam, knelt at the little Prince's feet, and with his head bowed to the carpet, exclaimed,

"What does your Highness want?"

"Clean that water," was the reply.

Taking from his loin-cloth a small leathern bag, he brought forth a kind of paste, which I afterwards learned was made of almonds. He began rubbing the inside of the *gooleh* with it, and in a short time the water became quite clear.

His Highness clapped his hands, when an attendant, who had been standing by, vanished like a sprite, but returned in the twinkling of an eye with a tumbler, and taking a kind of ladle, made

out of a gourd, he dipped it into the gooleh, poured some of the purified water into the glass, and handed it to me to taste. I did so, but found it warm and insipid; at first I experienced a distaste for the far famed "Sweet Waters of the Nile," but before we had finished our aquatic excursion I found it such a delicious beverage that I could drink glass after glass with as much gusto as if it had been the icy cold water of the Holy Well at the Malvern Hills. Once again I had to unloose my purse strings, and at His Highness' request, I handed the noble-looking fellah two bright talaris of Austria, of Maria Theresa's reign—their value was about ten shillings.

The eyes of the peasant glistened with delight as he made his three temenas, and bounding over the bulwarks he soon swam back to the bank of the Nile, and the steamer proceeded on her way.

Soon we passed Shabóor, ten miles and a half. Here the river became very shallow, and in summer large djerms have great difficulty in passing this point. The scenery once again became very monotonous. The yacht soon reached Nigeeleh, and the captain, who had been standing close by, pointed out to us in the distance the Bahr Yoosef, the traces of an old canal, which running to the N.N.W., is supposed by some writers to be the Canopic Branch of the Nile, which has not only

been enlarged, but of late years united by a new canal just above Teráneh, towards which the Taka now steamed as rapidly as she could, but as the distance was full eight and twenty miles, I took upon myself the character of Mohaddetyn, and in order to amuse the Grand Pacha, related to him the following story :

MITHIA'S HAIR.

"Once upon a time there resided in the holy city of Benares, on the banks of the Ganges, a young Rajah, who lived a most moral life, a very rare occurrence in Asia. That Prince kept no haram, in other words, he was perfectly happy with one wife, whose loveliness was reported to surpass that of the whole of the forty celebrated beauties of Jellalabad. That lovely creature, whose charms excelled those of a whole haram, was named Mithia, which signifies 'flowing hair' in Kavanese.

"She was born at Balk ; had most superb eyes, which opened like two Arabian almonds, and whose brilliancy equalled that of the mid-day sun ; her complexion was so beautifully tinged that it was a pleasure to gaze upon her, her mouth was like a coral jewel, and her handsome teeth resembled a row of pearls ; but the greatest

attraction of her person was her beautiful hair, which the Indian Poets compared to the Gouroul stream which falls into the Arabian Sea like a torrent of melted ebony. Perhaps those poets, like all oriental ones who are never content with common place similes had greatly exaggerated its beauty, but confining myself to ordinary expressions, Mithia's hair might be compared to that with which the figure of Berenices in the constellations is ornamented. When Mithia repaired of an evening, far from the eyes of the vulgar, to perform her habitual ablutions in the rivulet formed by the Ganges beneath the Rajah's bungalow, her beautiful hair covered the whole of her person like a veil, and when she quitted that natural bath, she let it fall like a mantle over her. The Rajah, who was somewhat of a poet, as the Indian Princes frequently are, had often amused himself by composing verses upon the beautiful hair of his adorable Mithia; he never became weary of playing with her long tresses, caressing them with his hands and twisting them up into whatever devices took his fancy. He had also composed many sonnets on it, which are called in the vernacular of the country *pantouns*. Every nation has its sonnets, but the Italians indulge in that form of poetry much more than any other people; and yet the Indians have a greater

variety of *pantouns* than the Italians have sonnets. I will give you a specimen of the Rajah's poetical gallantry, but as that, although one of his best *pantouns*, will be in prose, your Highness must make some allowance for the want of spirit in the translation.

" ' TO MITHIA. ' "

" ' The Jemidar goes to irrigate the rice crops in the beautiful lands of Triplican, and he rubs between his hands the waving sheaves !

" ' O, Mithia ! thou art a rice plant of love, and thy Prince is like the reaper when his hands play with the locks of thy beautiful hair ! ' etc., etc.

" The western poets never make such sonnets upon the Frenk women, because they would be laughed at if they did. Those women perfectly well understand the reason of their silence, for they do not like the affections of the heart to be trifled with ; they appear to be endowed with more poetic sense than the men, but who also in their turn possess a sense which the fair sex do not—that social common sense.

" Sometimes Persian and Armenian merchants came to the Rajah's palace and offered to sell him some beautiful slaves ; through idle-curiosity he admittted those charmers to his presence, but almost as soon as he had seen their vaunted

beauty he dismissed them with a wave of his hand, because their hair only covered their shoulders. The Prince glanced a smile of pity as the girls walked away.

“When the slave merchants quitted the grounds of the palace, they said to each other,

“‘That Rajah must have some adorable women in his Haram, since he declines to purchase ours, who are perfect beauties.’ Some passer by exclaimed, ‘The Rajah has but one wife, and she is called Mithia, the flowing hair.’ That was the soubriquet by which she was designated.

“An Armenian merchant named Cherif or Cheriff, but it little matters which, having been twice refused admittance to the Prince’s palace, determined to be revenged upon him for that insult.

“He gained over to his interest, by dint of propitiating them with lots of *pice*, several of the servants belonging to the Prince, who had become acquainted with the secrets of his palace. One evening, just as the sun had sunk to rest, Cherif, who had that morning met with another rebuff, after having presented a most beautiful slave to the Rajah, disrobed himself, and plunged into the sacred waters of the Ganges, like a Fakir who wishes to drown himself in

order to ascend to heaven by a watery path. Cherif, be it clearly understood, had no idea of drowning himself; so he swam towards the small rivulet that washed the Prince's bungalow; but not perceiving a mortal soul on the terrace, concealed himself beneath a thick cluster of water lilies. The revengeful Armenian held in his hand a pair of double bladed shears, as sharp as razors. Any observer who might have seen him posted there, thus armed, would have taken him for an assassin. But that conclusion would have been erroneous.

"The beautiful Mithia, attired in a very light *sari*, shortly afterwards opened a door which led out of a Bengal rose plantation on to the spot where she was accustomed to take her afternoon ablutions. Letting fall the *sari*, she placed her right foot in the Ganges, in order to try the temperature of the holy water, like us Europeans are accustomed to do when we take sea baths.

"Scarcely had she done so, than she felt a trembling hand placed over her mouth, and a poignard glistened before her eyes.

"'Utter not a cry, or you are a corpse,' whispered a voice in her ear.

"Mithia fainted, as most European women would have done under similar circumstances.

When she recovered her senses, she screamed most piteously.

“She had been dispossessed of her flowing hair; she was absolutely bald. There she stood, a model of beauty, but only such beauty as is commonly to be found in any haram.

“That diabolical Armenian slave dealer had succeeded, almost beyond his heart's content, for he had never calculated that a fainting fit would have enabled him to accomplish his fiendish purpose without having recourse to violence. It is utterly impossible to describe the grief of the Rajah when he beheld his beautiful wife as bald as a Phœnician cedar that has stood for a thousand years.

“‘I will avenge this insult!’ he exclaimed. ‘I will carry fire and sword through the whole length and breadth of Benares, to punish the sacrilegious wretch who has committed that atrocity. Quick!’ shouted he to his attendants, ‘bring my arms, muster my soldiers, and saddle the war chargers.’

“Mithia was dumbfounded.

“‘Most kind and noble Lord,’ said she, ‘that insult cannot have been the work of man; it must have been that of the gods. I implore you to forego your thoughts of vengeance. Scarcely on that memorable evening had I arrogantly

plunged my head into the holy waters, than the gods, chastising my pride, delivered my flowing hair to the power of those invisible beings who execute the orders of Myhassor.'

"On hearing the name of Myhassor pronounced by Mithia, the Prince trembled like a young palm tree, bending beneath the south wind. She also gave the Rajah other reasons which assured him that the profane hands of mortals had not touched her person, and that the insult she had received must have been the work of the gods. By thus clearly explaining herself, she incurred no risk of being repudiated. She affirmed that it was Myhassor who had cut her hair off, and that if he desired to be avenged, he must seek to avenge himself upon Myhassor.

"The Prince endeavoured to console his beautiful wife as best he could, and vowed to love her: although bald, as much as he had done. Alas! he made that promise in such a very feeble voice, that Mithia could not help trembling lest she should forfeit that affection which she had so long enjoyed.

"The women of the Orient are celebrated for their consummate coquetry, which has been known to accomplish wonders. One day Mithia took a belt of fine wool, as light as a cobweb, and ornamented her temples and her brow with that

singular *coiffure*, by twisting it into most graceful folds. Then she gazed upon herself, as her features were reflected in a fountain, and smiled as complacently as the first woman did who decorated her hair with a rose to please the first man in the garden of Eden. The Rajah on beholding Mithia dressed in that singular-looking head-gear, uttered a cry of joy, and could not help remarking that she appeared equally as beautiful in his eyes as she had ever been, when bedecked with her flowing ringlets. So captivated was he with the *ruse*, that he sought relief in admiring it. Fortunately Mithia, who was quite *au fait* at coquetry, managed to change the appearance, colour, and arrangement of her head dress no less than five different ways in one day. At each transformation of her head gear, she presented herself before the Prince, who declared that flowing hair was absolutely unsightly, and he issued an edict, ordering all harems in Benares to adopt the head-dress worn by the incomparable Mithia.

“The women of the Orient are ever ready to change their head-dresses. At the end of a few days, the fashionable ladies of Benares, whether the inmates of harems or not, adopted that new style which was called *dashour* (turban).

“All fashions have some singular origin, as

well as that of the *dashour*. But my story does not end there.

"A year had now passed, when one day the Rajah was informed that a Jellab had arrived with a young slave, whose beauty was of such surpassing loveliness, that her equal was not to be found on the Asiatic continent, or in the Isles of the Archipelago.

"The Prince smiled, and as he was very much importuned, as kings, sultans, and rajahs generally are by those merchants, he very coolly waved his hand, as much as to say,

" 'Let us see this incomparable Venus.'

"The Jellab, who was ushered into his presence, appeared to be an idiotic octogenarian, who had passed his days in that detestable traffic of buying and selling white, black, and mulatto slaves. On perceiving the Prince, he bowed his head to the ground, and kissed the carpet.

"The Rajah smiled, bade him rise, and pointing to a pile of cushions that had been placed on the floor, told him to be seated. Then he inquired of him where the slave was.

"The merchant pointing to the door hangings exclaimed, in an imperious tone,

" 'Approach *Naourah* ' (Light of my Eyes).

Naourah approached. She was a perfect model—a wax doll beauty. Her complexion shone like

the rays of the sun. She resembled one of those ocean nymphs, of whom mention is made in that beautiful poem called the Ramaïana—

“ The Rajah’s smile suddenly vanished, and his eyes assumed a thoughtful expression as if he had been struck with the beauty of the slave before him ; he looked intently at Naourah, then withdrew his glance ; but soon turned his eyes again upon the ousta that stood before him.

“ His present mind,
Was under fascination ; he beheld
A vision, and stared at the being he saw
Thus strangely in his presence.”

“ It was not altogether the loveliness of the young slave that had so completely fascinated the Prince ; her delicate hands were playing with her beautiful hair, which was much darker and thicker than that which Mithia had worn before she had invented the *dashour*.

“ ‘ What superb hair,’ exclaimed the infatuated Prince ; ‘ never did my eyes before behold such lovely ringlets.’

Fortunately, Mithia did not overhear that most impolitic and rapturous exclamation.

“ The Jellab carelessly bent his aged head with the air of a man who does not attach much value to the beauty of a woman’s locks.

“ The Rajah was in ecstasy, and his oriental

imagination failed to recall to his mind the remembrance of ever having seen such a beautiful creature. The bargain was soon struck, although the slave merchant had asked a most unconscionable price. The Rajah parted with his golden mohurs most freely, and did not—at least, at that moment, regret the exchange he had made.

"The new slave was presented to Mithia, who received her most kindly, a thing quite at variance to European manners, for jealousy is the attribute of civilisation. Mithia did the amiable, and showed Naourah all over the beautiful palace, and lovely gardens of the Prince, and when, in her turn, became enraptured with the fairy-like appearance of that extensive domain.

" 'How do you manage to pass your time here?' enquired the young slave, innocently enough.

" 'I play upon the lute.'

" 'Indeed! I am doatingly fond of that instrument. And after that?'

" 'I embroider.'

" 'But I do not like needlework of any kind. What else do you do?'

" 'I learn the dances of the country.'

" 'Yes, I like dancing. You must let one of the dancing girls teach me?'

" 'I then make different perfumes from roses, aycamores, jessamine, and gilli flowers.'

“ ‘I will assist you. And is that all you do?’

“ ‘No, in the evening I take a bathe in the rivulet that flows up from the Sacred Ganges.’

“ ‘I am quite delighted to hear that, for I am particularly fond of bathing.’

“ ‘I can swim like a duck,’ exclaimed the young slave, clapping her hands in an ecstasy of delight. ‘I should like to go and bathe now, if it is possible. What is our lord and master doing?’

“ ‘He is attending to state affairs.’

“ ‘What does that mean? I do not understand what you say.’

“ ‘Well, I will explain to you; he is sound asleep in a net, which a slave is rocking like a cradle. He generally passes four hours in that manner; but before he retires he gives notice that he is not to be disturbed, as he is busy with state affairs.’

“ ‘Then there is nothing to prevent us from going to bathe in the rivulet?’

“ ‘Assuredly not. I will show you where it is; follow me.’

“ Mithia showed the slave the way to the rivulet, and when she reached its banks she entered the kiosk. The slave went straight to a bed of water lillies, as if she intended to disrobe herself before jumping into the stream, and Mithia took up the lute which hung suspended

in the kiosk, with the intention of singing a *pantoun*. An hour passed away, and not a sound came forth from the rivulet. Mithia, who had sung three *pantouns*, now became uneasy at not beholding any form appear above the surface of the stream. She had quite forgotten to ask the slave her name, and not knowing whom to call for, she left the kiosk and went in search of her; but she was nowhere to be seen. Pursuing her researches among all the shrubs that grew upon the banks of the rivulet, at last she came upon a beautiful mass of flowing hair, which hung upon a cluster of water lilies.

"At first Mithia stared in amazement at that apparition, and started back; regaining herself-possession, she placed her hands upon that head gear, which had so singularly lost its owner. Then she minutely examined it, and notwithstanding that it appeared a shade darker than that treasure which formerly constituted part and parcel of her lovely self; nevertheless, she recognised it as her own, but which the wonderful ingenuity of the 'perruquier' had rendered much finer looking and more glossy than when he fixed it upon a kind of tonsor. Mithia hastened to test whether it really was her lost hair. Taking off her turban she put on the treasure trove, which, thanks to the unknown, but most ingenious of

wig-makers, fitted her to a nicety. The young girl was almost frantic with joy: once again she had regained possession of that which had robbed her of all her pristine beauty; and although not in the least jealous, she esteemed herself most fortunate in having no longer to fear any rival, and all uneasiness respecting the Rajah's affection became banished for ever from her mind. That same evening she appeared before the Prince with her own hair—that hair which he so much loved to caress—hanging down from beneath her turban.

“She had little difficulty in persuading him that the goddess of the Sacred Ganges, who had deprived her of it, had suddenly restored it to her, and that the new bought slave, in a fit of despair, caused by seeing her wearing ringlets as beautiful as her own, had cast herself into the sacred stream and disappeared for ever.

“The Rajah, who was as credulous as an Oriental or a western lover, blessed the divinity of the Ganges, and vowed henceforth to remain perfectly content with his own incomparable wife. The Armenian merchant Chérif, now that he had had his revenge, and pocketed the Prince's *pice*, rewarded his young slave most handsomely, and emancipated her. Thus it is but natural to conceive, that all the accessories of womens' *toilette*, and their various arts of making themselves

beautiful, have been invented to conceal some defect of their personal appearance.

"It was a woman with very ugly hands who first invented gloves; another, for some other reason, brought handkerchiefs into vogue; another, to conceal some defect, invented some other attribute; a bald headed sultana invented the turban; all of which have never prevented, and never will, the wearing of most ridiculous things, and it may be said of those women, who are fond of bedecking themselves with artificial accessories, as it was said of Omasiah, who wore a turban—

"Art was not made for thee, for thou dost not require it."

"Wonderful! I am delighted, Madame, but I have no paras to give you—no, not one," exclaimed the Grand Pacha.

"Malesh, Prince," added I, "but look, we have at length arrived at Teráneh, and if your Highness would like to visit the Wadee Natróon (Natron Lakes), as the Viceroy ordered me to show your Highness as much of the country as possible, we will have a boat launched, and go on shore."

"Pray do."

Forthwith I ordered the *Guémi-yuz-bachece*, who was in command of the "Taka," to have us landed as quickly as possible. The boat was lowered, our saddles and wrappers thrown into it,

and accompanying the Grand Pacha, who was attended by his four male attendants, I entered it, and we were soon landed at the large "scale" of Teráneh.

Our journey to this place was by no means uninteresting. The scenery on the lower Nile, though monotonous, was a novelty to us after having been cooped up in the haram at Alexandria; the villages dotted with mud huts all along the banks were picturesquely embowered in luxuriant palm groves, from the midst of which peered forth the lofty white minarets of many a small mosque. Occasionally we caught sight of the lovely green valley of the Nile, and its arid yellow, sandy desert limits. The boats that passed us ever and anon were not only picturesque in shape, but chiefly freighted with merry groups of Egyptian, Turkish, and Fellah women, seated on the deck beneath white awnings, playing at dominoes, smoking pipes, drinking coffee, munching sweetmeats, cracking parched melon seeds, and Indian corn; not a few were having a nameless hunt, others were squatted on their *segedaks* repeating their *namaz*, and then performing the *souddoud*, and children gaily dressed were playing about them. The native cafés along the banks, beneath the dark shades of sycamores, were crowded with their *habitsés* sipping coffee

out of copper findjans, and smoking *narghiles*. Not far off the *sakias* were creaking away, to the Fellah-ibn-Fellah's delight, to whose ears its melodious sounds are as grateful as the ringing of gold is to that of a miser—for, like that coin, it is to him the harbinger of—would to goodness I could pen it—peace and plenty; at all events, of a good harvest, even if he does not reap his just share of the Nile's blessing.

Thence we proceeded to the house of Ghaleb Effendi, a wealthy Coptic merchant, who farms the produce of the Natron Lakes from the Viceroy. He received the Prince with due honours, escorted him to the divan in the selamlick, and while we were partaking of coffee, cakes and sweetmeats, he ordered his people to get the high asses (mules) ready for our party. Fortunately we were well provided with wrappers and saddles; that of His Highness was a small basket chair, which could be strapped on to any quadruped. As soon as our sure footed and rather handsome looking animals were brought to the door of the selamlick, he mounted, and setting off at a good pace, commenced our

INLAND EXCURSION.

Quitting the banks of the Nile, we had scarcely proceeded a mile and half before we approached a

huge but scattered mass of ruins, of burnt bricks, which the Copt's vakeel (steward), who accompanied us, told me were supposed to be the remains of the ancient town of Terenuthis, and close to which branches off a long road, leading to the southern extent of the Wadde Natróon, the earth about which had the appearance of having been recently turned up, and upon inquiry I was informed that they had been searching for nitre, which abounds nearly all over Egypt. After a good jolting over most execrable roads for twelve hours, we reached the village of Zakook (Zakeek), a distance of thirty-seven miles from Teráneh. Here we alighted, and as the Prince felt very much fatigued, I had him carried to the Cheikh's house, which stands close to the ruins of that "*glass house*" which the Romans built of stone, but which derives its name from the fact of large pieces of fused scoria of common green flint glass being attached to the stones with which it is constructed. Laying our wrappers upon the divan in the selamlick, I placed him upon it, and covered his little Highness with my railway rug, and as soon as he had fallen asleep, left him in charge of the Bin-Bachi, who had accompanied us, and sallied forth to reconnoitre the village. It consisted of about a hundred mud huts, with a population of three hundred souls, the majority

of whom are engaged at the works established for the drying of the Natron. The Vakeel who had so obligingly accompanied me stated that the village was originally founded by an Englishman whom Mahomet Ali had engaged for the purpose of superintending those works, and he it was who had erected the commodious and well-built structure in which the Cheikh then resided, which stands upon the site of that enormous ancient Glass House, whose three proudest summits are now used as drying ovens.

The inhabitants were well clad, and appeared to be in a prosperous condition, which I learned was owing to the kind treatment and liberal wages which the wealthy Coptic merchant bestowed upon them.

On my return to the Cheikh's I found his Highness enjoying a frugal repast, consisting of white bread, water melons, figs, tamarinds, oranges, and bananas, and yielding to his kind invitation, I partook of some refreshment, while the Cheikh himself waited upon me. When we had finished, several cups of sherbet were served, which after having tasted, I ordered the attendant to hand one to the Grand Pacha. Soon after I sallied forth in attendance on the Prince, and, after we had walked through the village, the Vakeel came to us with the high

asses, and we all started off to visit the four Coptic monasteries. As we approached that of Dayr Sariáni, which is said to have been erected by a holy individual, Syrian by origin, of the name of Honnes (John), who planted the tree, which stands about two miles to the southward, close to the *débris* of the convents, we heard a bell ring, the chain of which the Bin-Bachi, who had preceeded us, had pulled most lustily. His summons was answered by a monk, who popped his head out of the trap door above the entrance and, having had all his inquiries duly answered, on our arrival we found the door open, but it was so low that, short as I am, I was obliged to stoop down on entering. Then, turning first to the right, and then to the left, we passed through a complete labyrinth of passages and small courts, into the large and well-lighted reception room, the floor of which was covered with dark and dirty looking mats, which at once impressed me with the idea that they might probably be tenanted by the family of the Brown's, so I ordered my attendant to sprinkle over the divans some of Keating's Insect Powder (with numerous packets of which I had provided myself before leaving England, and without which I never attempted to travel in Egypt) which exterminated that obnoxious race.

My precaution had been necessary, for in the short space of two minutes, while we were awaiting the arrival of the Gommos (Superior), who had not been prepared for our visit, the attendants collected almost an Arab pan full of that migratory family. After that operation was finished the rugs were laid upon the divan, and his Highness placed upon it. Scarcely had I betaken myself to his side when in walked, to our astonishment, the Mutrán (Metropolitan of the Coptic Church), who was on his way to Abyssinnia to inspect the Coptic mission in that country. He was attended by the Gommos, several Aboonas ('fathers'), monks, and lay brethren, numbering in all about fifty individuals. They all salaamed his Highness, through whose presence I had the pleasure to enjoy a visit to this convent, although the admission of all my sex therein is *strictly* interdicted; nevertheless, not a murmur was made, because the Viceroy had forbidden me to quit his Highness, and of that the Vakeel informed the Mutrán.

The usual refreshments were served, after which the Mutrán did the Prince the honor to show him all over the convent. Retracing our steps, he led us back into the corridor through which we had passed on entering, and ordered a

a monk to apply the enormous wooden key, for it was considerably larger in dimension than those big ones with which the Eunuchs lock the gates of his Highness's 'Abode of Bliss' at Ghezire, which hung suspended, like an English constable's staff, from his girdle, a most formidable-looking, but harmless weapon, to the cumbrous locks of the numerous small odas that lined it, and into which dark cells we took a peep. Thence we passed into the principal court, which was arranged like a garden, for in it stood several stately palms, olive, lotos, and fruit trees, and in the centre the church.

His Highness, who is a great admirer of beautiful architecture, drew my attention to the light columns and several of the arches. Thence we passed into the room in which the M.SS. are kept, for it cannot be called a library. Then through a very low doorway that led us into the gardens where the cattle were turning the water wheels with which they are irrigated. The Prince glanced at the lowness of the doorway, and enquired of the Vakeel how it was possible for the cattle to enter therein. The Mutrán, overhearing his Highness's observation, ordered one of the gardeners to unfasten one of the buffaloes, which he made kneel down, and then tugging, like a sailor does at a haillard when he wishes to haul

it tight, at the beast's horns, legs, and tail, he succeeded in getting the poor animal through that trap-hole, while the Grand Pacha absolutely roared again with laughter at that performance, which the gardeners and cowherds had to go through daily; for a short time previous to our arrival the Arabs had actually carried off some of their cattle, and that was the only method the monks had of preserving the rest of their farming stock from meeting a similar fate. Observing two huge millstones at the side of the entrance, the Grand Pacha enquired of the Abóona who stood next to him, for what purpose they were used. The holy brother, anxious to teach his Highness wisdom, told one of the labourers who was at work in the garden to roll them against the entrance, and they fitted so closely that when the man was ordered to attempt to remove them he was unable to accomplish that feat. Then the monk blew a small whistle, which he carried attached to the cord around his loins, and instantly a small trap-door was opened out of the wall above the entrance, and another monk threw a thick rope down at the feet of the Abóona, who, taking it up, placed the noose over his head, drew it tight round his waist, and then climbed up the wall by the help of the aforesaid rope as nimbly as if he had been accustomed to reef top sails,

and disappeared through the trap-door in the wall, which was quickly closed. The Superior now explained to the Grand Pacha that it was by that means that the inmates of the Convent are enabled to make their monasteries impregnable against the attacks of the Arabs.

Returning to the strangers' hall, the apartment in which we had been received, his Highness enquired of me if I had any more paras.

"No," was my reply.

"No, Madame," said the little Prince, putting his hand into his pockets and turning them inside out, to the infinite amusement of the good monks. The Bim-Bachi then approached his Highness, saluted him *à la militaire* and presented him with his portemonnaie. The Grand Pacha returned the salute, took the purse, opened it, and to his joy it contained forty Napoleons. Handing it to the Mutrán, he added, "These are Napoleons." That dignity salaamed, took the purse, and passed it to the Gommos, who placed it in his girdle.

Taking our leave of those Coptic dignitaries, we proceeded to visit the Dayr St. Macarius, the three churches within it, the tower of which contains some beautiful columns and noble arches. They are most singularly built, one over the other, the upper being by far the finest.

Here the Abóona, who acted as cicerone, informed us that when the inmates were threatened with any imminent danger, they invariably pulled up the wooden drawbridge that separates the tower from the rest of the monastery, in which is an excellent well of spring water—(all the convents are well supplied with springs of fresh water, but that of Dayr Baramoós is rather *brackish*)—and where about six months' store of provisions are always kept, and then take refuge in the tower, so that even if the Arabs managed to effect an entrance the place would be of no earthly use to them, as the monks invariably convey everything valuable into the tower as soon as they became aware of the appearance of any large body of Arabs in the vicinity, and to guard against being surprised, they always set a watch both night and day, and never will admit any Arab unless the party, if a traveller, will hold himself responsible for the honesty of purpose of that attendant. On entering the north-west room we were shown a vocabulary of the Coptic and Arabian languages, alphabetically arranged in juxtaposition, and upon my making the remark that none of the convents appeared to possess much manuscript lore, the Abóona informed me that in Mahomet Ali's time, somewhere about twenty-five years ago, an Englishman had visited

them twice, and that he had on both occasions taken away with him piles of M.SS. Upon inquiring the name of that learned compatriot, I think the aged monk called him Tatham Effendi. After taking leave of these venerable Coptic monks, we made a hasty circuit of the vicinity of the convents. In the neighbourhood of that of St. Macarius, whose monks number about twenty-five, we observed the ruins of three other convents and the mounds of a large pottery. To the south of the Dayr Suriáni, the inmates of which may be estimated at forty monks, besides several lay brethren, all of them very illiterate, and totally unacquainted even with the history of their own Church, we noticed several ruins of monasteries, and, singular to add, *the John*, which in every other part of Egypt presents a most interesting appearance, is here quite as stunted, if not more so, than those to be seen in the old Chateau gardens at Nice. That of the Amba Bishoi contains about twenty Abóonas, and Dayr Baramóos, which is evidently of Greek origin, has but ten inmates.

The whole of those brethren not only received us very kindly, but treated His Highness and suite with the greatest hospitality.

Quitting the convents, we made a tour of the Wadee Natróon, which cannot be less than from

twenty to twenty-four miles in length, and about six in its broadest part.

There is nothing interesting in the aspect of the valley. It is covered with sand, almost treeless, as well as barren of esculent vegetables, and the only shrubs that appear to thrive there are the tamarisk—which is far from plentiful—the mesembrianthemum rushes, and the bulrushes, both of which are largely exported to Cairo, where they are manufactured into mats, which are in much demand among the Cairenes, grow in the water amidst the sand hills to the height of a dozen feet.

About the isolated hills gazelles and bukkar-el-wahsh(wild cow)were running. As we proceeded down the sandy desert to Bahr-el-Fargh (Bahr-bela-ma), which flows towards the Wádee-é Soomár (El Maghra). The Valley of Rushes, the rushes from which are taken to Menóofoe, where those fine mats used in the harems and palaces of the great are manufactured and sent to Cairo for sale—is bordered by irregularly formed hills, while in its bed is seen petrified wood, and on the surrounding hills the *débris* of ancient vessels. We beheld several foxes, at which some of the attendants fired. But when we reached the hills that separate the two valleys, which were covered with pebbles, petrified wood, loose sand,

and a kind of knotted bamboo cane which I had previously seen when visiting the petrified forest at the back of the Mokattum range, near Cairo—the Vakeel descried a fine stag. The Ben-Bachi and the attendants made good use of their spurs, and by dint of hard riding and excellent manœuvring, they succeeded in driving that noble animal into a desert, when some Arabs, who happened to be prowling about, caught him, killed him, and brought its beautiful antlers—“*fishes bones*,” as they called them—to the Grand Pacha, who, not having any paras himself, and knowing that I had already given him all my money, ordered the Ben-Bachi to give those Children of the Desert some *buksheesh*, who seemed quite delighted at that sudden windfall—for the Ben-Bachi had given each of them a Napoleon—made their salaam to his Highness, wished him *Kattarkheriah*, and were soon out of sight.

Then we commenced our exploration of the Natron districts. The principal lakes are those of El Goonfedéeh, which contains large quantities of natron, as well as El Hamra (Melláhat-el-Hamra, or Dowár-el-Hamra), so called from its circular shape. Both these lakes contain not only natron (sub-carbonate), but also muriate of soda, and those two crystallize separately. The water begins to increase in December—several

months after the commencement of the rising of the Nile, which Wilkinson, in his *Modern Egypt*, attributes to the slowness of the water's passage through the strata of the mountains intervening between the Nile and this distant valley—and rises until March, and in May that, as well as all the other lakes, are quite dry. We also visited the two lakes of Khortái and the Melláhat-é-Joon, which produce natron, but in small quantities. The water in the latter diminishes so rapidly in summer that it leaves the dry part covered with a thick incrustation of muriate or sub-carbonate of soda. There are two kinds of natron, the *white*, which is procured from the low grounds, is considered the best, and when conveyed to the village of Zadook, it is washed, dissolved in water, exposed to the sun, then placed in the oven, and put over a fire in an iron trough, till all the moisture is extracted. It is stored in a dry warehouse, carried to the Nile, and sent down to Alexandria for exportation, while the *soltánee* is conveyed to Cairo in its crude state, without any preparation. The Arabs, who are great snuff-takers, mix a small quantity of natron with it, which gives it a delicious pungency. The banks of the lakes and the pools or ponds (Birkeh), of e'Shookayfeh, and e'Rumáäd, teem with ducks,

sandpipes, jacksnipes, and numerous other water-fowl, a host of which the attendants bagged as adroitly as any keen European sportsman would have done, and which were served up at the Viceroyal table, on board the "Taka," cooked *à la Turque*.

On our return to the yacht we descended into the saloon, which was elegantly fitted up. On its gilded edge panels were painted several of the most interesting landscapes in the vicinity of Alexandria, among which were the villas on the Mahmoodeeh canal, Kom-el-Dyk, and its suburbs. The ceiling was painted white, with rich deep gilded beading and cornices.

The floor was covered with a rich Brussels carpet. The sofas were of ormolu and gold, covered with figured white satin. Large mirrors reached down from the ceiling to the floor. ormolu tables, with marble tops, were placed about in different parts, as also light fancy chairs. The cushions of the sofas were of white figured satin, trimmed with brilliant, massive gold tassels. Some magenta satin cushions, ornamented with gold thread and pearls, were scattered about on the floor. The six plate-glass windows on each side, which reached from the ceiling down to the floor, were fixed in walnut wood frames, that

could be, as well as the wooden jalousies, if necessary, drawn over those openings like port holes, when the glass windows were pulled back into their sockets. At the farther extremity were two immense glass mirrors, which formed, as it were, folding doors, and when those were drawn back, which happened to be the case when the Grand Pacha and myself entered, the whole appeared as one immense saloon.

The scene that was being enacted in that gay and splendid '*odalick*' was a most interesting one. On the sofas sat their Highnesses the three princesses, elegantly attired, for they had now donned their evening costume. The sun had just sunk to rest, and, like good moslems, they were awaiting the arrival of their supper. At their feet were doubled up the ladies of the harem, dressed in their best attire, and grouped about the saloon stood—or, more properly speaking, lolled—the slaves, some gazing on the beauteous sunset, others chatting away like magpies, in all kinds of dialects—Ethiopian, Abyssinian, Nubian, Soudanian, Arabic, and not a few in Turkish. The babel of those hundred and one tongues was enough to wake the dead, if ever any were known, to rise up from their last sleep. Soon the slaves entered, bearing several trays,

which they placed upon the *soofras* that were set it front of each of the sofas where the Princesses sat.

The Grand Pacha had gone on deck, for Moslemah women never partake of any meal before the "Sons of the Faithful," not even before their own children. Why or wherefore I never heard.

The *carte* of the supper, which, like that of the Italians, is the principal meal of the day, comprised soup, made from sheeps' shanks (not the heads), or fowls, with rice and forcemeat balls, composed of bread and spices. Legs of mutton—for a tray was placed opposite to each of the vice-royal family—roasted, stuffed like pork, not with sage and onions, but with the kernels of ground nuts, onions, raisins, spice, and lots of sugar, but not a tea-spoonful of gravy. Tomatoes, very large, scooped out and filled with minced mutton—for beef they never touch, such being quite as much a Moslem's abomination as that unclean animal the pig—highly spiced, and rice. Cucumbers served up in like manner, as also a dish of boiled ones, small vegetable marrows, and pieces of some of the wild fowl which the attendants had shot on the borders of the Natron Lakes. Young broad beans, boiled in their shells, from which their Highnesses removed the beans at table. Sticks of boiled chickory, quite as good as that

grown in Italy, also a dish of the same vegetable chopped up as fine as spinach, which had been mixed with mutton fat. Cutlets of jacksnipes and sandpipers, fried in different syrups and highly flavoured with spice, and roasted water-hens.

Then followed hot pickles, salads dressed with strong lamp-oil, at which a Russian would have smacked his lips, but mixed with nuts which, to the Muscovite, would have been a great drawback; crude onions, as large as good sized turnips, and undressed green cucumbers, which were eaten in their natural state the same as a Brazilian eats his delicious bananas; lemons, limes, Turkish sweetmeats, and thick syrups, like French conserves, were not wanting. Then came some of the prettiest-looking confectionary imaginable, even Gunter, with all his far famed renown, never turned out anything half so tastefully arranged as were those Banbury, cheesecake, and maids-of-honour looking cakes, which were composed of nothing in the world but whey as salt as the spray of the briny ocean, in almost endless disguises and devices. Jelly and blanc-mange, made of isinglass with large white and red strawberries placed whole therein. The pastry looked light and savoury, but it was only batter fried in oil, then opened, and some milk, which looked like custard,

poured into it; batter balls, fried in rich syrups; bread balls, as hard as Norfolk dumplings, similarly cooked. Then came some tremendous large patties, about the size of a small round tea-tray, filled with eggs and sour milk; pancakes as thin as wafers, fried in oil, which their Highnesses ate with plenty of syrup, all of which they washed down with copious libations of sour milk, with thin slices of crude cucumber, lemons and limes, swimming on the surface; thick rice milk, flavoured with large quantities of sugar and different jams; then followed the dessert, which consisted of bananas, pomegranates, oranges, grapes, peaches, apricots, figs, ground nuts baked in treacle, and the only beverages partaken of were icy cold water and sherbets. No knives or forks were used, occasionally spoons, but pieces of both Arab and European bread performed the same offices, just like the Chinese use their sticks, and singular to add, everything was jerked into the mouth without touching the lips, in the most dexterous and cleanly manner possible.

After their Highnesses had finished their repast the trays were removed, and coffee and cigarettes were served; and while the Princesses were indulging in their fragrant Latakia—for the cigarettes were made of that most delicious tobacco—another singular gastronomic perform-

ance was being carried on at the other end of the saloon, the glass doors of which had been drawn, thus converting their Highnesses' portion of that noble apartment into a drawing-room, while the other extremity of the saloon had now become the ladies of the haram's *salle à manger*, who were feasting on the fragments of the Viceroyal supper, who, as soon as they had satisfied the cravings of their hunger, withdrew and joined their illustrious mistresses, and thus relieved the slaves from further attendance upon their Highnesses.

Another change took place, and the *salle à manger* became the Ousta's hall, who, like a pack of ravenous wolves, set too, tooth and nail, and quickly sipped (not licked) the platters clean, and would have ate as much again as they had already partaken of had it but been placed before them.

His Highness the Grand Pacha, who, after having partaken of his supper on deck, had been brought down into the saloon, fell fast asleep upon the sofa, but as soon as he awoke the Princesses pressed him to narrate to them all the wonders he had seen on his visit to the Natron Lakes. Being of an observant nature, he very briefly related to their Highnesses the whole of the incidents that had taken place, but the naïve manner in which he narrated the way in which the gardeners at the convent had managed

to drag the oxen through the low doorway excited roars of laughter.

The "Taka" had now come in sight of Lekhmas (Khmas), and the spot from which the lofty mounds, supposed by some writers to be the site of the city of Menelaus—so named in honour of Ptolemy's first brother—were visible. It was a beautiful moonlight night, as clear as day, not a sound was heard save the noise of the steamer's engine, as she passed up the Nile; so, wrapping the little Prince in a *kaftan* (pelisse richly trimmed with ermine), I placed him in an easy chair on deck.

Soon we passed Aboo-Nishábee (seven miles), then the opening of the new canal which Mahomet Ali had cut in 1820, which conveys the waters of the Nile to Alexandria; after which we perceived the sand which has drifted on the western bank from the desert. After passing Werdán, eleven miles, the lofty mounds of Oshmoun (Ashmoon) are seen, and when we reached Aboo Gháleb, four and a-half miles, the Pyramids then loomed forth in all their solitary, but majestic grandeur, which, viewed by moonlight, have a most magnificent and awfully sublime appearance, and continue in view until Boolák is reached.

The Grand Pacha gazed intently on these stu-

pendous monuments of antiquity, and enquired of me if I could briefly relate to him their history, which I did in the following manner, at the same time prefacing my narrative with the observation that the object for which they were founded still appears veiled in profound mystery, as all the *savans* of Europe, and the Orient have not as yet succeeded in unravelling that enigma.

THE HISTORY OF THE PYRAMIDS.

The most probable origin of these colossal monuments, my Prince, is that they were a succession of Royal Mausoleums—like your illustrious Great Grandsire, Mahomet Ali erected that superb one in which repose his remains—and consequently must be considered as the most stupendous Necropolis extant. The length of each monarch's reign is indicated by the size of the structure, as, in all probability, upon his accession—as Viceroys of Egypt and Sultans of Turkey do nowadays—the foundation was laid, and an addition made thereto yearly until his demise. Supposing this view of their construction to be correct, a period of sixteen to seventeen hundred years must have been occupied in building them. From all that I have read about them, my Prince, I learn that "Cheops" (Shofo, Suphis), "the founder of the

4th Dynasty of Egyptian Monarchs ascended the throne in 2450 B.C., and Herodotus, 'the Father of History,' informs us that owing to the tyrannical manner in which he ruled, and the horrid crimes he committed, he was universally hated and detested. He was an enemy to religion, ordered all the Temples to be closed, forbade the Egyptians to offer up sacrifices, and introduced that tyrannical system the *corvée* (forced levies), which most unfortunately for Egypt has been continued up to the present century, and compelled a hundred thousand of the most able-bodied of the population to work in gangs, superintended by the most despotic and cruel of task-masters, those overseers whom he knew to possess 'hearts of stone.' Hundreds of them were sent into the hills of Arabia, where they worked night and day at the quarries, while others cut the stones they had dug out into pieces, which were then dragged by them down to the Nile, shipped on board boats, conveyed to the opposite bank, when files of those poor wretches hauled them to the Libyan Hills. There a fresh relay of another hundred thousand of the Egyptians, composed of men, women, and boys, constructed a causeway for the transport of those huge blocks—a most stupendous undertaking. For ten long years did those two hundred thousand mortals toil night

and day to execute the orders of that cruel tyrant. Another legion kept working all that period in levelling the site on which the mighty Pyramids now stand, and gangs were employed in excavating the subterranean catacomb, in which that prince purposed having his remains placed on an Island formed by the waters of the Nile. It is stated that no less than twenty years were occupied in erecting the Great Pyramid, which having ascended, I must tell you is about 746 feet each way; it contains eighty-five millions of cubic feet, covers eleven *feddans* (acres), has a perpendicular height of 461 feet, and is at this time (1869) most probably nearly four thousand years old. It has 206 tiers of steps, each from one to four feet high. 'The Father of History' informs us that that mighty structure was built on steps, and that the workmen, for want of better mechanical appliances, raised the stones from the ground by means of machines composed of short pieces of wood. It is conjectured that when a block had been raised to the first tier, that it was placed upon a similar machine, and thus all the blocks were raised from tier to tier. The apex of the pyramid was formed first, and the artisans worked their way downwards until the whole edifice was constructed. It is said that the Egyptian characters, engraved on the exterior, marked the

sum of sixteen hundred talents, equal to about two millions of piastres (£200,000 sterling), which was expended in victualling the workmen with crude vegetables ; and it may fairly be conjectured that a similar, if not a much greater amount was spent in supplying them with tools, bread, and the scanty clothing they required. Your Highness may remember that just before our departure from Ghezire, I left you for a couple of days ; well, during that period, H.H. The Viceroy kindly sent your Bin-Bachi to show me those wondrous *birbas* (pyramids), which are ten miles from Cairo. As I approached them they appeared smooth, and did not increase in size until their base was neared, and then they loomed forth in gigantic grandeur. Their aspect then became rugged, the water cavity of the stones and the plaster having been broken away ; their sides looked like a series of huge yellowish white limestone block steps. Four of them are visible at a *coup d'œil*, and are called 'The Pyramids of Geezeh ;' the plateau on which they stand is 40 feet above the plain, and lies within the desert. The first object which strikes the eye is that of 'The Father of Terror,' as the Arabs call the 'sphinx.' It is a gigantic figure, the proportions of whose head and shoulders are enormous, half lion, half woman, hewn from the solid rock,

with part of the back and the fore legs built up, having between the two paws (50 feet each) an altar, on which sacrifices have evidently been offered. It is 60 feet from the head, the circumference of which is 100 feet, to the body, and the recumbent portion 102 feet. It is supposed to be the likeness of Thothmes, who reigned over Egypt during the bondage of the Israelites, and who erected it to prevent the sands encroaching on the banks of the Nile. It rises in awful majesty above a sandy ravine, and just beneath the chest of that colossal statue juts out the winged globe on the tablet, which was excavated with the paw; nearly the whole of the figure, except the head and a portion of the mutilated neck, is covered with drifted sand. The features are considerably defaced, yet notwithstanding, it conveys an idea of calm repose and serenity; behind it rise the wondrous and everlasting pyramids; when I beheld them on that memorable occasion

The sun and moon together in the evening sheen,
 Seeing, while painted clouds like mists of incense curled,
 I said, surely such majesty has never been seen,
 Since first the veils covered the Haram of the World.

I did not find the ascent of the great pyramid so difficult or fatiguing as I anticipated, having provided myself with a small wooden footstool; the Arabs, whom I had taken the precaution to pro-

pitiate with a trifling *buksheesh*, promising them that if they succeeded in rendering my ascent as easy as practicable that I would, on descending, treble that amount. ‘*Máchallah!*’ they exclaimed, and carrying the footstool, they placed it where the stones are highest. I commenced the ascent from the N.E. corner, because there the steps are worn into cracks and fissures—travellers should *not* attempt to examine those crevices for they are, as I shall hereafter explain, the hiding places of most venomous reptiles, and snake charmers were there busy at their handy work—and as the Arabs were well acquainted with every step and turn of all the pyramids, they took hold of my hands and carefully assisted me to ascend, and whilst so doing pointed out to me every fissure. When halfway up, I leaned against the stone work and rested. There I glanced downwards on the wide expanse of sand which forms the base of all those stupendous marvels, and took a bird’s-eye view of the extensive horizon. It was a most magnificent vista. Through the vast verdant plains, some of which were covered with water, and looked like large lakes, for it happened to be the inundation of the Nile, canals were wending their course, there rose the fairy tapering minarets of Cairo’s beautiful hundreds of mosks, the far-famed citadel, the range of the

Mokuttum hills loomed in the distance, and beyond the quarries of Másarah, whose stones had served to construct these wonderful works of man. On arriving at the summit, I reached a small cracked and corroded platform of an irregular form, about thirty-two feet square, but which must have been considerably wider in former days. The Caliphs in bygone days removed the outer tiers to build the mosks at El Kahirah, which fully accounts for the stones of the apex having been thrown down. The summit bears the names, initials, dates, &c., of those travellers from all quarters of 'the globe who have thither bent their footsteps. The view from the summit is grand beyond conception. There two most dissimilar regions lay spread out like a map before the eye. The fertile valley of the Nile, which extends as far as the sight can stretch, and round its borders is the Libyan Desert verging to the west, and the gigantic sphinx which appears no bigger than a Lilliputian. Beyond the mountains, on the east, the Nile spreads its dazzling radiance through the immense concave, and the wailing of the zephyrs, as they sweep across the boundless desert, is most mournful music. The explorations of Colonel Howard Vyse, Wilkinson, Davidson, Wortley, Montague, Colonel Campbell, Lord Munster,

Belzoni, M. Salame, Mr. Wild, Drs. Lepsius and Clark, Clot Bey, M. Mengin, Dr. Abbott, Mr. Salt, Mr. Sloane, Signor Caviglia, and a host of scientific travellers have discovered no less than sixty-nine pyramids extending from Abooroash to Dashoor. I did not find the descent of the great pyramid either so fatiguing or so dangerous as I had anticipated. I leaped down from step to step, and when my head became rather giddy, which it did once or twice, the Arabs kindly gave me their assistance. On reaching the base of the pyramid, I found it necessary to rest, and as my Barberine, who had accompanied me, had placed my thick woollen shawl in one of the cool recesses there, I lay for some time in a recumbent position. Finding that I had gained an excellent appetite, he laid the cloth by my side, and taking out of the provision basket which we had with us a pigeon pie, some European bread, a bottle of Bordeaux wine, a small gooleh of water, and some fruit; he laid a cover for one, and I partook of a substantial repast, the remnants I handed to my Arab guide, to which he and his companions did ample justice, for the pastry had been made by an Arab cook, so they could partake of it without, as the Indians say, running any risk '*of breaking caste.*' After having appeased the cravings of nature, I explored the entrance of that great

pyramid, which to my surprise I found was not solid. At first I was assailed with the incessant and most exorbitant demands from the whole of the 'children of the desert,' who had congregated at that spot; their name was legion, and their boisterous bobbery for *buksheesh* unceasing—to attempt to satisfy, reason, or entreat them to disperse appeared utterly useless—but when my Barberine uttered the words 'Cocôna Saeltak Ismaël Pacha,' they ceased their clamour, salaamed me most respectfully, and when I threw two handfuls of small silver coin among them they rent the air with 'May His Highness live a thousand years!' while I gazed in wonder and amazement at the massiveness of that colossal structure. Wrapping my thick shawl around me and ordering the Barberine to light the small *meshal* which he had brought with him, I descended cautiously by the worn foot holes, passed through the entrance, which is from four to five feet high, and began the descent. I walked along a passage about 107 to 108 feet long, which led me into a subterranean apartment, from which had been removed the large piece of granite which is generally placed against it. Not being able to pass along the upper passage, which still remains closed with a solid mass of granite, I ascended a few steps and

entered 'The Great Gallery,' from whence, proceeding along a horizontal passage, I entered the 'Queen's Gallery,' the roof of which is composed of blocks resting against each other in an angular form; the height of the front is nearly twenty feet. At the eastern extremity is a niche, the stones about which are supposed to have been taken by the Arabs when they were treasure seeking. Returning to the 'Great Gallery,' I explored a narrow funnel-shaped passage, which has been termed 'The Well,' but which has since been closed. That led me down to the chamber at the base, and which, it is thought, originally contained the remains of Cheops. The slope of the gallery is rather more than six feet wide. Proceeding about one hundred and sixty feet up the avenue, I came to a horizontal passage, where formerly stood four granite portcullises, which descending through groves prevented persons from entering; now, however, free ingress and egress is obtained to the 'King's Chamber, which is constructed of red granite. The sarcophagus is also of the same material, but the lid and the contents have long since vanished. It is very plain, devoid of hieroglyphics, and is poised upon an enormous block of granite, which many savans think was placed there to mark the entrance

to a very deep vault beneath. The small holes in the walls of the chamber appear to have been constructed for the purpose of ventilation. Ascending a narrow passage at the S.E. corner of the 'Great Gallery,' I entered a small room, only three and a-half feet in height, in which was discovered the *Cartouche*, with the name of the founder inscribed upon it—viz., Suphis (Shofa), whose gold ring as I have described in 'Nights in the Harem,' was found in 1843 by the late Dr. Abbott, and which now ornaments a museum in the United States of America, similar to that discovered on the tablets in the desert of Mount Sinai. Quitting the Great Pyramid, I threw off my shawl, and commenced the really difficult ascent of the 'second pyramid,' which is supposed to have been built by Shafre, the Monarch of the 5th Dynasty, and is constructed of much ruder materials. It stands on a very elevated site, and appears much higher than the Great Pyramid, although in its dimensions it approximates closely to it. There remains intact about thirty feet of its smooth, 'slippery casing, and it is rather a feat to accomplish its ascent; nevertheless, I was surprised at the agility with which the Arabs both ascended up and descended from it. The sarcophagus of its founder is sunk in the

floor. On the east side of this pyramid stands a structure, which is supposed to have been a temple.

“Then I ascended the ‘third pyramid,’ which, although much less in size than the others, is most beautifully constructed. It is supposed to have been erected by Mycerinus, the son of Cheops, whose plain, unadorned wooden coffin is to be seen in the British Museum in London. On the south side stand three smaller pyramids, all of which are supposed to have been erected by that Prince, whose name is painted on a stone in the roof of the chamber in the centre one.

“Descending the causeway, which is about three hundred and fifty feet long from the broken part, I came to a scarped piece of rock, to the left of which I observed a tomb covered with figures and hieroglyphics, which the Arab guide who attended me assured me had been for many years the residence of a Moslem Saint of the name of Shâh El Kâsim, who, at his death, had handed his father Hassan a MSS., and that if I would give him ten talaris, he would let me have it, for, added he, as you, Sittee, are a daughter of ‘The People of the Books,’ perhaps you may find something interesting in it.

“‘We’ll buy the book,’ I replied, proceeding to the doorway, over which I observed numerous

hieroglyphics; Iber Hassan, the Arab, lifted up a stone which lay in the corner, and drew forth a roll of paper, with which he presented me, and I handed him two napoleons.

"*Kattar Kherah Sittee!*" exclaimed Ibn Hassan, as he salaamed and departed—he to join his comrades, and I to return to the Haram at Ghezire."

Soon the "Taka" steamed close to the point where the river unites with the Rosetta Branch, and thence glided along the banks of the apex, or southern end of the Delta, which in days of yore comprised thirty-five *nomes*, now arranged into seven provinces, which are subdivided into thirteen departments, the capital of which is Alexandria, situated in the department of El Baháyreh; here the passage between the apex and the Island of Skelekán becomes very shallow. The next spot of importance is the Barrage, the place where the waters of the Nile are dammed up, which was commenced by M. Linant in Mahomet Ali's time, having for its object the retaining of the water of the Nile, so that it might be used for the purpose of irrigating the lands when the inundation has subsided. Unfortunately it has most signally failed to accomplish the object intended.

"Said Pacha here laid the foundation of a

town, which H.H. the present Viceroy has had continued. It was at this spot that H.H. Achmed Pacha, your Highness's uncle, was drowned in the Nile. A railway connects it with the main line to Cairo, about six miles distant."

The "Taka" now slackened speed, as their Highnesses the Princesses intended landing at the "scale" in front of the Palace of Shoobra, where they were going to pay a ceremonial visit to H.H. Eter Hanem, the wife of H.H. Hamil Pacha, the present Viceroy's uncle, since exiled by the Viceroy, and who, now your uncle H.H. Mustapha Fazyl Pacha has renounced his claim to the Viceroyalty in consideration of a yearly appanage of twenty thousand pounds, stands next in succession to the Government, should the Heir Presumptive have no heirs. Entering the boats in the same manner as they had done when visiting Her Highness the niece of the late Moharrem Bey, only with this exception, that H.H. the Grand Pacha (who always takes precedence next to the Viceroy) and myself proceeded in the first boat. We all reached the "scale" in safety, where a guard of eunuchs received the Grand Pacha and their Highnesses, and conducted them to the river entrance of that large palace in which Ma-

homet Ali passed so much of his leisure time when residing at Cairo.

In point of architecture, it has nothing to recommend it. On entering the Hall, their Highnesses passed up the grand staircase, which was lined with odalisques, magnificently attired, and wearing most splendid jewels. On reaching the landing, they were received by the ladies of the Haram *en grande toilette*, the mother of the Haram (Zambak), who led them into the reception room where H.H. Eter Hanem received them in the same manner as the niece of the late Moharrem Bey had done, and the usual refreshments were served.

It was a most noble apartment, elegantly furnished in the Oriental and European style, blended harmoniously together.

Leaving their Highnesses to enjoy their cigarettes and *tête-à-tête*, the Prince Hamil's grand eunuch pioneered the Grand Pacha and myself through those beautiful grounds which were originally laid out by a German landscape gardener. They are very prettily but formally arranged, consisting principally of straight walks, paved with mosaics, lined with myrtle, jasmine, and rose bushes, forming not only elegant but also most oderiferous hedges ; for there are more

roses, of almost every specie here, than I ever saw in any other part of Egypt. Those paths, nearly all of which are shaded with trellis work, entwined with jasmine and large convolvuluses of varied colours, radiate from centres to different parts of these extensive grounds, all most beautifully kept under the superintendence of European and native gardeners. Here grow luxuriantly plume—two of which are greatly prized, owing to Mahomet Ali having been particularly partial to the fine luscious fruit which they produce—banana, citron, lime, orange, and acacia voluticus, upwards of fifty feet high, trees, the golden narcissus, Mexican tube roses, whose delicious perfume strongly impregnates the atmosphere. Fountains with flowing waters are scattered about in all directions. In the centre of this terrestrial garden of Eden stands a small but most elegant octagon kiosk, furnished *à l'Européene*, with stained glass windows, yellow satin curtains—in short exactly as Mahomet Ali occupied it. The cost of that edifice is supposed to have been about fifteen thousand pounds.

Close by it stands the Grand Kiosk. The great fountain, the gem of the place, is an immense white carrara marble basin, elegantly carved with fish and a heterogeneous mass of other

ornaments, surrounded by marble balustrades, at each corner of which rest four enormous white marble lions, from whose mouths spurt forth streams of water into the basin, which is about six feet deep. It is uncovered; but a beautiful corridor, supported by alabaster columns, paved with rich mosaics, Kiosks projecting into the water, and retiring rooms at the four corners, elegantly fitted up with luxuriant divans and European sofas, chairs, and tables. All around it stand lamps, similar to those used in Europe for gas, and singular to add, Murray, in his handbook to Egypt, states—"that Shobra was lighted by gas before it was introduced into any part of Paris." I made enquiries of the Grand Eunuch, who acted as our Cicerone, if he had ever heard mention of such a fact, if he knew where the gas house stood, and whether any remains of the pipes and appliances for that method of lighting had been found, his reply was, "No, madame." The Kiosk has every appearance of being the fac-simile of some other structure; its *tout ensemble* is not all quite oriental, but whatever other style may be blended with it, it has at least the effect of rendering its appearance exceedingly pleasing to the eye. That, however, is considerably marred by the walls being over-

loaded with badly executed Italian frescoes, which would pass unnoticed if it were not for the quaintness of their style.

It was in that Kiosk that the illustrious founder of the present dynasty sought relief from the bustle and turmoil of the world, and the cares and anxiety of State affairs, and in it he had his portrait painted, setting boldly at defiance that interdict of the Prophet, which proclaims "that the portraying of the human figure is shameful idolatry." Fortunately for Egypt, Mahomet Ali was more of a philosopher than to put faith in that anathema, and broke through that trammel to the advancement of the arts, as he did many others.

Then we proceeded to the E'Gebel (the hill) and ascending a handsome flight of marble steps entered another Kiosk, the position of which, rising as it does, on the summit of a platform of terraces, ornamented with lovely parterres of blooming exotics, is most beautiful. The vista from it is grand in the extreme, for not only does the *coup d'œil* embrace the whole of those fairy grounds and the Kiosks, but the Nile, the cotton plantations and extensive farms, with the lofty hills rising in the distance. At the demise of Mahomet Ali, the gallant conqueror of Syria, Ibriham Pacha allowed his brother, his Highness Hamil

Pacha, to take possession of it, and there it was that he shut himself up when the death of Abbas Pacha was announced to him by one of the Viceroy's assassins. He is a most intelligent individual, who occupies his time, not in hunting gazelles in the desert, but in superintending the cultivation of his land, and with such success has he followed the avocation of a cotton planter that the finest crop of cotton which has ever been brought into the Alexandria mart was produced in 1864 at this place.

The Grand Pacha was highly delighted with his ramble, and would not, fatigued as he was, return to the Princesses until he had inspected the spacious stables which stand outside the grounds. They are admirably arranged, and now contain some beautiful specimens of Arabian steeds and a fine stud of racers, for Prince Hamil is a dear lover of sport, and took great delight in running horses at the Annual Egyptian Epsom, which The Viceroy has lately suppressed.

It was a relief, tired as H.H. was with the monotony of the river scenery, which had frequently been relieved by sudden gusts of wind, which came upon us unawares, and sweeping off the bank involved the river in darkness; then the crew had to be on the alert, for those gusts are dangerously violent, and are

only heralded by tall columns of sand rising up in the air in the desert, so that the 'look-out' had always to keep his weather-eye open in that direction. The dawn of day was exceedingly beautiful, and its coolness and shade most enjoyable; the glare and heat as the day advanced most intense; but the moonlight nights were surpassingly lovely, and so bright that I read a book as if it had been day. The Grand Pacha became weary of the river scenery, and expressed a desire to take a drive. Accordingly four beautiful grey Arab horses were harnessed into Prince Hamil's carriage, and entering it, the coachman *en grande tenue*, attended by six saïs, drove us through the village of Shoobra-el-Makáséh—as the place is called in contradistinction to that of Shoobra é Shabééh—distant about fourteen miles lower down the river, where the direct road to Alexandria crosses the Damietta branch of the Nile. It was peopled by Fellahs, who here inhabit excellent houses, which Prince Hamil has had erected for them, and who seemed to be well off. Then we entered that superb avenue of acacia, lebbekh, and sycamore trees, which the French planted half a century ago, and which have sprung up so rapidly that one would have imagined that they had been the growth of centuries; they are planted about

thirty or forty feet deep, and form the finest and longest—for it extends for four miles—avenue by which any European or Oriental capital is approached. In the time of Mahomet Ali, it was the favourite promenade of the Cairenes; but in this nineteenth century the Egyptians seem to have left its umbrageous shelter and prefer driving along the promenade from Boolak to Old Cairo.

When we had gone about two miles, the coachman drew up at the small half way house, for like all Arabs, he had driven at a most unconscionable pace, regardless of the life and limb of the pedestrians, or the mettle of his beautiful steeds. While baiting the horses—for the grooms scraped the foam off their coats, as the Indian Ghorawallahs are accustomed to do—I took a bird's-eye view of the scene around. To the right lay the beautiful verdant plains, irrigated by the sakias, whose fields were covered with prolific crops of numerous cereals and cotton, but very little corn. Here and there stood luxuriant sugar plantations; while on the left flowed the majestic Nile, which had the appearance of a bright silvery lake, for not a ripple ruffled its calm bosom as the brilliant sun shone resplendently upon it.

And yet I could not help reflecting on the

danger that the little Prince and myself had run, for the road is considerably lower than the river; had the dike, which dammed up its waters which were then at its full height, given way, and the torrent rushed headlong towards us—the country would have been entirely inundated, which had often happened, and peaceful travellers as we were, we should have been swept away.

Then I pointed out to His Highness the fort standing in the midst of pretty villas, which the unfortunate French General Kéber had erected during the occupation of Egypt by the French in the last century.

Not wishing to proceed to Cairo, I ordered the coachman to return, and when we entered the reception room we found their Highnesses puffing away at their cigarettes, while Zambak was in the act of amusing them with a story.

Taking our seats on a divan close to a window that commanded a fine view of the Nile, we listened attentively to the Mother of the Haram's narrative of her recent

VISIT TO THE HARAM OF A WEALTHY ARMENIAN
BEY.

“Not far from that celebrated palace in the Mouski, which was formerly inhabited by H.H. Zohra Pacha (Nuzleh Hanem), stands the ele-

gant harem of A—— Bey, the quondam tutor of Ibrahim Pacha. It consisted of a goodly number of white slaves—Turkish women who are considered *rara avis* in the harems of private individuals, besides two young Fellahines who were the Bey's *ikbals*, the eldest of whom was about fifteen years old. One of them was dangerously ill at the time through taking drugs, which had been administered to her by the Mother of the Haram; besides, she was fretting because her lord and master had just taken unto himself a Levantine woman as his wife, and had handed her over to his *cara sposa* as part and parcel of her chattels.

"The Bey was an ardent admirer of the beautiful Fellahines, for whom he gave lots of paras, and when he became tired of them he married them to his servants.

"Sitting by the side of that beautiful creature, whose name is Karenfil, I listened to a story which the other *ikbal*, Zegfran, related to her.

"'An Italian,' said Zegfran, 'whom the Viceroy had made a Bey, happened to be passing up the Nile in his beautiful *cangia*, when just as he arrived off Shoobra é Shabésh, he beheld a Fellahine, about thirteen years of age, drawing water from the river; she was gazing earnestly at the boats filled with a motley group, who were

passing down the Nile *en route* to Tanta Fair. Her stately figure, as she stood with her jar poised upon her head, completely captivated Ricci Bey. She was exceedingly beautiful, and her appearance showed that her parents were people well to do. As it was impossible for him, being a European, to purchase her for his Haram, he hit upon an expedient to obtain possession of her.

“As soon as he reached his salemlick near the Eskebeéh, at Cairo, he summoned his trusty Arab and told him that he must go to the village, make enquiries about that *incognita*, and learn from her parents the marriage portion that they required to be bestowed upon her. All of you know that the daughters of Fellahs are always given to the highest bidder.

“If a servant, boatman, or government employé, offers a larger sum than another individual of superior grade, he obtains the girl; or if an old man outbeats them all, he carries the prize off victoriously.

“Well, the Arab servant knew very well that if he offered a large sum that the parents would most willingly bestow their daughter upon him. That Arab was a thorough Son of Satan, as you will find in the sequel. Upon making inquiry, he learned that the parents expected a large sum,

no less, indeed, than one hundred and twenty thousand piastres—a most exorbitant price. He was perfectly sure that the Bey, who was a hard, flinty miser, would never give that sum for the little minx; nevertheless, he determined to try. On his return to his master's house, he told him that he had succeeded in ferretting out the Fellahine, whom he described as a perfect paragon of beauty, and that she had only then entered on her thirteenth year.

"Ricci Bey listened attentively to the artistic manner in which the Arab described the beautiful Dalia; then he enquired of his servant if he knew any means by which he could gain possession of her.

" 'Can you not manage,' said the Bey, 'to carry her away when her parents are absent in the fields cultivating their land? If you could only do that, I would give you a handsome *buk-sheesh*, and load her with presents.'

" 'It is impossible,' replied Omar; 'the Fellahine is easily managed when once she becomes a wife; but as that is the aim of her ambition, nothing on the face of the earth will make her become your 'Ikbal'—favorite.

" 'Wonderful! but I cannot do that. And yet the account you give me of her is so enchanting that I should like to have her as my favourite.

Bakalem! cannot you devise some means whereby that can be accomplished?

“ ‘Taib! there is only one way,’ replied Omar, in a hesitating tone, ‘in order that you may not hurt her feelings.’

“ ‘What is it?’ enquired the Bey.

“ ‘If a native would only consent to marry her, then divorce himself from her, and give her up to you for a *buksheesh*, be it understood.’

“ ‘But, by the beard of the Prophet! to find that easy going individual would be rather difficult.’

“ ‘Exactly so.’

“ ‘But why cannot you yourself play the part of that accommodating person? You are a ‘Son of the Faithful,’ her parents will give her to you.’

“ Omar scratched his head, but said not a word; the cunning rascal was waiting for the Bey to make enquiries as to the marriage portion.

“ ‘If you will take her to wife, and then hand her over to me, I will give you a hundred thousand piastres, and pay all the expenses of the marriage fantasia, which shall be a most magnificent affair.’

“ ‘No! no! I cannot do that. True, I am but a poor servant, but then I have a character to lose, and if ‘the cat should be let out of the bag,’

I should be not only the butt of Cairo, but the cawases would soon find me other quarters—for that is against the law—and I should fall into the clutches of the Cadi.'

" 'Thank God, I am not such a stupid as to let them know it! Come, now, you know very well that I shall not tell even my most intimate friend the Armenian Bey about it, neither must you let your long tongue run, and then nobody will be any the wiser. Of course I shall inform all my acquaintances that you are married; and that what with your savings, and the present which I shall make you, that you have taken unto yourself a wife—a pretty Fellahine. *Bakalem!*—we shall see. What a gay fellow you will look in your new suit—upon my word you will make all the Beys' servants quite jealous.'

" By dint of great persuasion, Omar at length yielded to the pressing entreaties of his *agha*, who, upon hearing the sum named as the dowry, exclaimed,

" 'It is a great sum; never mind, she is worth it. But I must send my friend, the mother of the haram, to have a good look at her, and to settle about the marriage portion. By Jove! it will cost lots of paras; but I shall not mind if she is the perfect beauty you have described her to be.'

“The next day Ricci Bey repaired to the house of his rich Armenian friend, to whom he explained that his honest Omar was going to take unto himself a wife, and asked him to let Rezeda, his mother of the Haram, proceed to the Fellah's hut at Shoobra é Shubeëh, to report progress.

“‘Taib!’ exclaimed the Armenian Bey, who, leaving the salemlick, despatched that cunning old woman on her errand.

“The sun had sunk to rest, when the Armenian Bey returned the Italian's visit, to whom he reported the account that Rezada had given him of the young Fellahine.

“‘Beautiful! pretty! What a pity I cannot have her,’ thought the old Armenian to himself. ‘The old mother,’ added he, addressing himself to Ricci Bey, ‘reports that she is as beautiful as any houri in the prophet's paradise: her figure tall and slender as a young palm, her skin soft and fine, her eyes large and as lustrous as those of the most beautiful gazelle, her lips are ruby bright, and her neck as graceful as a swan's—in short, she is a divine creature.’

“That photograph quite sent the Italian into ecstasies, and he retired not to rest but to dream of the lovely fellahine on the banks of the Nile.

“The next day he urged Omar to hasten the

preparations for his marriage, but the cunning Arab feigned great indifference; he had a part to play, and as the sequel will show, he acted it to a T.

"In the evening, after the Bey had taken his dinner and was enjoying his narghilé, Omar told him that the parents would not consent to give him their daughter in marriage, unless he could bring her a marriage portion of one hundred and twenty thousand piastres; 'then,' he added, 'it is not my fault—do not be offended, I cannot have her for less.'

"'It does not matter—I cannot do without her,' and he handed his honest varlet the paras in gold sequins.

"The preparations for the marriage were hastily arranged, and the Italian Bey placed at Omar's disposal a very pretty house that stood at the bottom of his grounds, in which he himself had formerly resided while his present villa was being erected. It was then arranged between Agha and man that in order to prevent any scandal, and to save him the annoyance of being obliged to divorce his wife, that he should visit her there in consideration of his wages being increased, and with the understanding that the Italian Bey was to furnish his wife with whatever dress and ornaments she might require. The marriage day arrived. Ricci

Bey showed himself no niggard, unloosed his purse strings most freely, and stood treat for the fantasia, sweetmeats, fruits, confectionary, in short, provided everything for the guests, who were a goodly number, for Omar had made up his mind to make merry while he could at the expense of his wiseacre of an Agha. Omar had previously been to the Cadi, the banns, as the Frenks call them, were duly inscribed in his book, and the third part of the dowry had been paid down, which had been expended by the fellahine's mother in purchasing her wardrobe, which consisted of a habarah, new chemise, a veil, and the furniture, which comprised a mattress—the couch of the happy couple, a pan and a fan. Then the parties made a kind of declaration before the Cadi, and in the evening the fantasia took place. It consisted in a procession, which passed along the most frequented parts of the capital, and was headed by a band of musicians, beating the darraboukas and playing cymbals. Then Omar paid the remainder of the dowry to the parents, and the Cadi registered the marriage. A host of fellahs *en grande tenue*, headed the procession, and accompanied Omar to the public bath, while the women attended the young girl in like manner. A grand dinner was then given by the parents in the Bey's house,

on which occasion a sheep was killed, which had been previously fattened up for the day and cooked, of which the guests partook, and to all the friends who were prevented from attending, some portions were sent, because, as the lamb is supposed by them to be without spot or blemish, it is thought that it purifies the blood of those who partake of it. About ten o'clock at night the young fellahine, attended by the parents of both families and the woman who had been invited, repaired to an apartment reserved for the occasion.

"After which the bride followed the female party to the house of her parents, and Omar left her, and proceeded to the house which the Bey had allotted for his future residence. He was there met by his master, who became exceedingly annoyed when he found that, according to the law—the same as existed in the time of Moses—to which all, even now, strictly adhere—he was prohibited from seeing his wife until the expiration of eight days. Grumbling at the disappointment, he resigned himself with as good grace as possible; but the Bey,

"Thinking from his own point of view,
Concludes that all the world are rascals too,"

locked the door, carried away the key, and kept his valet a captive.

“ On the eighth day, that happy day when he was to have the pleasure of beholding the beautiful fellahine, he despatched his barbarine to open the door, and ordered him to send Omar to him early in the morning. Hour after hour passed, but the honest fellow came not. Having an appointment with the Armenian Bey on business of importance, he repaired to the house of his old friend, and on the evening when he returned to his selamlick, he sent his barbarine to bid Omar come to him directly. But the Arab sent word that he could not possibly comply with that request, for as he had given him eight days' leave of absence to celebrate his marriage, he had determined to pass them with his wife and her parents; and that if his master rescinded that indulgence, he would leave his service and remain at home with his wife. As soon as Ricci Bey received that reply, he perfectly well understood that his rascal of a valet had duped him. His anger knew no bounds.

“ ‘ By my soul ! ’ exclaimed he, ‘ was it to be insulted in that manner that I gave twelve hundred thousand piastres ? That is too good a joke.’

“ Determined to give the rascal a sound bastinading, he proceeded to the house in his grounds, at which he thought to find Omar, but

on arriving there, guess his rage and discomfiture when he was informed that the cunning 'child of the desert' had left only that afternoon, while he was at the Armenian Bey's, and gone to spend his honeymoon with one of his relatives, but of whose whereabouts he could learn no tidings.

"Then well did he know that he had been most egregiously duped, and that the Arab had laughed in his beard, for Omar had gone off, bag and baggage, to Djiddah, where he now trades as a tobacconist."

"*Machallah*," exclaimed their Highnesses, as Zambak finished her narrative; "that Arab," said the Grand Pacha, "was a rascal, a bad man; but yet the trick he played the Italian Bey was a cunning one."

After which he rose, approached the Princess Eponse, and having obtained a handful of silver gave it to Zambak, who made her three *temenas* and departed.

"Madame," said the Grand Pacha, "I will thank you to afford me as much information as you can about the manners, habits, and customs of the Fellahs, for whom the Baba has lately done so much to relieve their hitherto sad condition."

“ THE FELLAHS,

“ My Prince,” I replied, “ are considered by us Europeans as the sons of Pharoah, that is, the aborigines of Egypt, although, I believe, from my own personal observation, that the present race possess considerable Arab blood in their veins. From time immemorial, as the ‘Father of History’ informs us, they have tilled the Land of the Dates, and having followed the pursuit of agriculturists, shepherds, and cattle breeders, have contributed principally to the wealth of all the dynasties that have governed Egypt; for they, in fact, have paid what we Europeans call, ‘*the piper* ;’ that is, the most taxes. Even at the present time it is the hard working, industrious fellahs who cultivate those vast cotton, cereal, and sugar plantations which constitute the riches of the land ; but El Musr is essentially a corn bearing region, and must become once more the granary of surrounding waters, notwithstanding that its cultivation has been much neglected of late years. They are a mild, tractable race, who detest war, and bear with most exemplary fortitude the oppressions which tyranny, bad governments, and rapacious Viceroys have from time to time heaped upon them. Unfortunately, however, like all Orientals, ‘*lying is food, meat and drink to them* ;’ so that we

say of them as of the Greeks, 'never trust a Fellah;' besides, they are worshippers of that omnipotent Prince Buksheesh, for which all of them torment you as a spoilt child does for whatever takes its fancy, whether it be a bon-bon or a toy. In short, they have seldom been known to murmur much against the Pachas, Beys, or grasping Europeans who have impoverished them, or have become rich by the sweat of their brow. Not a road, canal, or railway has been constructed without their assistance; neither has a feddan of land been brought into cultivation but through their industry, and yet I regret to tell you that the Cheikhs treat them no better than they do their beasts of burden. Allah be praised! Your illustrious Baba looks upon them as hard-working, honest, good men. They are, however, weak, pusillanimous, and extremely superstitious! have a horror of shedding blood, and even when roused to frenzy, never stab nor shoot their adversaries; nevertheless they seek covertly to injure their enemies, pull their beards, which is by them considered as the greatest insult that can be offered, thrash them with a thick stick, but if a passer by happens to exclaim Allah! Allah! they soon repent of their anger, and straightway become friendly with their opponents. They are extremely well-

behaved among themselves ; robberies and assassinations are almost unknown, except among a few of them who have associated with Europeans of bad reputation.

“I allude to that vile and dangerous class of protected subjects, the refuse of all Europe, who unable to live in their own countries, revel in Egypt in almost perfect lawlessness, the scourge of all honest and peaceful people, and who are guilty of such atrocious crimes. They are rather lax in their code of morality, and when once a daughter or sister becomes a wife, they never concern themselves about them ; no, not even if their husbands abandon them, for a consideration be it understood, to the whims and caprices of a profligate Turk, Egyptian, or European. It is all the same to them. Many Europeans call them idle, but from what I have seen of them, and your Highness must also have remarked it, they are a hard-working class. When His Highness the Viceroy was constructing his beautiful Kiosk at Abbassiah, the fellahs carried the heaviest burdens on their backs ; they transported the enormous blocks of stone, bricks, and heavy mortar for its construction. We have seen them up to their waists in the Nile towing vessels along, thousands of them are at work on its banks, turning up the sod, sowing the grain, gathering in the harvest, and in short they per-

form all the agricultural labour, and I really do not know what would become of Egypt if they were exterminated, or if they took it into their heads to emigrate in thousands as they once did in the time of your illustrious great-grandfather, Mahomet Ali. At one time they had no interest in cultivating the land which had been bestowed upon them, because well did they know, from sad experience, that if they tilled it well, and brought it into a high state of cultivation, that some of the Cheikhs would dispossess them of it, under some frivolous pretext, or else would overwhelm them with taxes, so that in order to prevent themselves from being subjected to such gross oppression, they seldom or ever cultivated more than was barely sufficient for their own immediate wants. Now things are changed; a much more equitable government exists, and all of them strive might and main to amass fortunes by bringing their lands into the highest state of cultivation, for well do they know that His Highness the Viceroy is too good and just a prince to seek to lay hold of their hard earnings, or to dispossess them of their lands as former Viceroys have done. A few years ago the Fellah might most justly have exclaimed—

‘O haughty Viceroy! let not your poor subject be blamed,
Because he as a wretched Fellah is named.’

for the Cheikhs scarcely left him sufficient to keep

body and soul together, and the government would not allow him to possess a single feddan of land of which he is by every human right the actual owner. He was obliged to cultivate it for the conquerors of his fertile country. His lot was a hard one, and yet he murmured not; he never became a rebel; he sought consolation in repeating to himself *Allah il, Allah Mahomet resoul Allah!* and in order not to incur the displeasure of the Cheikh of his village, that merciless, rapacious, grasping tyrant who was always keeping his nose to the grindstone, he placed his hut afar, that his selamlick might not become impure through the smoke from his hearthstone, and patiently submitted to the cruel and arbitrary yoke, not only of that mayor but of hundreds of government officials who looked upon him as a pigeon whom they might fledge most ruthlessly; then no law protected him; he could make no appeal when he was unjustly beaten, robbed, plundered or dispossessed. Verily his fate was a hard one, but your illustrious Baba when he assumed the reins of power, turned his attention to the best means of ameliorating the shameful and unjust manner in which this indigenous population was treated. Pushing his inquiries in the right direction, he soon learned that the Viceroys, Abbas, Pacha, and Said

Pacha (in the latter days of their rule), never looked upon the Fellahs as constituting a part of that population which Allah had entrusted to their care, and never considered that industrious, hard-working people as the very sinews of the prosperity of the country over which they ruled so tyrannically. On the contrary, those princes regarded them in the light of mere machines—beasts of burden, whose bodies and souls were as much theirs as if they had been their slaves, and whose services belonged entirely to them. In short they allowed the government *employés* to beat, to torture, to dispossess them of their wealth, ah! and even to kill them with impunity, for many of their bodies were seen floating in the Nile; they thought that

'Should one a corpse or ashes in that water place,
The flowing stream would cleanse itself from every trace.'

"But a few wiser in their generation treated them with kindness, well knowing that the Fellahs would, by the sweat of their brow, earn them riches, rank, and power. The majority of the Pachas, Beys, and Efendis, in both Abbas, Pacha, and Said Pacha's times, made the Fellahs work from morn till eve, and remunerated them—not with paras, but, oh! horrible to relate—

with strokes of the *kurbaj*, and when any of those hard worked creatures cried for mercy, their only reply was, 'Thou art a brute.' In those days nobody sought to intercede in their behalf, no minister of State had the humanity, the courage, nay, the charity, to point out to those Viceroys that there must come an end to such barbarity, that they were Allah's creatures as well as themselves, and, like them, possessed a soul, a heart. Alas! they must have had but flinty ones, and no feeling.

" 'What does it matter, son of the devil?' they exclaimed.

'Thou must turn away whene'er the road we tread,
Lest on your feet should fall the shadow of our head.'

"Often and often, even in European families, have I known a poor girl detested, not only by her brothers and sisters, but even by her unnatural parents, made the slavy, and had to perform all the household work, while the rest of the family took their pleasure and went out holiday making. The poor creature was always dressed in rags and tatters, while the others wore purple and fine linen. No matter how hard she strived to please her parents, she met with nothing but cuffs and rebuffs, and even when exhausted with fatigue, still, whenever she sat down for a

few moments, something was soon found for her to do. And yet her look seemed to say—

‘I feel no resentment, I seek not for strife,
I wish not for jewels nor the vanities of life’

“For that young girl was of too amiable, gentle, and patient a disposition ever to murmur at the unjustness of her lot, or the indignities to which her family subjected her. *Amin! Amin!* my Prince, the position of the Fellah at that period may not unjustly be compared with that of the poor helpless European girl, whose life of drudgery I have just described to you. Your Highness knows that their villages consist of low mud hovels, only a few feet square. Often and often have I seen your Highness stop and look at those miserable, wretched habitations, through whose chimneyless roofs issued curls of dense fulsome black smoke, and while so doing, I have heard you exclaim, ‘*Batal, batal, madame,*’ for as you well know, they are also windowless. As your Highness has never been allowed to enter one, I will describe to you

LIFE IN A FELLAH’S HOVEL.

“There, squatted on dirty coarse mats, swarming with vermin, were huddled together the baba, nina, and the children, many of whom were beautiful young Fellahines, watching the eldest

daughter of the family make the pot boil. It stood upon a tripod, beneath which was lighted a fire, composed of fuel of their own manufacturing, made of cakes of various kinds of manure, which they had collected from the road, wetted it with water, cut into cakes, and then dried in the sun. Those cakes were placed on the roof of their mud huts, and there they remain ready for use, either to warm their food, or to heat their hovel in the winter time. In the corners of that same hut stood a few sheep, and the *fiacre de la famille*—the donkey. They were all dressed in long blue baft gowns, which had been washed, patched, and darned until they looked almost like Joseph's coat, not of many colours, but of different shades of blue. They looked a miserable group, and yet they murmured not even to themselves. The females were rather pretty; perhaps remarkably would be a more significant expression, and tattooed with blue marks. Between the eyes was formed a flower, upon the chin several devices, both hands and arms were thickly covered with various figures, as European sailors like to ornament their arms, and the nails and palms of their hands were dyed with henna. When seen in out-door life they move abroad shrouded in a ragged veil of black

muslin, which covers the head and reaches down to the feet. A small piece of fine wire is run through it, passed over the head like a garland, and a string of gold sequins hangs dangling over the nose. And thus attired they put me in mind of the description which the commentators of our Kuran (the Holy Bible) have given of Rebecca. Once upon a time I saw a beauteous Fellahine go to fetch water. Singular to add, the grounds into which she had trespassed belonged to the tyrant of a Nudir, and there

'Beside the fount she drew from, hung a skull for pail,
That she, to know who there has drank, may no wise fail.'

"When the Fellahines are between thirteen and twenty years of age they are not unfrequently extremely beautiful; their features become very expressive, and their appearance when veiled, which is seldom the case while at work on the lands, for they wear that mask most chastely over their face, although their gown is made so low that their busts are visible, their heavy jars poised on their heads, and one of their arms gracefully held up to support them. The only irregularity about their features is the lower part of the face, especially about the chin, which is rather too square, too animal looking, and the nose is often too broad and flat. Most of them wear a very heavy silver nose ring—which to

our European ideas is a great disfigurement—by which their husbands pull them when they are in a passion, and the pain that action produces is excruciating. Like all Oriental women they are very fond of jewels; ornament their necks—I am speaking of the women of their well-to-do fraternity—with necklaces of silver, pearls, or glass beads,—wear silver bracelets on their arms, ankles, and in their beautiful hair, but when seen in the villages they always go barefooted. Their beauty is, however, very fleeting, for at twenty the Fellahines become as old and look more haggard than European women do at fifty. The laborious life which they lead, for they work in the fields with their husbands, added to their large families, contribute to their early decay; they are like olive trees, which put forth fresh shoots every year, but lose many of their offsprings because they have neither the time nor patience to rear them carefully. Not a few of them who do grow up to maturity are sickly and ailing until they are nine or ten years old. Scarcely a step can you take in the interior of the country without meeting a poor Fellah woman carrying a heavy load upon her head, a child pick-a-back, and another round her waist in a similar manner, and sometimes even a third on her left arm. Thus weighed down almost to the

earth, she follows her lord and master, who travels at his ease on his *fiacre du pays*. They tell you that the Fellah women are not hardy *malesh!* and yet they trudge along on 'the Marylebone stage,' while the Fellah mounts the *homar*, like a stately Bey—*Janum!*—that is, a joke; for the weak to walk and the strong to ride. Their conversation is generally disgusting.

"Mercy on us! what a strange world we live in, and what a singular country Egypt has become!

"Your Highness has often heard me—as soon as I acquired a sufficient knowledge of the Turkish and Arabic languages to understand the meaning of the conversation that was carried on between your Head Nurse, the Ladies of the Haram, and the Oustas—rebuke them severely for the plain spoken and most indecent language which they used. Over and over again have you seen me hold up my finger to them and exclaim, '*Batal! Batal!*' because the expressions which caught my ears were to me, as a European, most vile and disgusting. The only response I received was *Malesh!* '*Madame*'—never mind, what does it signify.

"Knowing that such language was in common use among all the inmates of the Haram from their Highnesses the Princesses down to the lowest

Ousta, I ceased to be offended at it, although most hurtful to my own feelings and sense of propriety, because I well knew that owing to their want of education they were ignorant how to convey their own ideas in more polite or choicer expressions. In short, their plain and unmistakeable manner of calling things by their real names—such as, this is a cat, that is a dog—did not arise from any desire on their part to shock my European ideas of morality, but simply because they had always been accustomed to converse in that manner; thus they naturally think there is no harm in speaking their minds most freely upon those delicate matters which European women belonging to the very dregs of the social evil would scarcely ever venture to let pass their lips, even to the habitués of the loathsome dens of iniquity in which they dwell.

“In the Harams, as I have explained to you, the whole burden of the songs of the inmates from morn till night is obscenity and lewdness—they have no conception that women were made to be the companion of the noblest of God’s creatures in any other sense than to talk and act as obscenely as possible—they run away with the idea that those are the only means by which they can hope to gain and retain the affections of their lords and masters; and the consequences are that

all Moalems who have never visited European countries, judge European women by the standard of the inmates of the Harams. They entertain the erroneous and most uncharitable notion that because their features are neither veiled nor kept secluded from the gaze of the vulgar that they must imbibe most lewd ideas, and accept the advances of every individual whom they see, or who shows them the slightest degree of attention. They are at a loss to comprehend how it is possible for any intimacy to exist between them that is not of a criminal nature.

"Nay truth, which is often times stranger than fiction, constrains me to assure you that even those educated 'Sons of the Faithful' who have travelled in foreign parts, when they return to the Land of the Pharoahs, or the banks of the azure looking Bosphorus, forget, or feign to forget, the respect with which they have seen Europeans treat the softer sex, and fall back into the pernicious, base, and uncharitable habits, manners, and customs which had been instilled into their minds when they were reared in that hotbed of corruption, obscenity, lewdness, and lasciviousness—an Egyptian or Turkish Haram. All the most successful conductors of education of the present day are agreed that it is beside the question to eradicate early impressions made on

the mind of a child, and assure us that when once such manners, as are current in the Haram, have been imbibed, that it is impossible to ingraft refinement upon the mind of any individual who has been left too long under the contaminated influence of such a baneful nursery. I most cordially endorse that opinion, but I am also constrained to add that Europeans, who domicile themselves in the Orient, ought to show by their actions that they do not think as Hudibras has described—that

‘ Women first were made for men,
Not men for them. It follows, then,
That men have right to every one,
And they no freedom of their own,’

and should turn over a new leaf in the Land of the Pharoahs, do their duty as educated beings, and protect our sex who were formed by the Divine Creator to become the solace and companion to the fallen sons of the first man, and not regard them only for *the price in gold* they can obtain for them, just as if they were bales of merchandise at the command of the highest bidder.

“ All Moslems, whether Turks or Egyptians, would then not only cease to regard European women by the standard of the *ihbals* in their Harams, but would, like that enlightened people

the Parsis, turn their attention, if not to the education of their daughters, at least, to the substitution of a better tone of language than that which momentarily assails the ears of their children as long as they continue inmates of the Harams, where profligacy of the basest kind, unblushing lewdness, diabolical crimes, poisonings, assassinations, the silken cord, the bowstring, the sack, the dreaded Nile and Bosphorus, infanticide, the floating basket, abortion, seduction, and the properties and effects of the most deadly mineral and vegetable poisons, form the chief topics of every one's conversation in the plainest spoken language conceivable; but even if such a sweeping reformation could not with safety be commenced—for it will take centuries to effect a permanent reform—all well disposed and well to do Moslems might imitate the wise and noble example set them by the Wahabites, who take their children from the Haram as soon as they can toddle, and send them to be brought up by the Bedouin Arabs, by which means they become valiant men, and are saved from imbibing any seeds of the contaminating influence of the Haram.

"Nevertheless, painful as it is to add, it is too true, that the private character of many of the European women who have, and still do,

figure in the circles of the *élite* of European society, both in Egypt and Constantinople—(whose proper sphere would have been a small villa at St. John's Wood, or a *petit maison de campagne* at Anteuil), are to be seen adorned with splendid tiaras of diamonds worth from five hundred pounds to a thousand pounds, and lounge in elegant equipages—has been such as to justify even the educated and travelled cosmopolite of a Moslem in valuing them according to the standard of the inmates of the Harams, for well do we know for what favours tiaras of brilliants are bestowed in the Ottoman dominions and its tributary provinces.

“Alas! alas! how soon one black sheep corrupts a whole flock! and so *think* Sultans, Viceroys, and wealthy Pachas.

“I have been led into this digression because, shockingly offensive as is the commonplace language used in the Harams of the Great, it is polished in comparison with that in which the Fellahines indulge when *en famille*. There, shut up like pigs in a sty—husband, wife, sons and daughters, all sleep in the same hovel—and no matter how many spectators may be present, the whole family, if they are near the Nile or any stream of water, disrobe and take their ablutions. Nothing can possibly be more disgusting or hurtful to

Europeans when living or traversing Egypt to behold such scenes.

"It is high time that the Egyptian Government, which has of late years made great advances towards extending civilisation throughout 'the Land of the Pyramids,' should reform this base and degrading state of social society among its indigenous population.

"Now, perhaps, your Highness will understand why I have been so particularly anxious to exert my utmost to introduce a better tone of language in their Highnesses' Haram, and why I have thought it my duty to check the use of all impropriety of speech in your Highness's presence.

"But to continue my account of these interesting, yet much-abused and ill-used people: The Fellahs are generally fine looking men, tall in stature, broad chested, well proportioned in limb, noble and regular features, erect carriage, and proud mien; they have sharp eyes, long black eyelashes, and arched eyebrows. Many of those who live in Cairo and the large cities—thanks to the wise and able administration of your illustrious Baba—are wealthy, and transact considerable business direct with the Frenk merchants. They, as well as their families, have modernised their costume, wear shoes, or boots, and stockings like Europeans. They hold

the fair sex in great contempt, and whenever they speak of them, which is but seldom, they use the same opprobrious epithet as if they were speaking of that unclean animal the pig, and it is that treatment at their hands which gives the Fellahine—who has to endure such an amount of fatigue, labour, and hard work, which she bears with exemplary meekness—that sour, querulous temper which those in the villages invariably manifest by shouting at, and striking their children in a most brutal manner for the most trivial fault—nay, sometimes for absolutely nothing—which leads me to imagine that they do not rightly comprehend, as us Europeans do, what constitutes maternal affection.”

“*Machallah !* I am much obliged to you for your kind attention,” replied the Grand Pacha, as I concluded my account of the Fellahs.

His Highness rose, salamed the Princess Eter Hanem, and the Princesses and their suite followed. They were attended to the inner gate of the haram by the Princess, in the same manner as His Highness Moharrem Bey’s niece had favoured them. There, however, they were stopped, for a snake charmer, who happened to be plying his craft, cried out,

“Have a care, horned vipers are in the sand?”

His Highness the Grand Pacha, who is very fond of looking at those reptiles, inherits the superstition so prevalent among the Egyptians, that such are signs of immortality, and preserves with zealous care a small, but most beautifully enamelled serpent ring, with which I presented him; for which her Highness the Lady Paramont offered to give me in exchange a diamond ring of the value of five hundred pounds if His Highness would yield it up to her; but the Prince declined, and keeps it as the only *souvenir* of his quondam *gouvernante*, so we waited while he performed his incantation scene, and the horned reptile obeyed his call, for which he received large buksheesh from Her Highness the Princess Efrouse.

On our return to the "Taka" the steam was got up, and proceeding up the river, the Dar-el-Memlekeh (Royal Abode), as Cairo was originally called, burst in view. At that distance, like all Eastern cities, it looks most beautiful, pleasing, and charming. Then it appears to great advantage, with its hundreds of white tapering minarets, whose fairy-like points rise majestically towards the sky. Soon we catch a glimpse of its oriental-looking houses, with their exquisitely fine interlaced Mushrebéehs; then loom forth palm and sycamore trees, all of which have a most

picturesque effect, and yet, knowing as I well do, every nook and crook of it, I could not help comparing it in my own mind to a vain old dowager of *haut ton*, who has had herself made beautiful by means of all the appliances of art and cosmetics. Such a haughty dame, viewed at a distance, looks most beautiful; and as she enters a drawing-room with that grace and elegance which appears to be the prerogative of high birth, a murmuring is heard among the gay throng, and the ear of the listener catches the words, "What a charming creature!" But when you draw near to the object of all that adulation, Heaven help us—to use a vulgarism—what a take in! So it is often with some of the faded beauties of the haram. There the dark eyebrows are most beautifully traced with a fine camel's hair pencil. The brilliant glance of the eyes is the effect of a few drops of belladonna, and the fairness of the complexion owes all to the laboratory of the cosmetic preparer. Beneath those languishing looks appear the wrinkles of old Father Time, and she looks so like an old hag made beautiful that one regrets having approached too near. Well, so it is with Grand Cairo, for as soon as it is entered a nausea affects you, the sight becomes disgusted with its filthiness. Those houses which at a distance looked so pretty are covered with dust, and ruinous

in appearance; those balconies so beautifully sculptured are borne up by wooden supporters; the serpentine winding streets are full of filth and dirt; mangy dogs are stretched full length across them, basking in the mid-day sun, who never move an inch for horses, donkeys, or camels, and passers-by are warned not to ill-treat them, for the moslems, although they will neither caress nor allow them to be domesticated in their dwellings, still they like to see them roam about their cities at pleasure—a strange contradiction, for a Moslem who looks upon that companion of man as an unclean animal. If by chance any "Son of the Faithful" touches one, off he starts to perform a thorough ablution, for he cannot repeat his prayers until he has cleansed himself from that defilement. Nevertheless, they never hurt them, but feed them, and become quite enraged if anyone attempts to drive them out of their way; in a word, the Turks and Egyptians prize them for their usefulness, since they are the scavengers of all the cities and villages.

Then that beautiful avenue leading from Shoobra to the north-west gate of the capital is seen; the vast plain between that village and the port of Boolák (Boulac), to which latter place the yacht was steaming rapidly. After which loomed forth in view numerous large palaces and harems,

and dotted about in every direction are seen pretty country houses belonging to the Europeans, Levantines, Greeks, and Moslems. On the lofty mound on the north-east side stands the only observatory in Egypt. It bears the name of Bayt e'Rasseed ; but although I have often made inquiries as to the manner in which it is being conducted, and who is the Vicéroyal Astronome, I never could obtain any correct information on those points. As soon as we arrived at Boolák, the bustling port of Cairo, with a population of eight thousand souls, which originally stood on an island, on which large plantations of sugar cane were grown, but which, on being discontinued, enabled the government to fill up the old channel which passed between it and the capital, of which traces are still visible to the northward, about half way from the Shoobra road.

The Grand Pacha and myself landed at the elegant 'scale' of that beautiful palace, which was originally built by that unfortunate Prince Ismaél Pacha, who was so ruthlessly burnt to death in 1821, by the Melek Nimr, but which the present Viceroy has not only modernized, but considerably enlarged. The decorators had just finished their labours, and going over it we found it elegantly and magnificently furnished à la

Européenne. It is connected to the main line by a private railway, by which, when proceeding to Alexandria, His Highness, the Princesses, and the Haram are conveyed. There is also a private telegraph that communicates with Cairo and Alexandria, which enables the Viceroy to forward telegraphic despatches not only through a portion of his own dominions, but also to any part of Europe.

Standing at one of the palace windows, from which the latticed grating had been removed, a privilege which Effendina (the Viceroy) ordered to be allowed me as a European, I took a *coup d'œil* of the busy scene at the landing place. Boat building was going on close by, warehouses and granaries were dotted about, and the Museum of Egyptian antiquities overlooked the river. I had often visited the latter to examine the curious valuable antique gold ornaments therein, and thought what a pity it was that Dr. Henry Abbot's unique collection had not been added to it, instead of being far, far away across the Atlantic, in the New York Historical Museum, especially the signet ring of Cheops, to which I have referred in "Nights in the Haram." A fleet of dahabeëhs was moored off the public landing-place, waiting to be hired by Ya Hawagee, whose 'reis' were

bargaining, as Arabs only know how to do, with dragomen, most arrant knaves.

As the Grand Pacha was anxious to make a few purchases in Cairo, he ordered a carriage to be got ready; and here I must observe that no matter whatever whim or caprice came into his head, I had received instructions to gratify it.

While awaiting that conveyance, for even the Viceroyal servants never hurry themselves, we stood at the portals of the palace, and just as it drove up one of those extraordinary beings, a Magnoûn (lunatic), approached, and as all Moslems have a perfect reverence for those gentry, I will initiate the uninitiated into the manners, habits, and customs of those privileged individuals. They may almost be termed the Don Giovannis of the Orient, for they are permitted to approach even the persons of the Odalisques, both of low and high degree. They swarm throughout the land, from Haram to Haram, converse with all the women, who never turn away from them, but on the contrary stop and seem highly diverted with their antics. To them they may open their lips without the least fear of their lords and masters being jealous. Those fools, idiots, and maniacs are men clothed in rags and tatters, perfect tatterdemalians, swarming with most loathsome vermin; who are often to be met with standing

at the corners of the streets, which in short appear to be their resort, for many of them live there, and eat and drink of whatever is given them; some may be seen munching bread, others picking bones, and not a few eating fruit and drinking water; others run, as the Indians term it, '*a muck*' through the cities, especially at El Kaherah, in a state of nudity, dancing, capering and performing as many antics as a monkey; others daily take their stand at the same corner, and have been known to remain squatted there for years, whilst some are actually chained like watch dogs to the walls of palaces. These are called Oheiks—Arianes (naked Oheiks), and are robeless, the favourite fashion of the Moslem lunatics, and as the Sons of the Faithful appear to have a great veneration for them, they are allowed to expose themselves in that disgusting manner. The Cawasses never interfere with them, so that in every respect, even as regards their costume, they enjoy perfect liberty. It is bad enough to see the Fellah attired only in his scanty chemise, but it is an intolerable outrage to decency to allow lunatics to roam about in a state of nature. Fortunately, however, the dark or drabbish colour of their skin accustoms the eyes of Europeans to those cladless mortals, whose appearance would be unbearable if they

were white. At Jaffa, however, they are as fair as Europeans, and as I visited it on my return from Constantinople, I was present when a deputation of the European population waited on the Turkish governor and urged upon him the expediency of compelling them to wear a chemise garment, but he declined to interfere, alleging that the prophet 'had forbidden them to be molested,' consequently they were left to their own devices. Thus these wretched beings are allowed by the Egyptian government to perform all kinds of pranks with impunity, who quote several passages in the Kuran as an excuse for their non-interference. Singular to add, the Moslem Law permits the Padishah to treat all unbelievers who may be taken captive as slaves, to pardon and release them, to exchange them for any Sons of the Faithful who may be held prisoners by them, or to decapitate them unless they are Magnoûns, women and children. Often and often have I remonstrated with the eunuchs against allowing the Magnoûns to approach, but their reply invariably was "they are beloved by Allah, are his elect, and moreover possess the gift of divination!" I can scarcely bring my mind to believe that the legion who prowl and stand about Cairo are confirmed madmen; but I think that the greater number of

them masquerade under that disguise, as it is an idle, don't-me-care kind of existence to which numerous privileges are attached. The majority of the Moslemah women consider it a religious duty to listen to their ravings and idiotic witticisms, as they affirm that such are antidotes against barrenness, of which Eastern women have a perfect terror, as well as the Moslems, who appear to imagine that they all must have their quivers full. Hence the malediction, "May your wife be childless," and the anxiety of all odalisques to have offspring. That is why they propitiate those dirty, filthy, tatterdemalians, who often foam at the mouth, and are eaten up with vermin, with paras. The lewd conversation which they hold with them is most offensive to the ears of Europeans. Often have I seen some of these maniacs in Cairo, squatted down in a corner from which I verily believe they never stir, for pass when you will, there are those disgusting mortals exclaiming "O Lord!"

They lead a merry life, those magnoûns; and put me in mind of the beggar life in London in those palmy days, when some of them used to sit at the entrance to Hyde Park—close to where now stands the Marble Arch—and, receiving their half crowns from the aristocratic old beaux of

that time, would, as soon as their patrons had passed, call their valet—for some of them kept servants—and despatch him to Oxford Market to purchase a duck and green peas at Christmas time to be served up for their dinner at six o'clock; but the magnoûns, instead of keeping servants themselves, are ministered to by the credulous women, who living within hail of their resorts, bring them Arab bread, pieces of pigeons or fowls, give them tobacco for their pipes, aye, and coffee too, for whoever heard of a Moslem, not even a convict in prison, being deprived of the luxury of the everlasting chibouque or his findjan of coffee; then when the leprous-looking rags of those who wear garments which hang in shreds about their person, like withered leaves on trees in autumn, are ready to fall off, those infatuated women supply them with a new suit; for they esteem it a privilege to minister to their wants in every respect, and think it an honor to perform every menial office for them. Any casual observer, who knew not the motive by which those Moslemah women are actuated in being thus employed, would exclaim

“I never was before so much affected :
How beautiful is charity when thus directed !
So good and noble is the duty of almsgiving,
That I'll go and do the same as sure as I am living.”

But however praiseworthy those intentions may be they would recoil with horror and disgust at the sight of the crowd of women assembled around those lunatics or knaves, as the case may be. The Cheiks-Arianes are the aristocrats of the Magnoûns. There are no less than five or seven of those important personages in the "Mother of the World," where they are treated not only with respect, but with great veneration. Attended by two of the eunuchs belonging to the Viceroy, I one day took it into my head to enter a street in Cairo to visit one of those distinguished individuals. He was a great lanky Arab, about fifty years of age, with his face besmeared with soot, staring eyes, carrotty hair, and wore on his head with a proud, arrogant air, a dirty red stuff fez; and when I was introduced to him he looked like a cunning imp of Satan. He was in a state of nudity, squatted on a divan, a massive iron chain girded his loins, by which he was fastened to a ring in the wall of the apartment on the basement of a large house. Another ring was placed round his neck, which was also fixed to that in the wall; a dirty, filthy-looking coverlet was placed by his side, in which I was told he enveloped himself at night. The worthy Cheik informed me that he had been an inmate of that room for no less than ten years;

that he had never moved off that filthy vermin-eaten divan, where he performed the functions of astrologer and medical adviser to the Moslemah women.

During my visit two Arab women entered, salaamed, kissed the extended dirty hand of that disgusting Ibn Sheitan, and then retired, as also did your humble servant, after having given him a handful of silver paras, as buksheesh.

"Allah il Allah, Mahomet resoul Allah!" he exclaimed as we left the apartment.

The magnoûn drew near to the Grand Pacha, made three temenas, and then exclaimed—

"Oh! welcome, mighty prince! praise be to God for thy safety. Stay, your Highness, and give me paras for tobacco before you go."

I handed the Grand Pacha a purse of piastres, which he bestowed upon the lunatic, who salaamed, exclaiming as he did so—

"May your Highness live a thousand years," and we vanished out of sight.

Entering the carriage we passed through the town of Boolák (Boulac), which containing a population of nearly thirty thousand souls, stands in a plain about a mile long, and half a mile broad. Its streets are narrow, but here and there, amidst some old houses, stand a few tolerable good-looking ones. We passed several mosques, the

largest and handsomest of which is that of Sin-
 áneeyeh, and a smaller one called Abul-Elé, with
 its beautiful '*mád'nep*,' (minaret), then the cotton
 and silk manufactories, which Mahomet Ali es-
 tablished, and in which he employed a number of
 Europeans; also that printing establishment,
 from which issued "The Boolák Independent"
 —the first newspaper that was ever circulated
 in Egypt.

Leaving the dilapidated-looking suburb we
 emerged out of its narrow streets into an open
 space where the dust, which rose in clouds, so
 annoyed us that we were glad to close the win-
 dows of the carriage, and proceeding along the
 northern road—the southern one leads to the
 Esbekeëh and Frank Hart—we entered the gate of
 Bab-El-Hadéet, which was built with the third
 wall on the north-west angle of the city. At a short
 distance from this gate we passed a high mound
 of rubbish, upon which stands a round tower with
 the old-fashioned telegraph which Mahomet Ali
 erected. There the Grand Pacha ordered the
 coachman to stop, as he wished to alight to take
 a bird's eye view of the city, and to see whether
 he could catch a glimpse of the "Taka" as she
 lay at anchor off Boolák.

When we reached the summit of the tower we
 enjoyed one of the most striking and interest-

ing views in the Orient. Ghizeh stands on the right bank, the ferry of old Cairo on the right hand, the Nilometer on the Island of Roda, then there lay spread out before us, as if on a map, the city of Unim-el-Dunya (the Mother of the world), that Oriental town which contains within its walls the finest specimens of Arabian architecture extant; its thousand and one mosques, with their elegant minarets, the six canal avenues of the Eskebeeh, Shóobra, the mosque of Mahomet Ali, and Mount Mokattam, above all the Pyramids in the distance, the Desert of Sahara, which bounds the horizon, the Nile winding through the fertile, verdant-looking country, like a silver ribbon; the emerald isle of Rhoda (Ridah), with its lovely gardens, in which stand lofty palms, orange, lime, citron, pomegranate, sycamore, and plane trees; Musrel-Atéekeh, with its elegant palaces and mansions; Kasr-el-Ainée (the Government College), the Convent of the Dervishes, the Khalig canal, the aqueduct which conveys the water of the Nile to the citadel, the mounds that mark the site of El Fostât, the mosque of 'Amer, that old Roman fortress, the Kasr-é-Shémma, Boolák, with its hundred and one djerms, cangias, a few Nile steamers, the "Taka," with the Turkish

ensign, minus the stars, flying at the main, and beyond the Citadel that yellow calcareous rock, destitute of vegetation, but abounding with testaceous fossils, Mount Mokattam; its lofty summit crowned by the strong fort, with steep causeway upon high narrow arches ascending to it, having on each side large quarries; the western studded with ancient sepulchral grottoes, very difficult of access, but possessing no remains of importance. On the north of the capital loomed forth many beautiful gardens and lakes, in one of which — Birket-el-Hag — the lotus plant, in full blossom, a most elegant flower, reared its lofty head; for it was the time of the inundation when we visited the tower—the ruined mosque of El Záher Berkook, built in 1266-7, but converted by the French in the eighteenth century into a fort. The large cemetery opposite Bab-e-Nusr; in the desert, where stands the tomb of that enterprising traveller, Burckhardt; the great Eastern Desert in the sandy waste between the city and Mount Mokattam, containing the tombs of the Memlook Sultans, and Kaid Bey almshouses; on the south the City of the Dead (El Karáfeh), the Necropolis of Egyptian Babylon, with the mosque and tomb of Imán EshSháfée, the founder of one of the four orthodox sects of El Islam, the

burial place of the illustrious founder of the Mahomet Ali Dynasty, and several lakes and beautiful gardens.

It was a most picturesque and enchanting panorama, and it was some time before I could induce His Highness, who, like a true "Son of the Faithful," is a dear lover of the picturesque and beautiful, to leave the summit of that tower; he seemed as if transfixed by the beauty of the landscape.

Re-entering the carriage, we proceeded to Grand Cairo. Well do I remember the first impression I received on entering it that night. It looked as if it had been deserted for centuries, and suddenly re-populated by a most poverty stricken race; but when I viewed it in the morning the scene had changed. There stood that large square, the celebrated Eskebeësh, shaded with beautiful sycamores, roses, and laurel rose trees. As His Highness the Viceroy has had it thoroughly cleansed of its impurities, this spot has now become one of the most charming promenades in the Orient. Around it are grouped the principal hotels, residences of the English, moderate sized houses, tenanted by the wealthy Copts, cafés chantants, and that small wooden theatre, picturesquely placed in a shaded alley opposite Mr. Maxcomos Sakakini's residence, but which at

night, in spite of the few glimmering lanterns with which darkness is just made visible, looks sombre and dreary.

Notwithstanding that Alexandria is brilliantly lighted with gas, in this "city of the Victorious" one is still obliged to hold a paper lantern in hand, or else to be preceded by an Arab, carrying a large old-fashioned looking hall candle lantern. Scorching hot as it is in the day time, as soon as the sun sinks to rest a dense fog spreads itself over the city, like a vapoury cloud, which renders Europeans who indulge in evening promenades liable to attacks of bronchitis and rheumatism. The Eskebeëh, however, is the only locality in which exercise can possibly be taken with any degree of safety at night; all the other streets are totally impracticable, being deserted after eight o'clock, when the Arabs retire to rest. I have, however, often passed along them at ten o'clock, in an open carriage, attended by two sais, with torches in hand, and as I did so the mangy dogs, awoke by the clattering of the horses' hoofs and the whooping of the outriders—foot runners, if I may be allowed the expression, would be a better term—set up a most hyena-like howl, and ran about like wild beasts. The streets are winding, wretchedly narrow, and lined with such ruinous, rickety-

looking houses that they look as if they would fall and crush you. The Viceroy has had many pulled down, and is now bent on embellishing the whole city. There may be seen prowling along, Arabs and Bedouins, enveloped in their white 'abas,' whose dark bronze features as they peer forth from the folds of those spectre looking garments, make them look like a set of ferocious marauders, who would not hesitate to exclaim, "Your money or your life." The air resounds with the noisy and rapid music playing in the *cafés chantants*, in all of which, notwithstanding that His Highness has most praiseworthily suppressed the vilest of those dens of iniquities, those diabolical "hells," as gamblers call them, *roulette*, *rouge et noir tables*, &c., are the order of the night, and the 'habitués,' that dangerous class of European protected subjects, the refuse of the Levant and Europe, comprising Maltese, Greeks, Jews, Italians, Renegades, the scum of almost every civilized country, who roam about Egypt, gamble, drink, cheat, rob, lie and murder with impunity and the most bare-faced effrontery.

There they play, quarrel, and not unfrequently make dreadful use of their stilettos, daggers, and revolvers.

The Cawasses seldom, if ever, interfere when

they are wanted ; perhaps they are subsidised by those bands of cut-throats, for *buksheesh* is the snuff that blinds their eyes, and the panacea that allays the pricking of their elastic conscience— if, indeed, they possess one ; Heaven only knows, and I am certain their father-confessors do not.

The Maltese, Italians, Spaniards, and Greeks use the knife, dagger, and revolver most unsparingly in El Musr ; generally speaking they assassinate their own fraternity ; sometimes, however, it does happen that respectable Europeans become their victims—for no mortal being is safe from their attacks. I have shown in "Nights in the Haram" to what lengths their audacity will lead them—ay ! even in 1864 they threatened to put H.B.M.V. Legal Consul Mr. Albany Fonblanque out of the way, if he did not leave off sending their fraternity to the galleys.

The "hells" are kept by a parcel of thieves, robbers, and assassins, and should any luckless traveller be desirous, out of curiosity, to spy the nakedness of their land, and take a peep at their nightly doings, he need not fear but that they will pigeon him most ruthlessly ; so he had better lose his *paras*, and make his exit ; should he, however, "be in luck," and break their bank, as some have done before him, rest assured he will not carry his

ill-gotten gold very far. At the threshold, as he takes his departure, a stranger will accost him, ask for a light, or offer him a cigar, and while in the act of proffering the one or accepting the other, the stiletto will do its handy work, and he will fall a corpse to the ground, and the gold return from whence it came. The Bank being once again in funds, "*Vive la roulette!*" is chanted by the whole association of that rascally set. Such is "Life in Cairo by dimm Lantern Light," in the nineteenth century.

The Cawasses on finding a body remove it to the hospital, where the visiting doctor examines it, pronounces life extinct, searches the person, and if any papers, or traces of the individual's identity or nation is arrived at, the Consulate to whom he belongs is made acquainted with the fact, and there ends the matter. No inquest is held, no further inquiries made; and after a few hours' talk all is forgotten.

Can anything more clearly demonstrate the imperative necessity for those "Eighteen other Princes who govern Egypt," to insist upon the appointment of a coroner, the instituting of inquests, and the establishment of a '*morgue*;' which precautions would soon lead to a total suppression of those crimes, especially if the Consul-Generals in Council followed up their

investigation of the first assassination that took place after they had made that move in the right direction—for whether the victim be a respectable or disreputable character, it is their bounden duty to *protect* his life.

It is no unfrequent occurrence of an evening, both at Cairo and Alexandria, when walking in the vicinity of the Café Chantants, Bieries and low European dancing booths—for theatres or saloons they can scarcely be called—to hear a hoarse cry of alarm, and then to see half a dozen ruffians, sometimes Greeks, Italians, or Malteses, rush by, brandishing their knives and daggers like a band of cut-throats—for they had heard the voice of one of their fraternity who had come to grief.

I remember looking out one evening into the Place des Consuls, at Alexandria, when standing on the balcony of the Peninsular and Oriental Hotel, and seeing several of those ruffians rush along armed to the teeth; scarcely had they reached the Belgian Consulate than a fight took place between them and another group, which ended in three of them being killed on the spot. When residing close to the Eskebeëh, I have heard revolvers fired in the night beneath my window, and in the morning learned from the German housekeeper, who attended upon me, that four or five assassinations had taken place.

When I enquired of her why the Cawases did not interfere, she exclaimed,

“*Malesh!* they know better than to do that.”

“Why, then,” I asked, “do not the Europeans when passing by”—for on that night I had heard several talking French, English, and German beneath my window—“catch hold of those assassins?”

“*La ! La !* not they indeed, Madame ; whenever they hear the cry of ‘stop thief!’ or ‘murder!’ they never lend a helping hand, but scamper away to the other side ; if even a man is stabbed before their eyes, the assassin very coolly walks away, because he knows full well that none dare to bar his passage. Even in open day, Italians have been assassinated, and although the place where the deed took place was densely thronged with people, not a hand was stretched forth to stop the murderer.”

But whence arose that cowardice? Simply from the fact that the assassin belonged to a regularly organised band known to, and feared by, the European population, for if any one of them had arrested the culprit, some of the others would have marked him, and his life would not have been worth a day’s purchase.

So that all Europeans, from motives of pru-

dence and self-preservation, observe a perfect neutrality—a despicable indifference to the fate of their fellow creatures.

Such a state of things will scarcely be credited in Europe ; and yet it is patent to all who have resided in Egypt. Humanity calls aloud for the interference of the Consul Generals.

His Highness, anxious to remedy this most shameful state of things, took upon himself in 1864-65 to engage a European police, and actually sent to Italy for a whole staff, but when they arrived, those "Eighteen other Princes who govern Egypt," protested, and they were not allowed to land ; thus H.H. the Viceroy was powerless to do the good he otherwise would have accomplished.

The Egyptian Cawasses, although a fine body of men, are destitute of moral courage, lack the tact of frustrating the machinations of such a lawless set of ruffians as are congregated in Egypt, and have gained for themselves a bad reputation with all the Consulates by the indiscreet and brutal manner in which they have abused the authority reposed in them, and attacked well-to-do and inoffensive Europeans, while the thieves, vagabonds, and assassins have been left unmolested.

But as the Consuls possess the power of expelling their people from Egypt, how comes it, I

would ask, that they do not exercise it in a laudable manner, and cleanse the country of their dangerous protected subjects?

The Viceroy did his duty by engaging a European police, but the Special Princes set their veto against it—now let the Petty Sovereigns do theirs, and extradite all the scum of Europe who prowl about Egypt, and who have even become so lawless as to threaten one of their own august community.

In 1863, a European merchant was actually stabbed at ten o'clock in the morning in the Grand Place at Alexandria, in mistake for another individual, and all the satisfaction he received from the assassin was a cool

“I beg your pardon, sir, I thought you were Signor ——!” who coolly sheathed his dagger and walked away. The Consul-generals never moved in the matter.

As His Highness's carriage passed along the Eskebeeh one evening, I was highly amused at the gaiety and liveliness of the scene before us; there were moving along hundreds of *fiacres du pays*, some drawing small carts, others covered with red cloths, on which were placed saddles richly ornamented with gold, carrying stately Pachas, sedate looking Egyptians, or well-to-do Effendis, some of which were worth from £100 to

£150. Many carried Europeans in various costumes, then came a group of ladies, most of them Overland passengers to or from India, behind whom ran those arrant rogues, the donkey boys, shouting out the praises of their nimble, sure-footed quadrupeds, which they most truthfully say 'are much better than horses' to carry one through Egyptian streets and lanes, urging their animals on, either by thrashing them with thick cudgels, or else pricking them in the flank with long sticks, the ends of which were furnished with a kind of short-pointed spear, as fine as a darning needle. My heart sickened as I beheld some of those sleek beasts with their flanks streaming with blood, and their sides covered with ulcers, which plainly showed that there was no Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in His Highness's capital. Hundreds of carriages, both private and job, were dashing about in all directions. Evening is the time when the Arab coachmen make the paras. I am not going to find fault with the equipages, which are all that could be desired both as regards vehicles and horses, neither Wimbush, Newman, nor Dyer, of London celebrity, could turn out better; but the price is something *fabulous*—not half-a-crown an hour, but ten francs the quarter of an hour, and a pound sterling for three hours' ride. As I have

before observed in "Nights in the Haram," the public cry aloud "A tariff! a tariff; oh! mighty Sovereign of the Merchant Princes of the Orient, pray take into your most gracious consideration that all the world, and especially travellers and residents in Egypt who are not the subjects of King Cotton, do not gain their paras so easily as to afford to pay a golden sovereign for a short ride to rest their weary limbs, and enjoy the refreshing breezes of an Egyptian evening." Lines, nay, strings, for they are harnessed together by such, like horses in a tandem, of those patient animals, the camels, by which

"With strength and patience all their grievous loads
are borne,
And from the world's rose-bed they only ask a thorn,"

who move slowly and stately along laden with large pieces of heavy wood, which sticking out from end to end, if you happen to be staring or lost in deep abstraction, may knock you off your *fiacre du pays*, and make you find your level in the dusty sand, or perhaps lay you upon a sick bed for months with a fractured skull or limb, for they are no respecters of persons.

But as the Grand Pacha, young as he is, delights to patronise the picturesque Mooskee, the Regent Street of the Mother of the World, his elegant

but quiet equipage soon dashed on towards the Southern gate of the city (Bab Zooáyleh), whose iron-bound massive door was fastened back to the wall, while squatted against its hinged side were grouped a host of diseased individuals, who being struck with the superstition of the land, believed that '*Allah, the compassionate, the merciful,*' would there and then work miracles upon them, so that they might with one voice arise, and walking home whole, exclaim, "*Praise be to Allah the curer, the healer,*" while others were hammering nails into the portal, in the firm belief that by such act the tooth-ache with which they were afflicted would depart, and trouble them no more. *Ajaib! Ajaib!* the incredulity of the Egyptians is almost past belief; thence it turned and hurried-on into that bustling promenade, and added another vehicle to the hundreds of brilliant turn-outs that were being slowly driven along. At that time it presented a most novel and picturesque appearance. Here and there, jammed in as it were, moved camels with lofty loads upon their backs, like elephants with their castles in India, fleet donkeys, prancing, half-trained Arab steeds, the very flower of El Nejd, saïs, with handsomely proportioned limbs, whose legs and feet are bare, with large bishop lawn sleeves, as white

as the driven snow, fluttering about like the wings of angels in the Catholic processions at Rio de Janeiro, and vests richly embroidered with gold, whooping and brandishing their insignia of office, thick long sticks, not unlike, only minus the gold knob, the truncheons carried by the tall footmen of a noble English duchess, running before the carriages to clear the way, who ever and anon belaboured most unmercifully with their *batons*, the eager rushing, bewildered groups of indigenous population, who stood in the middle of the road gossiping, quarrelling, and fighting. The perspiration was oozing out of every pore of those tall sals, who were obliged to run at full tilt, like post tappal wallahs, through a dense jungle, in order to keep up with the equipages of their masters, whose Arab handlers of the reins are as careless of hurt and loss as the Buggy wallahs at Bombay. Those grooms possess wonderful powers of endurance, for they not unfrequently keep up with the horses for three and four hours together. As we passed along the Grand Pacha's little arm began to ache, for he was obliged to salaam the host of Pachas, Beys, Effendis, petty European Sovereigns, merchants and populace who did that dot of humanity! the homage due to his rank.

The houses are beautifully ornamented with elaborately carved wood work, the windows picturesquely overhang the road, the doors of the shops thickly thronged with members of the Turkish and Egyptian aristocracy; some squatted on divans, others sitting on chairs smoking their chibouques, narghiles, and cigars; not a few were sipping findjans of delicious moka, gazing vacantly upon the busy throngs that passed before them. At the doors of the tailors' shops sat many a minister, with his page holding his official portfolio; at the Hobys of Cairo were congregated many a Pacha, and numbers were inhaling the almost overpowering fragrance of the thousand and one perfumes that rested on the shelves of the Rimmels of the city of the Victorious; while from the portals of the Truefits sallied forth many an exquisite of an Efendi whose pericranium had undergone the refreshing luxury of a good cleansing, which, undoubtedly, it much needed, by means of the newly-invented hair-dressing machine, which had so strangely found its way to that hot-bed of vermin. Drawing up at a shop, where his Highness made a few purchases, as presents for the illustrious guests on board his yacht, we were soon surrounded by a legion of beggars who vociferated with stentorian lungs—

"Allah were umerler Efendina!" invariably

ending with the everlasting chorus of "buksheesh! buksheesh! buksheesh!"

Throwing them several handfuls of silver coins we started off at a full trot, leaving them to enjoy the fun of scrambling for the paras. 'Allah kerim' (God be praised)! we passed beneath a most primitive, yet nevertheless truly welcome arcade of old mats and dirty rags, not unlike the awnings used by coal boats at Nice to protect the sailors from the rays of the scorching noonday sun, which were fastened by cords from house to house across the street. There the Turkish women hang out their washing to dry, in the manner the Italians ornament their picturesque houses and stately palaces. Here, however, the linen hung down so low that if you chanced to pass on horseback, or on a *fiacre du pays*, those ragged remnants of many a garment flapped in your face. Such are the St. Giles' sights all travellers on the Continent are more or less habituated to; but the dirt and impurities that meet the eye in Egypt are something truly disgusting. At every turn and corner of this Regent Street of the Mother of the World, Arab, Fellah, and Egyptian women of the lowest grade were squatted, coolly performing the office of hair cleaners, quite as naively and as ludicrously as the monkeys in the Zoological Gardens examine the heads of their own fraternity; but,

horror of horrors, instead of destroying the vermin, they cast them on the ground to increase and multiply. Woe be to the luckless passer by if she be an European woman, for, although the streets of the Moslems will not have defiled her, still she must take due care on reaching her hotel or residence to change her apparel as quickly as possible, or else perchance she will feel mightily fidgety and uncomfortable until retiring time comes for her to seek comfort and coolness in donning her *deshabille*. If perchance she unwittingly passes along those narrow streets in which the city abounds, those veritable Eastern *culs-de-sac*, where huge cobwebs hang in gloomy, dark festoons in many an aperture, leading her to consider the unmolested condition of their tenants, I must not only bid her beware of those savage-looking, black, thick-legged spiders, but of scorpions and centipedes, as well as the legion of small vermin, she may gather on her way as she comes through those streets, along which even a *fiacre du pays*, if it is harnessed with panniers, would be unable to pass, but woe be to her if she should meet one turning out of it as she turns in, for then she must draw back, or else run the risk of perhaps being crushed to atoms against the wall of some Oriental-looking house.

As I expected a parcel to be left for me at the

office of the Cairo railway, his Highness very kindly ordered the coachman to proceed thither. It happened that the Overland mail from Suez had just arrived. The Terminus was regularly besieged with the most motley group I think it ever fell to the lot of mortal to behold. There stood Fellahs, with their plain blue baft gowns; Bedonins, attired in their 'abas;' Egyptians, in wide inexpressibles, and short, richly embroidered vests; Indian officers, in most nondescript costumes; European ladies, in toilettes two or three years behind the fashion. Bedouins and Arabs were squatted on the platform, over whom many of the overland travellers were obliged to stride, just as if they had been dogs lying in a gutter; and when they emerged from the station they were beset by a crowd of ragged fellows, who seized hold of their luggage, bent on exacting buksheesh quite as summarily as a Cheik-el-Beled does the taxes from the Fellahs, one and all being jostled and tormented out of their lives with Arab Hackney-coachmen and donkey boys, whose vociferations were enough to stun them, calling out in Arabic, Turkish, Italian, French, English, German, Hindoostani, all eager to gain the Hawagees paras.

Returning to the Eskebeeh, we crossed a small bridge, and then along a street lined with Arab

dokans, in which were exposed for sale a heterogeneous selection of handkerchiefs, sweetmeats, grocery, bread, and in short every kind of comestible in use among the Orientals. In a word, it was quite an Oriental Mart. On our return to the palace at Boulac, we repaired on board the "Taka," but as the next day was the Ramadan, nothing would induce His Highness the Grand Pacha to pursue his excursion until he had witnessed those festivities. As that is the *fantasia par excellence* of the moslems, I telegraphed to the Viceroy for instructions, not feeling myself justified in permitting the little Prince to expose his precious person on that public occasion. The reply was in the affirmative—for that illustrious Baba is so affectionately attached to the young Prince that I never knew him refuse him the slightest thing.

Early the next morning the cannons announced the commencement of that Moslem carnival. Proceeding to the palace stairs, we passed through the Palace, entered the brougham, and attended by only two sals, were driven to the Eskebeëh, just in time to witness the inauguration of that *fantasia*. It was about three o'clock when we arrived in the square. A portly moslem, mounted on a sleek *fiacre du pays*, was riding leisurely up and down. His brown fez was orna-

mented with a band of hay, in imitation of a wreath. He wore a necktie of the same material, and bracelets on his wrists ; in short, he looked as if he had been rolling in that fodder. A crowd of hundreds of people followed in his wake, yelling forth "*Mahomet! Allah!*"

I was at a loss to understand the gist of that procession. It could not possibly mean that the prophet was a haymaker. I knew very well that from sunrise to sunset no true Son of the Faithful ever drank, eat, entered his haram, or took the slightest notice of his odalisques. I had heard the cannons at sunrise announce the beginning of the Ramadan, and when the shades of evening closed upon us, another gun proclaimed the termination of that rigid fast.

Well, on the evening of the day in question we drove leisurely through the streets of the "City of the Victorious." There we beheld the Children of the Desert giving way to their exuberance of joy, shouting "*Allah-il-Allah, Mahomet regoul Allah,*" making cigarettes at lightning speed, singing out "*Bir-atek*" (a light), and puffing away like steam engines. Off they hurried to the booths, kebabs and their selam, licks, to supply the cravings of nature, for most of them looked as hungry as hunters, and well they might, after having fasted from six in the

morning until six at eve ; certainly a most trying feat for those who had to gain their livelihood by the sweat of their brow.

It was a most painful sight to behold the poor donkey drivers, who had been running all day behind those animals, who on that day had partaken of their usual allowance of provender, and appeared much more in spirits than their tired masters ; and yet their sufferings, poignant as they most undoubtedly considered them to be, were nothing in comparison to those of the poor *sais*, whose throats must have been absolutely parched, owing to the quantity of sand that had drifted down them while they were hurried to and fro through the city in attendance on their lords and *agams*, whose portly frame, appeared none the worse for their twelve hours' abstinence ; not so, forsooth, those of their foot-runners ; they looked as dead beat as a high mettled racer, after having run two four miles heats over a heavy course amidst pouring rain.

That Oriental carnival appears to me to be neither more nor less than a trial of endurance. It is scarcely felt by the wealthy, who manage to turn night into day, and pass the hours of abstinence in the arms of Morpheus ; not so with the poor, who fast rigidly all day, gad about the live long night, and hardly ever take a wink of sleep. In

the harems of the great, if there are any European women in them, they are sure to have lots of visitors, especially at meal times, when the Moslemah women will not disdain to share, but will actually beg a few crumbs from the *zoofra* of the Hawagee, who, if she were to express surprise, which by the bye it is not wise to do, would only be met with "*Malesh ! malesh !*" as much as to say, who is to know that we have broken our fast unless you proclaim it to the Moslem world?

That, above all others, is the time to see Cairo by Night, especially if

"The sun set red behind the hill,
And every breath of wind is still."

Then the streets of the Mother of the World assume a most picturesque and amusing aspect. The Arabs retire not to rest on these nights at the sober hour of eight, their *hart* generally so tranquil and quiet, becomes a perfect bedlam all night long. There is no fear of knocking one's self against trees, falling into ruts, stumbling over hillocks of dirt—not that such have been removed, but that darkness reigns not—for even if Phæbus shines not bright, or the milky way looms not forth, there are—

"The quenchless stars ! so eloquently bright,
Untroubled sentries of the shadowy night."

All the houses are splendidly illuminated; the air

resounds with joyous songs, the beating of the *darabouka*, the plaintive music of the '*guzla*' lute, roars of laughter, the babel of a legion of tongues in all kinds of languages. Every shop is turned into a night house,—the *kebabjis* are the supper stalls, the *cahvenes-café*s the gossiping shops; groups congregate around the itinerary vendors of fruit, sweetmeats, cakes, and confectionary; the sherbet-makers click their glasses; the flower-men shout forth their everlasting "From the sweat of the Prophet it blossomed," and offer sweet smelling roses to the gay young moslems; while to the stately Pachas, Beys, and Efendis, they exclaim, "The rose was a thorn," and bouquets most artistically arranged are presented to them. Naught meets the ear but "Praise be to God," as thirsty souls of Moslems sip their delicious sherbets, sweetened with sugar and flavoured with conserve of roses, violets, or mulberries, to which friendly salutation, the company reply, "May it benefit"—"May God benefit thee;" then when that beverage is quaffed, a chorus of "Praise be to God" follows.

The *Cahvenes*—approximate to which stand itinerant Turkish and Egyptian restaurants and confectioners, surrounded by groups of Nile boatmen, snake charmers, dancers, men in female attire, as well as women, howling and dancing

dervishes—are as thronged as the pit of Her Majesty's Theatre used to be when the Swedish Nightingale warbled like a bird; there story-tellers invent a thousand and one marvellous incidents to charm the ears and delight the senses of the “Sons of the Faithful.” In other parts the Ghawazees, dancing girls, exhibit their Terpsichorean agility, and at every step you take Arabs are seen carrying lighted *meshals* (staves with a cylindrical frame of iron at the top filled with wood), shouting, whooping, singing, dancing, and twisting themselves about like maniacs; they appear for all the world like a legion of demons summoned forth in a dramatic representation of the infernal regions, and when they give vent, which they do rather too frequently, to their exuberance of joy, they yell like wild beasts—there is something almost unearthly about their cries—no Paddy at Donnybrook Fair could surpass them. Then a *magnoun* makes his way through the dense crowd; now a conjurer appears upon the scene, not unfrequently followed by two individuals masquerading as Viceroy or Petty Sovereigns. The eager crowd, chiefly composed of women, surround them, and applaud their stupid, senseless gestures and hideous contortions.

Then *Karaghuez* goes through that disgustingly

obscene marriage celebration—whose indecorous lewdness, profaneness, and lasciviousness no European dare phrenograph—regarded with gusto by the women, who are quite elated at the barefaced way in which their modesty is outraged. By the Prophet's beard I err—modesty they lack, but of effrontery, boldness, and lewdness they possess abundance. At this fantasia vice and profligacy run as riot as they do at the time of the celebration of the *Holi* in an Indian city. Neither Egyptians nor Turk seem at this High Festival to have any idea that

"Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense."

And so long as such barefaced immorality and disgusting obscenity, as are openly practised at this fantasia, is permitted, so long will Egypt be regarded in the light of a half civilised country. Mahomet Ali struck many a deadly blow at the foolish prejudices of the Moslems; and surely H.H. the Viceroy, Ismael Pacha, has full power, enlightened and well-educated prince as he is, to put a stop to the annual representation of a Saturnalia, which would not for a moment be tolerated in any other part of the world.

The eight days Ramadan Fantasia is a distraction for the indigenous population, and it could not possibly be deemed an interference with

their religious observances if an edict was issued prohibiting the indecent demonstration which occurs during its celebration. Everything takes place in the Eskebeëh ; there everybody congregates, and should any of my readers ever do so, let me strongly advise them never to visit it without carrying in hand a good size bouquet of those powerfully perfumed flowers the *foghajek* and roses, which will prevent their nostrils from being assailed with most nauseous odours.

Then it becomes the Cremorne Gardens of the Orient, and is as brilliantly illuminated and as thickly studded with *little corners* where various amusements are being carried on from time to time ; it lacks, however, the tinkling of the Moslem's abomination (the bell) to summon the spectators to witness the performance ; but as they know those *corners*, which is something in that pushing, shrieking, jostling, hurrying, half-demented mob of civilised and semi-barbarous crowd, they run like lamplighters from amusement to amusement. The greatest amount of pressure has to be endured to reach the spot where the jugglers and snake charmers go through their performances. That is a sight *worth* seeing. There stand the latter, who are descended from a race who have flourished in Egypt from time immemorial, for their figures and feats are represented on those

tablets which have been excavated by the *savants* of various nationalities; whose moral courage and sleight of hand equals, if it does not surpass, those of their fraternity in India. They form a co-operative body—in short, 'a caste'—for they follow no other occupation; the power they possess over reptiles is a science—for, as they say, "you must be descended from a snake charmer before the viper will obey you." Wearing huge *neglegés* of serpents coiled round their necks and arms, they perform most extraordinary feats with them, which delight and yet at times quite terrify the crowd: sometimes they let the reptiles bite their arms, their chests; and those who have undergone that ordeal, stand like statues while blood streams from their wounds; others struggle with the vipers, who also bite them, and not a few pretend to swallow them—all of which sleights of hand they perform most dexterously.

Some exhibit that venomous serpent the *Haijè* (one of the most dangerous of all Egyptian reptiles, about six feet long and four inches thick), over which they have such command as to make it remain as motionless as a statue, when they expectorate down its throat, place their hands upon its mouth and head; the viper becomes as stiff as a corpse, then they

throw it from hand to hand. Some of the spectators touch it with impunity and hold it in their hands just as they would a stick. When the charmer wishes to restore it to animation, he rolls it in his hands for several moments, then rubs the tip of its tail; soon the viper opens its eyes, and raises up its small head as languidly as if it had been suddenly aroused from a deep sleep. They also exhibit that most formidable of Egyptian reptiles, the celebrated Scythale of the Pyramids, whose bite produces not only instantaneous, but a most excruciating death, as also the horned viper whose bite is mortal, a very pretty creature whose skin is the color of the desert sand, which renders it necessary to take great precaution when exploring that locality, so as to avoid stepping upon it; its head is round and well formed; just above its eyes a small hard substance, resembling in form a horn, protrudes, hence its name.

All those reptiles, when thus exhibited, be it understood, no longer possess their venomous matter. The manner in which the charmers manage to catch them is most singular, and it requires not only great courage but also wonderful tact to entrap them in the desert, or in the ditches where they harbour.

I remember meeting some of those individuals

when I explored the Pyramids where the scythale abounds. They were engaged in their craft, which they pursued in the following manner. One of them uttered most singular cries, then gave a gentle whistle. At the end of two or three minutes, the heads of two of those reptiles—for like the gendarmes in France and the carbonari in Italy, they always go in couples—peered forth from the crevices of the stones, and fixed their small round eyes upon them. The snake charmer gazed intently at them, still continuing his cry and whistle; soon afterwards they glided out of their hole and advanced, joyously as it were, towards him; then another charmer approached; one threw his handkerchief to the reptiles, who seized hold of it with their teeth, then the charmer drew the handkerchief towards him, by which act he extracted the venom from their tongues, and taking them up very coolly twisted them round his neck. His companion then took hold of them with his hands and grasped their heads; unfortunately, however, he did not hold them tight enough, for one of them turned round upon him and bit his arm; the blood flowed copiously, and the snake charmer, retaining his self-possession, never winced, but struck it a blow upon the head; then opening the throat thrust his handkerchief into its mouth and extracted the

venomous substance. It was but the work of a minute. After which he twisted them round his neck and began to suck the wound which the viper had inflicted.

In India we are advised to have recourse to excision, cauterization, and scarification, as being the only sure remedy for the bites of vipers, but the Egyptian snake charmers do nothing more than suck the wound, and I have witnessed them adopt that remedy with success. The grand secret of the power of the snake charmer lies, as the 'Father of History' has so accurately described it, "in the facility with which they have been trained up by their masters to imitate the peculiar manner in which those reptiles call their *cara sposa* to them."

I would advise travellers in Egypt to tread the sand cautiously, and never to loll against the crevices of rocks, monuments, or quarries, for unlike as in India, where reptiles are generally of a green color, in Egypt they are invariably of a sandy hue, hence their whereabouts is not so easily detected.

The *cafés* are open all night, and there sit the habitués smoking their chibouques and narghilés, listening to the Mohaddetyns relating their wonderful tales in their usual nasal twang, and gazing in rapturous delight at the men dancers,

who, dressed in female attire, pirouette and caper about, in a far more disgusting and indecent manner than the dancing girls. They take the whole round of the cahvenes and finish their revolting exhibition in the wide space of the Eskebeëh, to the infinite satisfaction and applause of the indigenous population. Then a troop of dancing girls go through their evolutions. They are the very dregs of their corporation; for their aristocracy, like the Nautch girls in India, only figure at the fantasias of Princes, Princesses, Pachas, Beys, and wealthy Efendis, all of whom at this period of the year give grand dinner parties to their friends, albeit many go who have never been invited, for following the custom in vogue at Istambol, soofras are placed for those intruding guests. After dinner follow the chibouque and cahveh, then the dancing girls commence their pirouetting to the sound of most monotonous native music.

The ladies of the different harems also give fantasias, where the Ghawazees perform, Almehs chant their refrains, baked melon seeds and Indian corn seeds are cracked as Europeans do nuts. About four o'clock in the morning a good substantial breakfast is served, which is the only known repast of which they partake. But when the signal announces the

recommencement of the Ramadan, their mouths are closed, their *namaz* repeated, and all retire to sleep until Carnival time. Not a few, however, adopt the plan pursued by Anglo-Indian jurymen, fill their capacious pockets with cakes and sweetmeats and, while others sleep away the tedious hours of abstinence, refresh themselves in secret on their hidden store. (God be praised ! It is no great sin). I have already explained how their ladies of the haram arrange matters on these occasions.

As soon as the story tellers had finished, His Highness called the *sais* to him, handed him a purse of piastres, which he delivered to the young Mohaddetyns, and scattering a handful of silver paras among the crowd, the carriage drove away towards the shady Boolak road, amidst the vociferations of the people, who, with stentorian lungs, shouted forth, "*Allah nere umerler Efendina.*"

Early next day, the Taka steamed away to the ruined village of Geezeh, or Ghezere (Tpersioi), landing at the small 'scale,' where in the Memlooks' time stood elegant mosques and superb palaces, of which nought remains but heaps of rubbish and accumulations of dirt. His Highness proceeded to visit the Egg Ovens, in which eggs are hatched by artificial heat, a process that

has continued in vogue from the time of the Pharaohs to the present day. I need not describe them; it has long since been made patent to the European populations by the Egg Hatching Machines that have been exhibited in London, Paris, and in most of the capitals of Europe.

Here it was that the Memlook Beys delighted to pass their summers, and the ruins of the walls erected by them stand close to the open plain.

Mounting the high asses that had been provided for our locomotion, and attended by a numerous escort, we passed through several small villages, then reached two arched stone bridges, situated east and west, which being covered with Arabic inscriptions, informed us that they were erected by the Arab Sultans, whose names, Nazer Mahomed, 716 A.D., and Abool Nusr Kaëdbay se Zaheree, 884 A.D., are perfectly legible. Soon we passed through the Half Way Village, now a heap of ruins, to the delight of the Fellahines and the consternation of the Fellahs, not a few of whom our saïs, the outriders of the East, unseated from their "homars" (donkeys) as they jostled against them, amidst the heap of broken pottery and bricks that lay scattered about in all directions. As some of them yelled most piteously, I remonstrated with the Bin-Bachi, whose only reply was, "Malesh! Madame,

if he is dead it does not much matter ; there is only a Fellah the less in El Must!"

On our arrival at the Pyramids, His Highness made a hasty ascent and circuit of them in perfect tranquillity, for his guard of honour kept the crowd of Arabs who infest the place at a distance ; nevertheless, we enjoyed the fun of seeing them, after we had descended, drag a poor Italian traveller *volens volens* up to the summit. Some pulled in front at his arms, others pushed behind, and not a few lifted his legs to each successive stone. He kicked, struggled, and cursed, but all to no purpose, for up he went at a terrific rate. I saw him examine his fingers, which, foreigner-like, were studded with rings when the Arabs took him in hand, but when they left him his dignity had been eased of those ornaments. The Children of the Desert had most ingeniously purloined them and vanished.

The nineteenth century has brought about extraordinary changes in this strange land of the Pharaohs ; the Iron King here, as elsewhere, has spread civilization, and made the means of locomotion exceedingly rapid. We live in wonderful times, and all things are changing. What Egyptian astrologer would have dared to prophecy, in the days of the Ptolemies, that an iron road would traverse the then but seldom visited arid

Desert ; that the electric messenger would hold intercourse between Europe, Abyssinia, and the Second Cataract of the Nile ; that Cleopatra's ancient capital would be lighted with gas ; and yet there is scarcely a shadow of doubt but that in ancient days it was lighted by *petroleum*, which abounds in Egypt ; that Cleopatra's needle would stand in the yard of the Ramlee station ; that Europeans would sit under the base of Pompey's Pillar ? And yet all these things have come to pass, and the proverb, " there is corn in Egypt," was reversed in 1864, for, " then there was no longer corn in Egypt." King Cotton had not only supplanted that emblem of the goddess Ceres, but had become the staple commodity, the wealth and prosperity of Egypt, the second ruler in the Land of Mizraim, for Prince Buksheesh is the *Prince Omnipotent*, and His Highness Ismael Pacha, El Kiedover, or the First Hereditary Viceroy, whose anxiety to establish "*une entente cordiale*" with all European nations will, I have no doubt, induce the Directors of His Highness' railways to issue cheap excursion tickets from London *via* Paris and Marseilles (or *via* Florence, Ancona, and Brindisi), to The First Cataract and Back, at moderate but *inclusive* fares (hotel and all sundry charges therein included), with the option of breaking the journey

at Alexandria, to enable the excursionists to view that wonderfully improved city, or at Cairo, to visit the Pyramids and the curiosities of that most Oriental looking Mother of the World, and thence to take a peep at M. de Lessep's "hobby horse" (the Suez Canal), and the Red Sea, where the Israelites crossed it; thence to Thebes, to visit all the wonders that were said to be enclosed within that hundred gated city, and the lovely emerald isle of Philæ.

The Palace Hotel Company have taken the initiative and now grant through return tickets for a tour to Egypt, *every* charge included.

If their Excellencies the Directors, in that programme of attractions, gave notice that from the summit of the Great Pyramid, a grand display of Egyptian pyrotechnics would take place on certain days, and the whole of the pyramids be brilliantly illuminated with petroleum lamps, that Arab jugglers and snake charmers would perform their extraordinary and most wonderful tricks, that the Egyptian Jenny Lind and Taglioni, the only *female* Bey in the Land of the Dates, the once beautiful, but although *passeé*, still agreeable, talented, and fascinating Chasney Bey would sing, in full character, "The Turkish Sentinel's Refrain," of which I have given a translation in "Harem Life in Egypt

and Turkey," and pirouette the celebrated "Bee Dance," in all its "unveiled grossness," in a superb tented ball room, to be erected at the base of the Wonder of Cheop's age,—such attractions would, to use a dramatic expression, "*draw*" as great a concourse of visitors to El Musr as the exhibitions of London or Paris ever did.

His Highness the Viceroy has solicited his Suzerain, "The Light of the World," to grant him permission to coin money in his own name. No period could possibly be more opportune than 1869 for that Croesus of a prince to gain bars of gold and silver wherewith to fill his mint, and sight-seers after having feasted their eyes upon the wonderful Exhibition at Paris, might finish the season by examining the mighty works of the ancients in Egypt.

We most strongly commend this move in the right direction to the special attention of the enlightened and enterprising descendant of Mahomet, Ali the Great. The ground about the Pyramids could let at enormous rates for booths, bazaars, cafés chantants, and restaurants. His Highness's steamers would be crowded both from Brindisi and Marseilles, then up the Nile, to the Cataracts. The sovereigns that "creature comfort purveyors" would pay for the monopoly of supplying the Hawagees, would bring grist

to his mills. Surely some ex-Crimean Suttlers might start this new way of "raising the wind;" only we would advise all excursionists to take tickets of assurance in the Railway Accident Assurance Company, for, as His Highness well knows, Egyptian railways do, at times, some how or other, "slip off" the rails, and like stubborn mules, back their passengers into the Nile, some of whom have been known to be not quite so fortunate as "Pepper's Ghost," as to re-appear again alive on mother earth, and no later than December, 1868, the passengers of an Overland Mail from India had all their baggage burnt, and narrowly escaped with their lives; their train was in a blaze. By the beard of the prophet! gainsay it who will, the mysteries of Egypt have not yet been all unveiled.

The Prince did not express a single word of wonder or surprise, as I thought he would have done. Soon we approached Abooroash, which owes its name to the Tomb of the Sheikh Abooroash, and stands on the sandy plain to the south, situated about five miles to the northward of Geezeh. There we examined that very old-looking, dilapidated Pyramid, which appears to be of much more remote date than those we had passed. It is conspicuously placed on a hilly ridge

on the edge of the desert behind Kerdásseeh. The only objects in the vicinity worth examining are the Underground Chamber, the inclined passage, a stone ruin to the westward, a few massive brick walls, ruined tombs, the *débris* of an old village, and the broad (nearly 40 feet) causeway leading up to them.

On reaching the summit of the hill, we sat ourselves down on camp stools, which the attendants had carried with them, took a glance at the beautiful view it commands of the Valley of the Nile, the Sheikh's Tomb, and far in the distance the Pyramids of Abooséer, Sakkara (the Haram-el-Modargeh of the Arabs), and Dashóor.

Turning our mules' heads to the south, we hurried on for about three miles and a half to a small ruin standing on an eminence to the west of Shebrément, and at the end of about seven miles and a half we reached the Pyramids of Abooséer (Abuser). The Great Pyramid was the principal attraction, but three quarters of a mile from it stands another one, the remains of a stone structure, which looks like an old temple, with a causeway to the eastward, a similar structure, the approach to which is strewed with black stones. To the westward we passed into the Apis Cemetery, a line of subterraneous passages hewn in the rock, ornamented with deep recesses, some

containing huge granite unsculptured sarcophagi, and others fragments of statues, but the French took away the best *stelæ* (historical monuments) which adorned its walls; a few, however, still remain.

Continuing our journey for two to three miles in the same direction we soon reached the Pyramids and Tombs of Sakkára. The objects which most particularly struck His Highness's attention were the large pyramid (Pyramid of Degrees), with hollow dome, small chamber, the doorway of which is studded with hieroglyphics of a warlike character, and the interior lined with vitrified porcelain tiles, and H.H. most anxiously enquired if it were known what amount of treasure the Arabs had carried off from this spot?

"I never heard of any, your Highness," replied a noble looking Bedouin.

"No! no! why that is very strange," replied the Grand Pacha.

Then we proceeded to the hewn stone vaulted tomb of Pasammitichus, 664 B.C., visited the Ibis Mummy Pits, in several of which the Arabs who attended us made small openings, but the ibises—those black and white birds whose plumage is the type of the changes of the moon, and the emblem of purity, because it never approaches impure water, the destroyer of serpents and

noxious insects, the creatures most cared for by the ancient Egyptians, whether living or dead,—were mostly reduced to powder like that seen about the mummies in the glass cases in the British Museum; also the Human Mummy Bits, many of which must have been full eighty feet deep.

It was from this place that the Defterdar Ahmed Bey had the stones of the sculptured tombs of the ancient kings removed, and with them built his superb palace of Kasr Dubarra at Cairo. We made an ascent of the smaller Pyramids, Pharaoh's Throne (Mustaba Pharaon), and the ruins in their immediate vicinity. Here we rested and partook of a cold refreshment of pigeons, Arab bread, and fruit, and then passed on to the lofty pyramids of Dashóor (Mensheeh), which are principally constructed of stone, one of which is remarkable for its singular form. In the passages we observed numerous hieroglyphics, and in the ruined brick pyramids, the base of a vaulted chamber.

All the cultivated land was lined with dark groves of beautiful *sont* (*acanthus*).

Proceeding along the embankment of a large dyke, which skirts the desert to the northward of Sakkára, we reached Mitrahenny, where stand the mounds of Memphis, (called by the Copts,

Mefi, Momf, and Menf, but by the Egyptians, Panouf, Memfi, Membe, Menofree, or Manofre,) literally meaning the "abode of the good."

The principal objects of attraction were the large white limestone colossi (forty-three feet high) of Remeses II. (1311 B.C.), with a handsome face, broken feet, capless, but with armulet around the neck, and girdle at the side, with that monarch's prenomen. In his hand is a scroll, and by his side the figure of his daughter, whose shoulder only reaches up to his knee. When we visited it, the Nile, which in the time of its inundation covers it as well as the ruins of the city, had just receded, and we made an excellent inspection of it.

Passing to the eastward, we came upon another colossus, thirty-five feet high, having on each side small figures, one a male and the other a female, supposed to be his children, for on the bracelet is the inscription, Remeses IV. (1189 B.C.), and on the back, Remeses V. (1185 B.C.) To the northward stands a pedestal with the inscription, Remesis II. (1811 A.D.), and numerous fragments. We entered the guard house, and there beheld the broken statue of Sabaco I. (714 B.C.), to the south of which stands a limestone block (the God Nilus), and further on two corroded statues, supposed to be of red granite,

one of which holds a stela, decorated with a hieroglyphical column, with this inscription, "Lord of the assemblies, like his father Pthah," evidently the banner of Amun-Mai Remeses the Great (1311 B.C.), whose name it bears, ornamented with a kingly bust, decorated with a head gear of horns, surmounted with a globe and a plume of two large ostrich feathers.

On the river side is the site of the Mekkeeás (Nilometer). His Highness the Grand Pacha, having inquired of me if I could inform him how many Nilometers had been erected in Egypt, I furnished him with the following information while he sat upon his camp stool gazing at the lofty mounds :—

"Your Highness not being old enough to peruse the translation of the works of Herodotus, I must tell you that the Father of History mentions that the first Nilometer, the ruins of which formerly stood close to the mounds on the river side, was erected in the time of the Pharoanic kings. We also hear of one, in the days of the Ptolemys, at Al-Kab (Eileithyas), thirty miles from Thebes, on the road to Asouan; then another stood at Elephantine, which had been used by the crafty Roman Emperors. The staircase that served for the Nilometer still remains, but in 1822 your illustrious great grandfather's Kehia (Mahomed

Bey), removed the stones which formed the upper chamber of it, to build his palace at Asouan. In the Temple of Sarapis at Alexandria, a moveable one was preserved until the time of Constantine. It was then placed in a church, Julian restored it to the Sarapeum, after which Theodosius removed it, but subsequently had it destroyed. Abdel-Azeéz, brother of the Caliph Abd-el-Melek, was the first prince after the conquest of Egypt by the Arabs, who erected in 700 A.D., a Mekkeás, that stood at Hehoan, a village on the bank of the Nile, a short distance from the quarries of El Masarah, on the route from Cairo to Benisooéf, and about fourteen miles from the capital, where a portion of one of its pillars may still be seen. Not being adequate for the purpose for which it was erected, that prince's son Soolaymán (714-17 A.D.), constructed one in the Isle of Roda, the remains of which were destroyed by the explosion of a powder magazine. The present one consists of a square tower, having in its centre a graduated pillar, marking the gradual rise of the Nile, which is proclaimed in the streets of Cairo by four criers during the inundation. The Arab who conducted me over it one day gave me the following account of its foundation—'Joseph, the son of Jacob,' said that worthy Child of the Desert, 'who ruled Egypt during the time of Pharaoh, constructed a

Mekkeás at Memphis. After his death the old Queen Zagalouk erected another on the bank of the river at Abd-el-Ghezire, the son of Merawan built one in Upper Egypt, the Romans and the Copts followed his example; Said, the son of Assam, in the time of the Caliph Valid, did likewise. That falling into ruin, Mamóon, the son of Amrou, restored it in 214 A.D., by means of the alms which had been collected, which the prosperity of the country had enabled him to amass in lieu of expending. An old man named Gabdol, who used to read the sayings and doings of the prophet at the portals of the mosque of Amrou, was appointed to take charge of it at a salary of one hundred and fifty piastres per month. He was a well known character, who rejoiced in the cognomen of "the *schoolmaster*," because he formerly taught the Arab gamins in the city of Musr their A B C.' It stands on the southern extremity of the island, at the point where the river branches off into the stream, the one flowing towards Ghiseh and the other to Old Cairo. At the village of Benbenooda, in the Saecid Mamoon (813-33 A.D.), built another, and also repaired the old one at Ekhnim, on the banks of the Nile, sixty-six miles from Sioot, on the road to Girgeh."

After I had afforded the prince the information

he required, we started off to explore the ruins of the "*City of the White Wall*," as Memphis, which was built by Menes, the first king of Egypt, in 2,700 B.C., was called in days of yore; they lie about Mitrahenny, between which and Sakkara runs a canal.

A hollow spot, which contains water for the greater part of the year, marks the site of that lake which Menes had excavated, and as it was the custom to transport the dead across it to the tombs on the hills near the Pyramids of Sakkara, it is most probably the Stygian Lake of the Greek Mythology. Wilkinson, in his "*Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians*," gives a detailed account of the beautiful temples which the place formerly contained, and its history is well worth perusal, especially as it was a city of paramount importance until the Persians took it, under Cambysis, and when the Arabs invaded Egypt, John Mecaukes, its Governor, held his court here, after which Fostât (Old Cairo) became the capital, and when commerce increased the Port of Alexandria grew in size and opulence after which it went to ruin.

The monotonous banks of the river were occasionally enlivened by the presence of groups of women and their daughters, who were employed, in filling and carrying away the heavy porous jars

(*golleeahs*) filled with the delicious water of the Nile. An idea may be formed of their weight when filled, as the *golleeah* alone weighs eight pounds, and when filled ten times that amount. The girls carried lighter ones, upright on their heads, which rested on the hollow pads placed on them. Then a number of boats of almost every kind glided up and down the river, among which were many a graceful *cangia*, hundreds of traffic boats, ribbed, planked, deckless, flat on the stern, sharp at the prow, with only one sail, and heavily laden with grain, sugar, or cotton, while others were following in our wake with European merchandize from Cairo and Alexandria. Not a few were carrying large piles of straw, packed up in rude trusses, finely chopped for camel fodder, and stacked on a frame work of palm sticks, projecting over both sides of the boat. Those trusses had a singular appearance, for they are arranged like truncated pyramids, having a pole at each angle of the apex. Then passed sandals, *felookahs*, and here and there ferry boats, most clumsy, heavy looking locomotive machines, mere frameworks of rough timber nailed together, and not unfrequently overlapped. Arabs were paddling them across with a flat timber oar, similar to the paddles used by the canoe men in the Brazils or the Kroomen.

along the Western coast of Africa. Their passengers were a motley group. Some conveyed men, women, donkeys, and buffaloes, huddled together, while not a few had several *heggins* (camels) standing in the centre, with the women seated at the bows and the men at the stern.

Thence we hurried on to Bedreshayn, nearly opposite to Helwan, sixteen miles from Cairo, where we found the "Taka" awaiting our arrival.

The next morning the Grand Pacha took it into his head to proceed to visit the Mekkeéas in the island of Roda, so the captain was ordered to about ship, and the yacht steamed down the Nile, a distance of nearly sixteen miles, during which time I related to him

THE FANTASIA OF KHALIG, OR WUFFA-EL-BAHR,

as the Arabs call it, where the canals are cut to let the water of the Nile into them, when its rise has reached *temam* (perfect), that is twenty-two cubits. It is one of the prettiest fantasias in Egypt—a real Oriental fête, which takes place the night previous to the opening of the Khalig Canal, which runs through the City of the Victorious, and thence

its waters irrigate those provinces which lie close to the western branch of Damietta.

I had previously told H.H. that the ancient Egyptians worshipped the Nile, which they called *Oceanus*, they looked upon it as a god, whom they designated by the names of *Horus* (the sun), and *Zeidorus* (fertility), most appropriate designations since Egypt is indebted to its waters for her extraordinary fertility. In short, without it 'the Land of the Date' would become a sterile, barren country. In ancient days they founded a city called the Nilus, and there erected a temple to its honour. The river was represented by the black marble statue of a handsome venerable old man with snow white flowing beard; which colour was selected owing to the source of the river being supposed to come from Ethiopia; his brow was encircled with a wreath of wheat sheaves, the sign of the abundant harvests which were gathered in the fields. He leaned on a sphinx, because then, as now, its actual source was unknown, for it is yet doubtful whether Captains Grant and Speke and Sir Samuel Baker have actually set that vexed question at rest, but which Dr. Livingstone may, perhaps, do on his return to England. At his feet lay a crocodile, which the inhabitants of Ombo—the modern Kom Ombo—beyond Hagar Silsileh, eighty-seven miles from Thebes,

worshipped; and their idolatry, for which often caused them to be engaged in deadly conflict with the Tentyris (the inhabitants of Tentyris, Tentyra, the modern Dendera), which generally ended in a cannibal feast off the remains of one of the vanquished foe, and a hippopotamus; grouped around him were about six children, who, according to their size, and the attitudes in which they were placed, were evidently meant to represent the cubits to which the Nile must attain before it reaches *menáseb* (tolerable), and *temám* (perfect), in order to insure the fertility of the land.

In this nineteenth century no idolatrous or divine honours are offered up to the Nile for the bountiful supply of its fertilising waters; nevertheless the Egyptian Government adopts every means in its power to preserve and economise them. Now, as in ancient times, the Egyptians well know the value of the sacred Nile, which yields them prolific harvests and riches, or else visits them with scarcity and afflicts them with poverty.

Annually a grand fantasia takes place at Cairo, about the middle of August, at the Wuffa-el-Bahr, when the Nile has reached the height of eighteen cubits. In the evening the Mother of the World is splendidly illuminated, the shops are open, the *cafés* thronged, the little wooden theatre crammed,

the bieries crowded, the Eskebeëh as gay as at the time of the Ramadan; the Arabs perambulate the streets playing all kind of antics, Nile boatmen sing their plaintive, yet sweet airs. Singular to add when I witnessed that fête a flight of pigeons, '*Allah's proclaimers*'—holy birds—so considered because the Moslems believed that a pigeon whispered twice into the prophet's ear—hovered in the air: one of those Nile boatmen looked wistfully at them, and then began to sing a refrain, to which I stopped to listen. It ran thus:—

"Oh, beautiful dove! why dost thou coo? Thy lamentations recall to memory's light my own sufferings. I am now wandering far from that bank where, perhaps, at this very moment, my beloved is doubled up thinking of myself. As the zephyr gently whistles amidst the palm tree leaves; as the Nile murmurs at thy feet, and as each moonbeam flitters on its bosom my beloved one trembles, and fancies she can hear the echo of my voice. It is but the fancy of an idle dream; for my adored one rests all—alone. That voice which seems to vibrate on her ear is but the sensation of her faithful heart: it is naught but a sweet delirium. Then my adored rises off the bank; returns to her hut, and there gives way to all the paroxysm of

wretchedness and despair. Oh, sweet dove! why dost thou coo? Thy lamentations recall to memory's light my own painful feelings."

That Arab lived near the banks of the Barrage, that unsuccessful labour of the French which might even now, with a little attention, be made a blessing to Egypt, instead of a source of inquietude, which part of the Nile was then densely studded with the indigenous democracy. The rich in their *cangias* and *dahabeehs* (large barges, like the Lord Mayor of London's state one, minus the gilding), pass that night on the Nile in fantasia; which being studded with hundreds of vessels, barges, and small craft, illuminated to their mast heads with coloured glass lamps, which made it look like a fairy lake. On the bridge were congregated bands of musicians, itinerant *cahvenes*, *Kebabjies*, restaurants, confectioners, ice water and sweetmeat vendors, professional singers, and *mohaddetyns*, all the picture of happiness and content.

A wealthy Pacha having asked me to witness that fantasia from his handsome *dahabeeh*, I accepted the invitation. His Excellency's barge was brilliantly illuminated; it was covered with a crimson awning, on the deck in large tubs stood lines of rose trees, red, white and green, the Egyptian pivot, whose delicious fragrance

perfumed the cool air, boxes of violets both purple and white, myrtles in blossom, anemones in abundance, yellow, purple and white gilliflowers, whose delicious scent at night was almost as overpowering as that of the bed of water lilies that stood close by; of narcissus, sweet basil, the Moslem's delight, lotus and almond blossoms there were plenty, and in the midst of each of those rows that lined the sides of the gunwales stood an elegant dwarf Oriental willow, the Egyptian's favourite symbol of a graceful woman.

In short, it was a beautiful floating conservatory. Bands of music contributed to the pleasures of this Oriental fantasia—nay, this Eastern carousal, notwithstanding that the Prophet has declared that "musical instruments are the *Müeddins of Sheitan*," the most powerful means by which Sheitan seduces weak mortals, and which call them to his worship as the blind Muezzins, summon "the Sons of the Faithful" to prayer—and here we would warn all travellers never to pop their heads out of a minaret window, unless, indeed, they wish as the Arabs say, "to enjoy instant beatitude," for they may rest assured that bullets will whiz about their heads like hailstones—and a troop of first rate Ghawazees performed their lascivious dances.

On entering the saloon, which was a noble

apartment, beatifully painted with Egyptian and Turkish scenery, the slaves drew back the sliding windows, and gazing on the Nile, every boat on it and both its banks were brilliantly illuminated. Joyous songs, roars of laughter, and the rapid chattering of a babel of tongues resounded on the ear.

A well spread table was laid for His Excellency, being an Armenian and a citizen of the world, who had travelled far and wide, did the honours of his hospitality *à la Européenne*, and the company did ample justice to the creature comforts that were spread before them.

Not finding as much pleasure or amusement as His Excellency's male guests did in the sound of Arab music, although at times both plaintive and soft, at others loud and joyous, nor admiring the indecent evolutions of first rate dancing girls, I retired, and taking my seat on deck, well wrapped up in cloak and shawl, I gazed upon

As gorgeous a scene as the eye of mortal had e'er surveyed,
For there the wonders of the pyrotechnic art were brilliantly displayed;
Hundreds of Arabs were shouting, yelling, gazing on the moon's bright beams;
Whose dark bronze features and spectral abas made it one of those demon scenes,
Created by the incantation of a Zamel which that spirit had brought to light,
With no other view but to please the mind and entrance the human sight.

The banks of the river were thronged with a merry populace, who kept flaring their *meshals* in the bright moon light like a cavalcade of demons from the infernal regions, and forming a most unique and picturesque scene, which lasted all the live long night. Sky rockets were darting about the air like fiery comets, Bengal lights were going off with great rapidity in every direction ; but it was the smoke-works, which on that night attracted most attention. The houses on the banks, the barges and vessels on the river were betimes all kinds of colours, and so, of course, was that motley crowd ; they blushed blue, violet, green, rose, and many other shades, but always becoming.

And so ended one of the most successful fêtes ever given at the " Wuffa-el-Bahr " of the nineteenth century.

A Greek gentleman who had been enjoying the sight *al fresco* like myself, informed me that he remembered in Said Pacha's time that prince invariably made it a custom to go in grand state to the Barrage of the Nile on each succeeding Fantasia of Khalig.

" I remember," added he—" for I was one of the party—a few years before his death that Vice-roy on one of those occasions, invited three hundred and fifty individuals, comprising Turks,

Greeks, Levantines, Egyptians, Armenians, and Europeans, to partake of his hospitality. What could have put that freak into his head, I know not, but perhaps His Highness desired to imitate the renowned hospitality of the Caliph Haroun Al-Rasheed, so he ordered a wealthy Pacha, then holding the appointment of his Chamberlain and Purveyor of the Palace, to provide a sumptuous repast, and to have five long tables laid out close to the Barrage. When H.H. arrived, he took his seat at a small *soofra*, which had been placed for him on a raised dais, and then invited the company to be seated.

' Three hundred and fifty honoured guests before His Highness
sate,

Three hundred and fifty favoured guests or more, admired his
royal state

For never had hospitality been so viceroyally displayed,
Nor ever such a motley group had Said Pacha surveyed.

As soon as the repast was served, and the covers removed,
Each *soofra*, soup *entremets*, roast and boiled viands respec-
tively showed,

The five rows of seventy guests stared at each other in amazement,
but ventured no remark ;

All partook of their soup, *entremets*, roast and boiled in good
part ;

But the last seventy, which comprised a legion of sycophants in
every disguise,

Stared at their empty plates, covered with that plague of
Egypt—flies."

"They were dumbfounded, but thinking that
Said Pacha's jester must have been reading to his

Viceroy al master a French translation of the British prince of poets 'Timon of Athens,' they uttered not a syllable, but looked most wistfully at their companions, who, while enjoying their good cheer, laughed in their beards at the discomfort of those worthless, rapacious, grasping clique, who, like the '*cordon sanitaire*,' by which the present Viceroy is surrounded, took good care to keep the loaves and fishes to themselves. That droll occurrence had not been premeditated by his Highness, in short, he virtually had no finger in that pie; and was totally ignorant of the manner in which it had been brought about.

"This is how it happened. His Highness had ordered the Pacha to provide five tables with soup, roast and boiled viands, *entremets*, etc. The Arab attendants, who were entrusted with the arrangements, never having of late received a para of buksheesh from that swarm of land sharks, who were devouring the very vitals of the Viceroy, determined to give them a 'Roland for an Oliver,' and arranged the tables as I have described, for as the word *etcetera* was repeated to them, and not knowing such a dish in Arab cuisine, they concluded that by placing empty plates they could not err, and that by giving them to those European adventurers they would distribute buksheesh to

them in order to procure wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of their appetites.

"That *clique* never forgot that princely feast, and when it came to Said Pacha's ears he ordered each Arab to receive, not a hundred strokes of the *kurboaj*, but a purse of paras, and laughed fit to crack his sides at the naiveté of the children of the desert, and the next day, when those *soixante-dix-dévorants* paid him their usual homage, he coolly enquired of them if they had enjoyed his hospitality, and which table they had occupied, and when they told him that they had had nothing to eat he roared with laughter.

"The next morning after that evening fantasia the Viceroy or his representative arrived at the head of the army. A kind of white clay effigy of a virgin, about fourteen years of age, was carried in procession. As soon as that figure, which is a type of the human sacrifice which the Egyptians formerly offered up to Oceanus (the Nile), was cast into the Nile, a gun was fired and the dike cut, when in rushed the water into the Khalig Canal with great velocity."

When the "Taka" reached the beautiful Isle of Rhoda, opposite old Cairo, the Grand Pacha and myself landed. The old Arab who had charge of the Mekkeéas, conducted us over that square chamber, pointed out the use of the graduated

pillar, which marks *only* 16 cubits, to the young prince, explained to us that it was formerly surmounted by a dome, the fallen blocks of which lie at the base of the graduated column, which was so encumbered at that time with about six feet deep of alluvial deposit. He told us that the present Nilometer was erected by Motawukkel, the tenth Caliph of the Abbasides Dynasty in 245 A. H. (860 A. D.), and that Mostunter Billáh, the fifth Fatemite Prince, who ruled over El Musr, repaired it in 1092 A. D. Close to it stands a new powder magazine, for the old one, as I have previously stated, was blown up in Mahomet Ali's time.

Some part of the island is thickly covered with the alluvial deposit of the Nile, amidst which a mass of weeds grows luxuriantly; white ibises were studded about, dipping their beaks into it in search of prey, and enormous sycamores spread a most grateful shade around.

This beautiful island was formerly the property of his Highness Ibrahim Pacha, and now belongs to the present Viceroy. Then we proceeded, accompanied by his Highness's head European gardener, Mr. Jackson, into the gardens which the renowned conqueror of Syria had constructed by Mr. Trail, an English gardener and botanist, whose services the Horticultural Society of London

had placed at the disposal of that gallant prince. They stand at the southern extremity, and are studded with a most valuable and rare collection of trees ; several thousands, chiefly from India, were destroyed through the excessive inundations of 1840-41.

There grow luxuriantly the graceful palm of the Antilles, the gigantic bamboos of India, which over top the other trees by no less than ten feet. One might almost fancy oneself in an Indian jungle, but tigers are wanting to complete the delusion. That singular *melange* of strange foliage most curiously trained, and the curious specimens of foreign fruits, give the gardens a most enchanting and unique effect. There we sauntered beneath long shady avenues, surrounded by massive masonry work, admiring beautiful flower beds, filled with the choicest and most oderiferous of exotics, and '*foods of visions*,' well irrigated with silvery-looking streams. The kitchen garden, which is arranged in squares, was in a high state of cultivation.

Entering the little white marble kiosk, which forms a most graceful object amidst the dark verdant foliage of the huge sycamores, we sat ourselves down upon a stone bench at its threshold. The view was very fine ; vistas of the Nile flowing in the distance were seen

through the openings amidst the thick avenues of trees. A light graceful cangia remained at an anchor close to its bank; the crew were lying on the sand, basking in the sun. One of them was singing the last verse of their national song, that plaintive ditty which I have elsewhere described as being heard at the time of the Fantasia of El Khalig. The air was still, and just as she had finished the words

"O dove! why dost thou coo?

Thy murmurings recall to memory's light my own sad sufferings,"

I heard the beating of the darra-bouka, then the voice of a female who was also on the river bank attracted my attention. Leaving the Grand Pacha in the Kiosk, I hurried through an avenue, and just as I had reached its extremity, I caught sight of a beautifully gilded cangia, which was being rowed rapidly along the Nile by eight boatmen dressed in crimson silk shirts. Suddenly they rested on their oars which gave me an opportunity of examining the bark. The deck was covered with thick Smyrna carpets, and there doubled up upon a large blue satin cushion was a veiled lady, assuredly a lady of rank; perhaps she was one of the Egyptian princesses, for everything about her, even to her rich and elegant costume, denoted her to be no ordinary person-

age ; the beautiful and richly decorated cangia, her superb costume, the attire of the boatmen, the black slaves who surrounded her, all proclaimed her rank. Aghawats (eunuchs), whose generic appellation is *Tamâshi*, but which expression should never be uttered within their hearing, for it is considered as the greatest insult and would inevitably prepare the speaker's tarikat (path to heaven), for although Persians think death is a festival, the traveller might not desire to be sent, as the Bedouins say, "to certainty," (his last home) in an instant.

Two gaunt Abyssinian eunuchs were seated at the prow, wearing snow white turbans, as in days gone by. In all probability that graceful lady had taken it into her head to make a morning aquatic excursion. A slave coquettishly dressed in an azure blue velvet jacket, embroidered with silver, held in her hand the tar whose sounds I had heard, and which I had mistaken for the beating of the darrabouka ; another, attired in a crimson velvet jacket, richly embroidered with gold, now began to sing in that distinct and yet soft voice so peculiar to the denizens of Africa. She was warbling a love ditty, for in the East the women chant nothing else. I stopped, and sitting myself down upon the stump of an old tree, caught the following words :

"Merciless tyrants, what want you with me? She whom I love has a mark of beauty on her cheek, and yet you wish that I should forsake, abandon, leave her. Her countenance is to me as radiant as the light of day, and yet you want me to resign her?

"Her lovely orbs pierced my heart like the steel of a djerid would my body, her form is as slender as a palm, her step as graceful as that of a beautiful gazelle, her lips are ruby bright, her bosom looks like the delicate colours of the jasmine and pomegranate when blended artistically together, and yet you ask me to resign all pretensions to her. Oh! no, indeed; her eyes have pierced the innermost recesses of my heart, and I cannot renounce her. Now that love has struck me with its poignant dart, I cannot resign myself to flee from its pangs and banish from my sight the remembrance of her charms, like wax melted in a brazier, rather would I perish than renounce the hope of possessing such a beauty. As I behold her trip gracefully along, I experience the most ineffable pleasure, and yet I am told that all my hopes are vain, and that I must renounce her! Merciless tyrants, leave me; glory be to Allah, who has created such a master-piece of terrestrial beauty."

The contrast between the passionate words of

that love ditty and the plaintive distressing song of the poor Arab made a lasting impression on my mind. The loveliness of the scene around, and the stillness of the air added additional charms to the beauty of the group on board the cangia. The Nile was as calm as an inland lake, and in its waters were reflected the shady avenues of Roda, formerly the favourite resort of the Cairenes who loved in Mahomet Ali's time to enjoy the luxury of roaming about this beautiful spot. Here it is affirmed by Wilkinson that Thermuthis, Pharaoh's daughter, found Moses in the bulrushes. Scarcely a zephyr fanned the balmy air, or rustled the lofty branches of the gigantic trees. A long line bordered the opposite bank, on which stood Ghiseh, and as the rose tint rays of the setting sun, for it was getting late, cast their pinky shade upon the sands of the Desert, there loomed the mighty pyramids before me in all their colossal grandeur, and the golden shades cast upon the palms were gorgeously beautiful in the extreme. The azure blue sky was cloudless, and flights of pigeons and here and there a few ibises were hurrying to their nests. The air was elastic, and cast a tranquil halo round my mind. It was like a lovely day in May, and yet it was the month of August. Such was the appearance of beautiful Egypt,

whose climate is so delightful that words are wanting to describe its balminess. The beautiful cangia now glided along the tranquil Nile, and the emotion that I experienced intoxicated me with such joy and pleasure that I felt many a pang as she passed me by; it seemed to me as if I was losing something that I dearly prized. Hurrying back to the Kiosk, I induced the Grand Pacha to accompany me in my adventure, and in a few moments the attendants had placed us in a light bark, and rowing with great speed we soon glided in the wake of the gilded cangia, and following it, were delighted, for His Highness is a dear lover of melody, with the love songs which caught our ears. The slave in the crimson velvet jacket was then singing the following verses, accompanying herself upon the *tar*,

"Come, my beloved one; quick, the day begins to dawn; quick, lose not a moment, let us ramble together about that delightful garden, watered by the dew of heaven, and gather the blossoms of its beautiful exotics. There scattered about in all directions, grow odoriferous, roses, gilliflowers, pivets and anemones, like pearls fallen from the beneficent hands of '*ginnee*;' their fragrant perfume is delicious, and all nature around looks like one vast prairie, covered

with luxuriant vegetation. There the lovely roses which resemble the gems on a robe of honor, expand with the morning sun, the birds warble most melodiously in concert; the Indian plumb tree salutes us with its bending branches, and the perfume of the ripening apples is most refreshing to the senses.

“Now, object of my heart’s delight! Why thus do you tarry? How, ungrateful mortal, can you take pleasure in adding torment to my sufferings by giving the envious, by thy prolonged absence, an opportunity to vex and tease me? Why then, oh! timid gazelle, dost thou flee from me, from thy beloved who only thinks himself but too happy when gratifying thy least caprice. How unbearable is thy absence. Thou hast broken my poor heart, and thy cruel absence makes me loathe existence. She, whom I love, is clothed in rich attire, but her snow white bosom is exposed to view. I said to her as I passed by her ‘O my adored! my cherished one! why was my happiness to be so transitory?’ ‘Alas! No,’ she said; ‘even if I permitted you to gaze upon my charms this very eve. With that happiness you would purchase instant beatitude! and that *kismet*, O beloved of my heart! would send me to certainty.’

“My melancholy is unsupportable, O lovely,

beauteous, charming creature, whose grace and bearing resembles the tenderest branches of the willow when once I am mated with thee, my happiness will be supreme? When will that long looked for day arrive? When will happiness shed its balmy consolation o'er my troubled agitated mind?

"Ah! if thou dost but think, during this painful separation, on him who adores thee, who languishes in despair while absent from thee, and whose presence alone can restore tranquillity to my life, oh, if I thought but that my image remained engraved upon thy memory, I would flee to thee like a winged messenger, no matter how distant thou mightest be, oh! my beloved one.

"O that thou wouldst come once again and let me gaze upon those lovely tresses, arranged with such sedulous care, alas! alas! all my wish is vain; my mistress forbids me to flee to thee—but yet thou art all mine own, oh! my beloved one.

"Often and often have I laid snares to catch the beautiful gazelle; but oh! I have been ensnared myself. She flitted before me like a shadow—without deigning to bestow a look upon me. O Allah! what a *kismet* is mine. How inscrutable are thy decrees. Weep oh! my soul! for my gazelle forbids me to approach her. The

laws of nature have suddenly become reversed; and that wild yet graceful gazelle has turned him huntress."

Just as the last verse was ended, the faint twilight that exists in Orient vanished. The gilded *cangia* now looked dark, she was rowed rapidly along, but still we followed in her wake. Suddenly as the moon rose and the shadows on the banks became reflected in the Nile I could perceive that we had passed the whole length of the Island, and as we approached Boolak, the slaves ceased their singing, and the *tar* no longer sent forth its monotonous sounds. All at once the eight rowers who had been laying on their oars, struck out and dipping them in the water, the *cangia* darted along like an arrow, and reached the bank in the twinkling of an eye. Although our boat kept at a respectful distance, still we were sufficiently near to see the unknown lady assisted by her two female slaves disembark at the Palace stairs at Boolak, then the Eunuchs walked before her, a file of armed guardians holding *meshals* in hand lined the path leading to a carriage with four beautiful Arab steeds, into which that lovely creature entered with her two gay attendants, while another one took up the remainder of the suite that had accompanied her in her aquatic excursion. The two eunuchs took their places,

one of whom rode behind the first vehicle and the other one attended on the second. The escort fell into line, and proceeded by two tall saïs attired in flowing sleeves and embroidered vests, the whole equipage galloped off towards Cairo. The Grand Pacha's curiosity was excited, for knowing that all the Viceroy's wives were on board the "Taka" which we had left safely moored off the Island of Roda, his highness was quite as anxious as myself to learn who that beautiful creature could be, whom we had seen in the *cangia*, and whom her slaves had been amused by singing love songs to her.

Ordering the boatmen to land us as quickly as possible, we landed at the palace stairs.

"Bring a carriage—make haste," exclaimed the Grand Pacha.

The order was quickly obeyed, and off started the coachman at a furious pace; the saïs running in advance, soon held up their hands, which indicated that we had fallen on the track of the *incognita's* cavalcade; then slackening speed, the coachman kept behind the last carriage of the fair Moslemah woman's suite, who had given us such a chase, until it entered the gates of that celebrated palace on the bank of the Khalig canal, which had formerly been the residence of His Highness' great aunt (Zohra Pacha,

the beautiful yet terrible Nuzleh Hanem). Then we knew that the beautiful traveller on the Nile was no other than Her Highness Sedef, Said Pacha's lovely wife.

As I had never entered that Haram—so celebrated in days of Mahomet Ali's time, when the Princess Nuzleh used to carry on all kinds of intrigue therein, when as us Europeans say "her palace in the Moski had become too hot for her"—I persuaded the Grand Pacha to pay that illustrious and charming princess a visit.

On entering the palace, His Highness was received with the usual honours; refreshments were served, and there we remained several hours, the Princess Sedef laughing heartily at "the wild goose" chase which the Grand Pacha had had after her.

His Highness was just on the point of rising to return to the yacht, when visitors were announced, and the Grand Eunuch exclaimed,

"It is the Princess Mustapha!"

Then entered the mother of H.H. Mustapha Fazyl Pacha, the Viceroy's brother. She was rather a fine looking lady, and going up to the little Prince, she patted him on the cheek, at the same time exclaiming,

"I am delighted to see you," to which the

Grand Pacha made no reply, but seemed anxious to retire.

Fortunately, however, the Princess Sedef, as soon as her guest had partaken of refreshments, called the slave, who had been singing to her on the Nile.

"Have you any story to tell us, Mergau?"

"Certainly" was her reply; and then she related to us the following incident which took place in 1840, when she was attached to the '*Grand Princesse*,' as Nuzleh Hamen was generally designated:—

"I had accompanied Her Highness Zohra Pacha one day in her cangia as far as Bershoom on the eastern bank of the Nile. On returning, the Princess observed a light cangia following us; calling her favourite eunuch, she told him to watch where the Ingles Efendi, who was in it, went to, and to let her know.

"When we landed at the Boolak 'scale,' then a dangerous spot, Mahmoud quitted us, and, as I afterwards learned, took a boat with six rowers and proceeded to Old Cairo. His journey was tedious, because the men had to row against the current. It was night, scarcely a boat was on the river; a deadly stillness reigned around, and the eunuch was sad at heart, for he had been in

the habit of conducting strangers blindfolded, and without letting them into the secret whither he was leading them, and he felt a qualm of conscience come o'er him. I must digress from my story to explain the kind of intrigues in which he played such a conspicuous part.

“At that time all Europeans, whether domiciled or travelling in Egypt, intrigued veiled women whenever they could. Many a night had he made appointments with those Don Giovannis, as the Italians call such amorous individuals, whom he cautioned to be punctually at the place of rendezvous. When he met them at the appointed hour, he bandaged their eyes, and conducted them to Her Highness' haram in the Moski, her kiosk on the Nile, her palace in the Eskebešh, or else into this very palace.

“When once they had been led into one of those places, there they were detained like state prisoners, but well treated for a week, according to Her Highness' pleasure. Sometimes she would tell them, that as she expected her husband—who *Allah kerim* was dead, for had the Defterdar, caught them, he would have impaled them without the least scruple—they must take their leave; and when he was gone she would send for them. Thus she dismissed them from her presence.

"If it happened that the stranger had been conducted to her haram on the Nile, he was blindfolded, the eunuch led him by the hand, and instead of taking him to the gate by which he had entered, he conducted him to another which opened on to the banks of the Nile. Then closing the door after him, he struck the unsuspecting Frenk a violent blow at the back of the neck, which stunned him, then he cast him into the river, and the current washed his body far away from that spot where the diabolical deed had been perpetrated. If he had been brought to this palace he shared a similar fate, but if chance had directed his footsteps to her haram in the Moski, far from the banks of the dreaded Nile, he was plunged into a deep tank which the Princess had had constructed in the Court yard.

"One night, however, a janissary of one of the Consulates spoke to a gentleman, who had only that evening arrived from Europe; and as he had known him in India—for the janissary was a native of Lahore—he watched him, knowing that he had a large sum of money about him. It happened to be a moonlight night, he distinctly saw a eunuch accost him, and introduce him into Her Highness's palace in the Moski. Calling the next day at the English Hotel in the Eskebeēh, he could learn no tidings

of his friend. After a few days he called again, but learned that the gentleman had never returned. Just as he was passing Zohra Pacha's palace, he heard stifled cries, as if some person was being strangled. Hastening to a spot which commanded a full view of the court-yard of that palace, he there beheld two eunuchs carry a body and plunge it into the tank in the court-yard. Hurrying to the Consulate to which he belonged, he acquainted his chief with the circumstance; but the only reply vouchsafed him was, 'It is impossible.' 'I saw it,' persevered the janissary. 'I have nothing to do with it,' replied that petty sovereign, and no more was said about it; but ever after that, rumour, with her hundred tongues, made pretty free with the name of Zohra Pacha and midnight murders.

"But to return to my story. As I said, Mahmoud was sad at heart, for we had been to the Fantasia of the Khalig Canal, and many a gilded cangia and beauteous veiled lady, doubled up on her soft carpetted deck glided by us. Mahmoud had become enamoured of one, and, as it often happened in those days that many of those 'guardians of the girls,' as they are called, were not the savage gaolers they are often represented as being, but enjoyed the intimacy of their mistresses, he flattered himself that he might be able to find that

new *ibbal*, and obtain an introduction to her—a very easy task for him to accomplish ; but the swift cangia had passed rapidly before us ere we landed at Boolak, the mysterious apparition had quite bewitched him, and his thoughts were fixed alone on her. There, as he was rowed on the Nile in the solitude of his own reflections, which weighed his spirits down, and made his mind as sad as the darkness that was spread around him, his thoughts, which only a few short moments before had been so gay, now became sorrowful and gloomy, and dark phantoms hovered about his distorted imagination. The Nile appeared to open before him her dark depths, and disclose to him the hidden secrets of her bosom. From it he beheld rise up phantoms, and those spectres said to him, in a mournful tone, ‘We also are women ; once we were young and beautiful ; we were beloved and we loved in return, and that is why jealousy, vengeance, and cruelty has given us this river as a tomb—a living tomb—which never restores its victims, and where our bodies, which were once adored, when teeming with joyous life and affectionate love, are now frozen for ever in the cold embrace of the waters. That veiled beauty who has flitted across your sight like a beautiful dream, that woman who is young and lovely as we were once, whose life appears

a continual sunshine—yes, that charming creature is perhaps reserved to suffer a fate similar to our own ; one day, nay, perhaps to-morrow, this perfidious river, along which she has been rowed just now in splendour, will perhaps engulf her in its dark depths. Such has been our *kismet*, oh ! Kislar Agassi. Such may be hers ; and such are the secret mysteries of the Nile.’

“ Suddenly the moon rose, and then by its bright beams Mahmoud saw the Inglees Efendi leave the cangia and wend his way through *Musr-el-Atéké* (Old Cairo), that true city of ‘The Thousand and One Nights,’ the veritable Oriental capital of Egypt. Soon the stranger entered a *cabwe*, there he sat himself down upon a divan. ‘Coffee and pipes,’ was his cry, as he clapped his hands, for he had long been accustomed to vegetate in the Orient. The coffee was brought—the glass of water too. The Hawágee sipped the cold refreshing Adam’s ale, like a true Mussulman ; then the findjan of delicious mocha touched his lips, and he began to puff away at his fragrant narghilé. Curls of perfumed smoke rose around him, and while enjoying that acme of a Moslem’s earthly bliss, our eunuch took his seat by his side. He also called for his caboeh and chibouque, and while sipping that delicious coffee, ‘as bitter as death, black as

Sheitan, and hot as Gehennem,' visions of the deep, deep Nile no longer haunted his imagination, for his mind was bent on executing the commands of his imperious mistress, that stern, beautiful, and yet inexorable fiend of a woman, the adorable Zohra Pacha.

"He salaamed the Frenk, who returned the salutation; then addressing him in Arabic, he said,

" 'I know a young and beautiful hanem who has fallen in love with you. Would you like to see her? I am in her service, and I can introduce you to her without any fear of discovery.'

" 'Taib, it pleases me,' replied the Ingleés; then reflecting for a few moments, he added, 'but this evening it is impossible—no, to-morrow I can. Can you introduce me to her then?'

" 'Yes; if you will meet me at the café on the Eskebeëh, where the *alméhs* congregate at seven o'clock,' said Mahmoud to him, 'and when I pass, take no notice of me, but follow me,' saying which the eunuch took his leave, and returned to the Princess Nuzleh Hanem, to whom he related all that had passed.

"The next evening, punctual to his appointment, the Ingleés, whose knowledge of 'Life in Egypt as it was in 1840,' had made him take

precautionary measures, as the sequel will show, repaired to the *cahvene* in the Eskebeēh. A few moments after he had seated himself on the wooden divan in front, and was enjoying his fragrant manilla, Mahmoud passed him ; he rose and followed him. When they reached a dark and narrow street, that guardian of the girls whispered in his ear,

“ ‘ Before I can introduce you, you must allow me to blindfold you, for it is not proper that you should know whither I lead you.’ ”

“ ‘ By all means bandage my eyes, if you cannot place confidence in my discretion,’ replied the Ingleés, who cheerfully submitted to that ordeal.

“ Mahmoud having performed that operation, took hold of the Frenk’s hand, and on they walked for a considerable time, at length they entered a house, ascended a staircase which led them into this apartment. The bandage was removed from the eyes of the Ingleés, and he found himself in this chamber, which was then most brilliantly lighted, for the fifty coloured wax candles which ornamented the chandelier were burning.

“ On the divan on which your Highnesses are now doubled up, sat a short but rather stout lady, most richly attired ; she was playing with a

tushee (rosary) composed of gold, coral, and diamond beads, while at her feet, doubled up on a crimson satin cushion, was your humble slave, cooling the Princess with an elegant fan composed of large white ostrich feathers. She stared at the Frenk, who was a very handsome man of rather dark complexion, for a moment, made a sign for him to approach, and pointing to the right side of the divan, exclaimed in a gentle tone, while a sweet smile played upon her lips,

“‘Be seated, sir.’

“Accepting her invitation, he seated himself, and remained gazing upon that proud yet pretty and bewitching Princess, who upon that occasion, soon showed him that she possessed quite as much conversational attraction as beauty. Thus thrown off his guard, he unreservedly entered into a *tête-à-tête* with her, and both seemed delighted in each other’s company.

“A whole week was passed in that agreeable manner, and the noble Frenk was afterwards heard to acknowledge ‘that the Princess Zohra Pacha was not only a very pretty but a most fascinating creature, and

‘Young love like a fisherman spreadeth his net,
And Nuzleh’s sweet lips are the bait that he set;
All eagerly bite, the Frenk-fish that swim by,
And then in the fierce flames of desire they fry.’

“ Her Highness performed the character of a charming hostess to perfection. There was no lack of amusement, the fascinating fit was on her. Sometimes the young slaves whom she had delighted to train up herself, pirouetted before her and her *caro amico*, at others music whiled away the evening, then plaintive love ditties sang by some of the best professional Almehs of the day, luscious sweetmeats and wine, ruby bright, formed part and parcel of the refreshments day after day, of which H. H., most singular to add, partook for it was never known for a Moslemah woman to eat before a male, but especially before a ‘*ya kelb nusranee* ;’ they chatted together, while her band of slave musicians played the airs she loved so well to hear ; but like all Moslemah women, as well as Moslems, a sudden transition took place, dislike—nay positive aversion succeeded, the paroxysms of love were supplanted by hatred—but hatred so ingeniously concealed, so admirably cloaked, that the unsuspecting victim never for an instant thought that such an angelic creature could so suddenly assume the character of the fiend.

‘ At length arrived the eighth day—that fatal hour,
Which had been the death-knell of many a lover,

When the princess embraced him, she exclaimed,
“ ‘ We must now separate for a short time, my

adored ; for my husband will soon return, and if he were to find you here, the consequences would be fatal to us both. But I hope—nay, I trust we soon shall meet again.

“ ‘ Illustrious Hanem,’ said the Ingleés, very coolly, yet firmly, ‘ your husband will never return, unless the grave gives up its victim ; for I know you to be—the Princess Nuzleh Hanem, and you have been a widow many a long month.’ ‘ *La t la!*’ she exclaimed, shaking her head significantly. ‘ Believe me, Hanem, it is quite true,’ added he, ‘ you cannot deceive me. And, besides, I knew very well what fate awaited me, if I had not taken due precautions. Well did I know that “To be forewarned is to be forearmed.” Now, your Highness, listen to me, Mahmoud, your trusty eunuch has already received his orders to dismiss me. Not by the gate I entered, but by that small door that leads on to the canal. There he has instructions to deal me a deadly blow, and then, when insensible, to cast me into the Khalig.’

“ ‘ And pray “most grave and potent seignor,” as your prince of poets says—for my amiable governess, Leider Hanem, taught me to read Shakespeare — what precautions have you so wisely adopted?’ inquired that astute princess. ‘ What is the *telecem* by which you think you can be saved?’ ‘ *W’Allah Hanem Efendi.* It is a

very simple one. I took the precaution not to accompany Mahmoud the first evening he proffered me your hospitable invitation. My answer was, "To-morrow I can," and when your trusty eunuch kept his appointment, close behind us stood my special Prince's janissary, who, following in our track, watched me hither; consequently my Consul General knows my whereabouts. Besides, I told him that if I did not show myself at his palace on the eighth day—you see I knew how long your amorous fit would last—that he might be sure that my body had become food for the fishes. Then he was to report to your illustrious father, Mahomet Ali, that I was missing; that I had been admitted into your presence, and that I had never been permitted to return to see the light of day. I need scarcely tell your highness what a scandal that would bring upon the daughter of such an august prince. The truth of the thousand and one rumours that are afloat about your liaisons exploits would then be confirmed, and a diplomatic affair must inevitably be the result. '*Allah Kerim!* I have spared you that exposure.'

"Her Highness looked amazed. A flush of anger mantled on her fair cheek; but she was powerless to wreak her vengeance on that sapient Frenk. Never for a moment losing that self

possession for which she was so remarkable, she smiled significantly, and replied, '*Malesh*, sir! you are only jesting. I have never imbued my hands in blood. You are the first Hawagee who has entered my haram. Rest assured that you will depart therefrom in peace and safety. All I ask is your word of honour that our interview and what has transpired during the past week shall remain a secret. Now depart, and

" 'Do then thy precious secret to no other lend :
Thy friend another has ; beware of thy friend's friend,'

saying which, she clapped her hands.

"Mahmoud entered, and her commands to him were—

" 'Mahmoud ! I feel no resentment, I seek not for strife,
Harm not the Efendi as you value your own life.'

"The Kislar Agassi salaamed, led the Frenk unbandaged to the palace gates, who gave him buksheesh, and to his infinite delight he saw him safe and sound beyond the threshold of that Tower of Nesle."

"*Bismillah ! Bismillah !*" exclaimed His Highness, after Mergau had finished her story "but my grandfather's sister was a cunning daughter. She knew how to use the basket, the sack, and the river, for I have heard pretty

accounts of her tricks and manners when she lived at Istamboul."

"*Allah Kerim!* those days are past; and the Egyptian princesses of the present time are kinder and more discreet," saying which, he rose, told me to hand the slave a purse of paras, which I did, and took his leave of their Highnesses.

We were soon driven to Boolak, where the Grand Pacha telegraphed for the "Taka" to steam across and take us on board. Scarcely had we descended into the saloon, when the Princesses came rushing towards me to learn how I had managed to keep the little Prince amused during our long absence. Anxious to see how naïvely my pupil would give an account of our wanderings, I persuaded him to relate to them how interestingly we had passed our time, which he did to my entire satisfaction.

Once again the "Taka" steamed up the Nile; as we passed along the river was crowded with djems and aggrubs, laden with cotton and stones. Many a fine *dahabeeh*, freighted with Frenks who were pursuing their journey most leisurely along, for it was the season when the Hawagee delight to visit the wonderful monuments of antiquity with which the Land of Pharoah is so thickly studded.

As we steamed along, I drew His Highness'

attention—for we usually sat upon the deck, beneath the ample awning—to the two palaces of Kasr Dabarra, and Kasr-e-Neel—where the Viceroy's Ministers give their official entertainments, and in which His Ex. Cherif Pacha *fêted* the Deputies of the First Egyptian Parliament in 1866—which was erected by Ahmed Bey, the Defterdar, on his return from Kordofán, after the ill-fated death of your Highness' uncle, Ismaël Pacha.

"You remember we once visited it, but as you may have forgotten what happened on that occasion, I will refresh your memory. It has two very large and lofty apartments leading into a spacious colonnade, which opens into a superb garden—a perfect Oriental Eden, for there grow two huge sycamores and fig trees, beneath which is that pretty kiosk in which we rested upwards of an hour watching the silvery fall of water which poured down on all sides from pipes fixed against the trees, and concealed from view by the graceful dense foliage. It was in that retreat that your illustrious grandsire kept his select haram—select I repeat, because that Viceroy's haram numbered upwards of one hundred ladies, besides their attendant slaves and eunuchs. Hence the reason why we found it so richly furnished in a mixed European and Oriental fashion, the walls

are covered with frescoes of Turkish and Egyptian scenery most execrably painted, and the hangings not at all suitable to the elegance of the *tout ensemble* of those superbly arranged apartments. Also Kasr-el-Ainee, which was erected by Ibrahim Pacha, close to which is the Convent of the Dervishes, which Mahomet Ali at one time converted into a college; it stands in a very picturesque locality, rendered so by the thoughtful manner in which Ibrahim Pacha had the mounds of rubbish removed, constructed roads, and planted hundred of trees."

"I have heard," said the Grand Pacha, "that those Dervishes are a singular set of men; perhaps, Madame, you can initiate me into their manners, habits, and customs."

In compliance with the little Princes' request, I detailed the following succinct account of those holy men.

"THE DERVISHES,

My Prince, are the monks, and what we in Europe term the 'freemasons of the Orient.' Taking them as a body, they possess great sanctity; they are divided, according to Wilkinson, into twelve sects, viz.:—

1. The Tarékht-el-Mówlowséh, who came from Persia, were founded by Gelal-ó-deen in the seventh century, and located them-

selves at Konieh ; they perform *zikrs* within their *teka*, and possess the privilege of investing every Sultan with his sword of sovereignty ; have their *Tagéa* (Teka) at the Seleébeh, near the Seeoofeëh, and are the Whirling Dervishes.

2. Biktáshee (Taréekh-t-el-Biktasheëh), whose *teka*, in which are preserved some curious relics, is at the Maghára, near the Fort behind the Citadel of El Kahirah ; they perform the *zikrs* on a Thursday, and formerly occupied the *teka* at Old Cairo, but Ibrahim Pacha transferred them to the Kudreëh ; also founded by Gelal-é-deen who likewise instituted the
3. Tareekh-t-e'Rufaeëh, who have their *teka* in the Sooy-e-Sillâh, opposite the Mosk of Sultan Hassan, and are, together with the Sâadeëh, dancing Dervishes ; then follow the
4. Tareekh-t-e' Nuksh-bandeëh, who dance in a circle.
5. Tareekh-t-Abd el Kader Gaylaneëh.
6. Tareekh-t-e' Saadeëh, the modern Psylli of Egypt, who are scattered about the capital, tear snakes, and perform other extraordinary antics during the *Dozeh* (the Prophet's festival).
7. Tareekh-t-el-Kudreëh, whose *teka* is in

Old Cairo, but who are scattered about the capital.

8. Taréekh-t-el-Allaweëh.
9. Taréekh-t-e'-Dellaleëh.
10. Taréekh-t-el-Beddoweëh (Sayd Ahmed el Beddowee of Tantah), who have numerous *tekas*, and perform the ceremonies at the *Mooled é Nebbee* (the Prophet's birthday), held in the Eskebeëh in the fourth Arabic month Rebeëh-el-Owel, except on the last Friday, when the Saadeëh relieve them.
11. Taréekh-t-e' Shazaleëh.
12. Taréekh-t-e' Byoomeëh, whose *teka* is in the Hossayneëh, and who wear long hair.

Their largest convent stands on the Hubbaneeh, near the Derh-el-Ahmar, which was erected by the Sultan Selim's *mekéel* Mustapha, in 1174. They are not condemned like the Roman Catholic Priest to a life of celibacy, unless it be their own free will and pleasure; but if they take that vow upon themselves, they become *megúrruds*, and are supposed to lead ascetic lives. Those who belong to particular *tekas* wear the academical costume of their order, while not a few don high felt caps, and large agate amulets, and others are known to be Dervishes by certain freemasonry signs only understood by themselves; and nearly

all of them possess the ten qualities of man's most faithful companion the dog, for they are always hungry, have no settled home, keep watch at night, leave no heirs, never forsake their order, which is to them their master, howl, steal, beg, bite when they fight, and run like greyhounds when traversing the country. They are the most devout worshippers of 'Prince Buk-sheesh.' Often and again has your Highness witnessed the antics of the 'howling Dervishes,' those who to do honour to the Prophet, or to amuse a crowd of idlers, and perhaps for their own love of notoriety, perform the most extraordinary evolutions imaginable, why or wherefore I know not. Some we have seen them with their eyes almost starting out of their sockets, others passing their tongues along a piece of red hot iron, when the hissing of the hot iron on the burning flesh produces a most disagreeable odour. Not a few ran a long needle through their cheeks, while others walked across drawn swords; and after they had inflicted sundry wounds upon themselves, their superior licked their sores, for according to their firm belief his saliva possesses the power of healing every wound. The *chef d'œuvre* of all their tricks is to place themselves in a circle, and exclaim 'Al-lah! Al-lah!' in such a stentorian chorus that they

cease not until they expectorate blood. Your Highness must recollect having been greatly amused by looking at the 'Meeveis' (dancing Dervishes), who, in remembrance of their mad man of a founder, Meeveis, who first introduced their system of pirouetting, indulge in that frantic, giddy waltz, which made us both quite ill when we first witnessed that exhibition. Surely, that Meeveis must have been afflicted with violent attacks of spitting blood, hence the reason why they continue their twirlings until it has produced the same effect upon themselves, in order that they may do just honour to his memory. When they danced on that occasion, their Superior, an old man with a venerable beard, honoured them with his holy presence; he it was who chanted verses of the Kuran to them, then he clapped his hands as a signal for the performance to begin, and instantly the whole troop defiled before him. The first performed a most respectful *tamena*, kissed the chief's hand, twirled round like a humming top as he did so, and placed himself in position to begin the waltz: uplifting his arms towards heaven, once again he twirled round; the others followed his example, and then began their waltzing match, which made us so giddy that we were obliged to turn our eyes away, while the Dervishes themselves did not

appear to be in the least affected with vertigo. They were all attired in a full white surplice looking robe, which was girded round their loins with a shawl, and reached down to their ankle bones, just like the inexpressibles of the Albanians; and as they waltzed that robe assumed the appearance of an immense fan. When they were performing their quickest movement, the Superior clapped his hands, all stopped instantaneously, and sank—bathed in profuse perspiration, and almost exhausted—upon the ground, when cloaks were thrown over them. It appears evident to me that all were under the powerful influence of *hashschisch*, but the Ramadan Fantasia is the time to see them in their glory, for then they almost eclipse themselves. There is no better disguise for a traveller in the Orient than the domino of a Dervish, for if danger threatens him he has only to masquerade it as a 'magnoun,' and he is safe; then he may play all kinds of pranks, especially if he pretends to possess the *savoir faire* of a 'hekim' (doctor)."

We were now abreast of Musr el Ateekeh, Old Cairo; to the left I pointed out to the Prince the town of Embábeh, which during the time of the Memlook Beys, was strongly fortified, and close to which, on the 21st July, 1798, was fought the "battle of the Pyramids"; the French com-

manded by Bonaparte, and the Memlooks by Mourad Bey, while Ibrahim Bey and Seyd Aboubeker were eye witnesses of the defeat of their gallant brother in arms. The land was well cultivated with "Embábeh Muddud" (lupins), so highly esteemed by the Cairenes; while on the right stood that Geezeh, now but a poor looking miserable village, but which, when the battle of the Pyramids was fought, contained the elegant summer residences of the Memlook aristocracy, the ruins of some of which still remain, although no *débris* of the beautiful mosks are to be found amidst the uneven heaps of rubbish.

"Some idea may be formed, my Prince," I added, "of the magnificence by which the Memlook Beys surrounded themselves at that period, for the Palace of Monrad Bey, which Bonaparte entered after that celebrated battle, the field of which was thick strewn with rich *segadehs*, porcelaine findjans, perfuming pans, arms richly embossed, embroidered vests, cashmere shawls, and hundreds of purses each containing from three to five hundred pieces of gold, carefully concealed in the kummerbands of the dead Memlooks; and which stood on the banks of the Nile, was not only a most singular looking structure containing a vast number of rooms, but it was furnished with luxuriant divans, covered with rich damask and

thick Lyons silk. On the floors were scattered cushions, ornamented with bullion fringe. The gardens were magnificent, but lacked the shady avenues of Roda, still there grew most superb vines loaded with large grapes. Then we entered the Saeëd (Upper Egypt). Soon loomed forth the mounds of Babylon, and on a projecting point on the eastern bank the beautifully situated Mosk of Attar-e'-Nebbee (the Prophet's Footsteps), at the extremity of the long reach of the river, the villages of E'Dayr (the Convent) and Bussateen, the rendezvous of those malcontent Arabs, the Nēām, the ruins of Stabl Antar, with its powder magazine, the 'Yahoodi City of the Silent,' close to the Bahr-bela-me Valley. On the right stands out in bold relief the everlasting Pyramids, while across the plain is seen the fort and wall which Ismael Bey, the Sheikh-el-Beled of Cairo, in 1787, erected to prevent the incursions of the Memlook Beys who had at that time been driven by the Turks far into Upper Egypt, and to the south the ruins of Dayr-el-Bughleh, an old convent of very ancient date, and just as we approached El Masarah (Toora Masara) several mounds, some on low and others on lofty ground, appeared in sight."

Here the "Taka" anchored, as the Grand Pacha was anxious to inspect the quarries, for he had

heard that the stone which was being used to construct the Viceroy's new kiosks at Abbassiah had come from them.

On landing we mounted the high asses which the Cheikh had provided for the Prince and our party, and straightway proceeded to those extensive quarries which have been worked for ages. A tramway connects those to the north, which are called the Toora (canal), the tablets at which Wilkinson states, "Bear the names of Amunm-he (Anmnoph II. and III., 2020 B.C.), and Neco, 610 B.C., with those of the south, named Masarah, the tablets at which bear the names of Ames, 1520 B.C., on which is the representation of a sledge bearing a block of stone drawn by six oxen, but having the hieroglyphic inscription much obliterated, Amyrtœus, 411 B.C., Acoris (Hakori), 399 B.C., Ptolemy Philadelphus, 284 B.C., Arsinoë, 284 B.C., while others have the figures of the deities Athor and Thoth, the triad of Thebes (Amun, Mant, and Khonso). In another quarry towards the south is a large tablet representing Amyrtœus (411 B.C.), offering to the triad of the place Thoth, Nehimeon and Horus. The little Prince enquired of the Cheikh, whom we knew to be a learned man, for he had travelled much in Europe, if he could explain to him how the Egyptian masons formerly cut the stone?

"They began, it is thought," said that venerable man, for he was very aged, "by making a grove round a square part on the smooth face of the rock, the centre of which was cut away, then a horizontal shaft was pierced, and they worked at them like they did at the Pyramids, downwards in steps, each flight of which was carried away as they were cut, and thus they went on until each floor of the quarries was formed. Another party pursued a similar work on the opposite side, until two perpendicular walls remained, and they constituted the limit of each. Then chambers or underground corridors were formed, connecting one quarry with the other. That was especially the case at Māsarah, because, as your Highness must have observed there, that plan is adopted for a considerable distance. As the workmen hewed each block, they traced a line on the roof, which was the manner in which they kept an account of their labour, like the bakers' men in France keep the bread accounts of their customers, by cutting notches on two flat ruler-like sticks, one they retain, and the other remains in the customers' care. This obliges them, when going their daily rounds, to carry a basket full of those tally rulers, for bakers in 'La belle France' never keep customers' books as in England. When, however, the convicts worked, lines were also traced on the roofs in like manner,

to ascertain whether they had each performed their allotted labour, which was daily checked by their merciless taskmasters. All the large slabs of fine stone with which the floors in the palaces and harams in Egypt are paved came from this place, as they did three to four thousand years ago."

As we wandered through those immense quarries, His Highness called my attention to the beautiful vistas of the Nile, the Pyramids, the Libyan Hills, and the fertile country which were ever and anon obtainable through the openings by which light and currents of fresh air were admitted into those extensive excavations.

Thence we proceeded on to the small village of *Helwan* (sweet), where, as I have previously stated, the Arabs first erected a Nilometer. Here the Grand Pacha stopped to take a swim in the sulphur spring plunging bath, situated in the desert plain—which his physician, previous to our quitting the "Taka," had ordered him to do. When he returned from the bath I jocularly observed that I hoped his Highness had been thoroughly cleansed.

"Why do you ask?" said the Grand Pacha.

"Because, my prince," I replied, "one of our 'people of the books,' named Wilkinson, has stated that King Amenophis, who flourished

many hundred years ago, sent the leprous and incurables here, away from the population, of his capital as well as hundreds of idle vagabonds to work at the quarries; so I suppose your Hekim Bachi thought that a dip in the sulphur spring bath would cure your Highness of any disease that might be lurking in your system, and make you more energetic in your movements."

"Machallah! Bakalem!" replied the Grand Pacha.

Close to these baths we observed several mounds, scattered about, near which were found large pieces of common green glass.

Here we dismounted, took our leave of the worthy Cheik, to whom his Highness gave a handsome buksheesh, and, entering that official's neat and well arranged boat, we were rowed across to the village of Bedréshayn, at which we had scarcely landed when the "Taka" hove in sight, as his Highness had ordered the yatch to await us there.

On reaching the deck refreshments were served, soon after which we once again steamed up the Nile. On our left loomed forth Mitrahenny (Memphis), and the lofty mounds between Sakkára and the river, which we had previously visited; soon we passed Shobuk, then the pyramids of Dashoor appeared in sight, at which

we took another look through our achromatic glasses; Masghoon was soon reached, and the village of El Kafr appearing in view, about two miles distant. The Grand Pacha gave orders to the captain to land him, and to proceed on to Benisoeef, there to await us. Previous to landing the Grand Pacha despatched two attendants to the Cheik, at El Kafr, twenty-two miles from Cairo,—a rich and hospitable old Arab—to send high asses for our party. As soon as they returned we were rowed to the bank of the river, and, mounting our steeds, proceeded on our

EXCURSION TO THE FYOOM.

Crossing the low Libyan Ranges of six miles, we entered the town of Tomééh, in the vicinity of which we observed the ruins of numerous dykes, some of very ancient as well as modern date; it contained nothing of interest; but on the east side we explored the broad (315 feet) ravine of El Botts, which is dyked across by a most formidable wall, and at the time we saw it, it was full of water. On its bank stands a crude brick wall ruined mount, called by the natives Kôm é Toob; journeying on to Kafr Makfoot, four miles, we there found fragments of beautiful granite columns, which had been formed into millstones and mortars by

the Arabs, at the thresholds of whose wretched hovels they were placed. Four miles and a half further brought us to the small village of Senoóris, where formerly stood a large ancient town. Half way between it and Medéeneh we passed Biahmoo, where I pointed out to the prince two singular looking stone ruins, the southern ends of both of which were wanting; but whether they had formerly been temples or pyramids I could neither learn nor make out. Here we found forty or fifty Arabs collecting bundles of '*kush*,' which grows here to the height of four to six feet, with which they make the baskets and coarse mats that are used at Cairo in the harems and palaces of the grandees to place over the floors beneath the carpets, but in other houses as a substitute for them. Soon after we entered the Fyoom, the Piom of the Copts, which is about twenty-four miles from north to south, and twenty-eight from east to west. The country is thickly studded with olive and fruit trees, and abounds in vines, fields of corn and cotton plantations. It is governed by a Káshef, who is subservient to the Bey of Benisooef, who is himself under the Governor of the Saeéd, who resides at Sioot. On reaching Medeenah Medeenet-el-Fyoom ("the city of the knight"), we were greatly disappointed, for his Highness

had been told that it was a noble town. It certainly is a place of considerable importance, and Ahmed Bey, the Káshef (governor) came out to meet the little prince a short distance before we entered the bazaars, which are rather commodious, with dokans, well supplied with European and Eastern commodities and fabrics. As we passed along we observed several large caravanseries and hammáns. It was market day, and the spectators gazed with wonder and amazement at beholding a European in company with the Sons of the Faithful, and especially that dot of humanity, whom they salaamed, and who most gracefully returned their salutations.

The Grand Pacha took up his residence at the Káshef's house, a very fine structure standing in the centre of a large garden, well filled with beautiful roses, pivits, basils, and studded with trees richly laden with apricots, figs and olives. Vines were growing luxuriantly, and numerous slaves were busy collecting the rose leaves for the manufacture of that excellent rose water for which this place is so celebrated, and which is highly esteemed by the Cairenes.

After partaking of the Káshef's hospitality he very considerably accompanied the Grand Pacha to inspect the mounds of Arsinoë (the Crocodilopolis of the ancients), which are mere desolate

piles of rubbish without even the *debris* of any ruins to mark its former grandeur. Close to which is the veritable Lake Mœris, an artificial piece of water, discovered by Linant Bey, in Mahomet Ali's time.

The Káshef took us over the gunpowder manufactory; a few Arab tombs, which stand on the site of the ancient city, which is said to have been built by one of the Pharoahs at the time of the Exodus of the Yahodees. It is affirmed that Joseph was interred here, but that the Jews removed his body when they took their departure from this land, which then, as now, teemed with fruit and olives; but the latter, in this 19th century, yield no oil worth mentioning. The Coptic chronicles record that an enemy besieged this place and plundered it. Then we stopped to look at the gallows, which seemed of very ancient date, and stood by a few Roman columns near a "City of the Silent."

Passing through several streets on our return to the government house, the Káshef pointed out to us a block covered with beautiful Arabesque scrolls and surmounted with acanthus leaves of Corinthian pilasters, and as we approached the Cheik's house he showed us the threshold of the door of a habitation, which was constructed of a red granite column ornamented with two lines of

hieroglyphics; afterwards we inspected the rose water manufactory, the perfume of which was too overpowering for us to remain long, so we quickly made our exit.

On our return to Ahmed Bey's house we supped, and then retired to the apartments that had been prepared for us.

Early on the following morning the obliging Káshef had coffee and small Arab loaves served us, then accompanied us to Biggig (two miles), where he showed us an ancient obelisk, lying on the ground, covered with a few hieroglyphics, with a groove on its summit. It was broken in twain, each of the parts being respectively about twenty-five and seventeen feet long, and four to six feet broad. The face, standing clear of the ground, contains two figures in the compartment, supposed to be effigies of the King Osirtasent. They are looked upon with much superstition by the inhabitants, and the Káshef told us that the women repeat the "*Fat'ha*" over them, when they desire to have offspring.

On our return to Medeeneh, we partook of a substantial breakfast, and set out to visit Birket-et-Korn ("Lake of the Horn," perhaps so named on account of the horned snakes, which are found there in great numbers). On the north-east shore are the ruins of ancient masonry and a

mound. After an uninteresting ride of nearly a dozen miles we reached Senhour, near which stands the tomb of the Sheikh Abd-el-Kadee, close to which are the mounds of a large city.

The Sheikh of the place placed his own boat at his Highness's disposal to cross the lake, which is six miles beyond the town. On reaching the lake it only looked about seven miles broad, but the Káshef told us that it was about thirty-five to thirty-six long. In the centre is the Island of Gezeeret-el-Korn, on which stands a rocky hill, which, seen at a distance, appears like a noble structure. Here we found several snake charmers pursuing their researches after the horned snakes, which, the Káshef informed us, abound in the fissures of that table eminence. The banks are barren, and the water, which is brackish, about twenty-seven feet in its deepest part.

Proceeding along its eastern extremity, on the water's edge, stand the remains of El Hammán (baths) ruins, amphoræ, glass, etc., and near the road leading to the Pyramids we came to the ruins of Korn Weseém (Wesheém-el-Haggar), which comprise numerous mounds, and beneath them the *débris* of crude brick buildings, having the appearance of a line of streets. Here and there stand granite limestone blocks and fragments of glass. To the north-east lie scattered

about round blocks of stone. On the south side, also, stand the ruins of other Hammáms, and to the eastward of them, just below the tomb of Shekh Abd-el-Kadee, are seen other brick *débris*.

Entering the Cheik's boat we crossed over the lake, and just below the scale we passed some natural columnar looking large blocks. At Dui-may, a little above it, there is a paved dromas, which conducted us to a lofty platform, forming a complete street, nearly three-quarters of a mile long, interspersed with the ruins of stone lions and buildings, the largest of which stands at the upper end, and looks as if it had originally been a temple. The walls of the ancient town, for one evidently stood here, are of crude brick, fast crumbling into dust, and thickly buried in the sand. Re-crossing the lake we returned to Medeeneh, where we remained to breakfast, the fruit was truly delicious; then mounting the mules we hurried on to Nezeleh (fourteen miles), where we visited El Wadee (the ravine), which is about 680 feet from bank to bank, 90 to 100 deep, and the breadth of the water in the centre of the channel 120 feet, and in it stands the remains of a wall, partly built of brick, partly of stone; then passing to the westward we viewed the crude brick *débris* of the two old towns called Haráb-t-el-Yahood (ruins of the Jews), with its mud houses, once

tenanted by "Sons of the Faithful!" El Hammán (the baths), the mounds of Medeenet Hati, and Madi, as also Haráb-t-e'Nishán, about which are scattered a few limestone columns, crude bricks, broken pottery, and fragments of glass. The mounds of Watfééh, the tomb of Shekh Abd-el-Bári.

Continuing our journey, we passed the Kasr-el-Benát (Palace of the Girls), evidently a small old ruined haram, close to which lie broken pottery, crude bricks, and piles of rubbish. To the south stand the mounds of Heréet, masses of brickwork; after which we came to the channels of the old canals. Here we mounted a relay of mules, which had been awaiting our arrival, for we had twenty-one miles to ride before we could reach Kasr Kharoon, where His Highness was anxious to visit the remains of the Egyptian temple. Entering the courtyard of that noble hewn stone structure, we passed into the interior, which contains no less than fourteen chambers, which are reached by two noble staircases, with a vaulted one in the upper story. In front of the temple is a square stone ruin, close by stands a smaller one, while to the south-east is a brick stuccoed Roman temple, the exterior of its walls being ornamented with pilasters and half columns. The roof is arched, and the front entrance leads

into a small area; there is also a side entrance. Other ruins lie scattered around it in every direction, thickly strewn with thick vine roots which, from the ashes lying on the ground, showed us that the Arabs must, when encamping near it, have used them for fuel.

On our return to Medeeneh, we had an excellent dinner served us at the Káshefs.

The next morning the Káshef proposed that we should visit the town of El Ghérek (Submerged), which is inhabited by the fellahine tribe of Howaynats (formerly Arabs), and a migratory population of Samaloos, who are agriculturists and dwell in a tented city close by. After a ride of twenty miles to the south-west, we reached the town which stands at the edge of some rich cultivated land, well irrigated by a canal which flows to Nézleh and the Western extremity of the Fyoon. It is also called Medeneh El Haggar ('the City of Stone'), and is protected by a strong wall with loopholes and projecting towers, well defended with cannon. As we passed through the gateway I noticed some ancient sculpture, small columns considerably mutilated, and pilasters. Close to it stands the Senooris mounds, which appear to be the site of an ancient village. The principal inhabitants came out to meet the Grand Pacha,

who threw them lots of paras as they followed him in a great crowd to the ruins called El Benián (buildings), where the Káshef pointed out to us an old broken doorway, shafts, capital of Corinthian columns, which formed part and parcel of a Shiekh's tomb. Thence we passed to the eastward to Taléet, where we stopped to examine the large mounds of an ancient town, and when we arrived at Sheikh Abou Hamed, we paid a visit to his tomb, a small square whitewashed building, covered with a dome, surrounding an oblong monument of stone, which is immediately over the sepulchral vault. Here the Prince's attendants laid *segedahs* upon the ground, placed our camp stools, and helped us to dismount. The Káshef had coffee served us from the Cahvéne close at hand, for the place is the scene of an annual festival. The Grand Pacha, after having partaken of that refreshment and a few cakes, enquired of the Bin Bachi if he knew who Sheikh Abou Hamed was? and being answered in the affirmative, he requested him to narrate his history, which that officer did in the following manner:—

HISTORY OF THE SHEIKH ABOU HAMED.

"Many years ago there lived, or I should rather say," began the Bin Bachi, "wandered about El

Kahirah, the Sheikh Abou Hamed ; he was considered by the Cairenes as a 'mejzoob' (madman), just such another as the celebrated Dervish Sheikh-Satchlu (the long-haired), who, in 1857, attempted to stab Sultan Mahmoud as he was crossing the bridge at Galata."

"How did that happen?" enquired the Grand Pacha.

"Well, I will tell your Highness—Infidel Padishah," said that hermit, "whom the Constantinopolitans regarded as a saint, art thou not full of abominations? Thou wilt have to render to Allah an account of thy impious acts! Thou seekest to destroy the institutions of thy ancestors, thou has undermined Islamism, and thou wilt draw down upon us the vengeance of the Prophet." The grand dignitaries of the Empire, who surrounded that 'Light of the World,' treated that Dervish as a madman, and called him a 'mejzoob.'

"'Mejzoob!' exclaimed the venerable man. 'Yok! I am not a madman! on the contrary, it is the Sultan and his rascally ministers who have lost their senses. Allah has inspired me. I am bound to speak the truth, and to warn all true Mussulmans not to wander from the paths of the true faith.' The Dervish was strangled, but a tomb was erected to his memory in his *teka*, and

the day after his death the report was spread all through Istamboul that a brilliant light like a comet had been seen at midnight to ascend from the earth to the sky, from the spot where the body of that holy man was laid," and at the calvenes on that evening the Mohaddetyns shouted forth

"When Infidels die, there are no comets seen ;
When Holy men ! the Heavens blaze forth, I ween."

"*Ajaib ! Ajaib !*" exclaimed the Prince.

"But to continue my account of the Sheikh Abou Hamed," added the Bin Bachi. "He was looked upon as a '*walee*,' and the Cairenes believed in him ; for years he walked in a state of nudity about Cairo, with his face shaven, carrying a long '*nebbot*' (staff) in his hand, and muttering confused sentences to which the people listened most devoutly, and interpreted their meaning to their own desires, and the exigencies of their position. He was a noble-looking, skeleton of a man, who sometimes attired himself in a chemise and a white cotton skull cap, but was generally in nature's garb. The profound veneration with which the populace treated him made such a deep impression upon a fanatic woman named Samani, who was afterwards known as the Shekhah Samani, that she imitated his example further than common decency allowed, followed him in all his perambulations, attired at first with her '*cezar*'

large cotton veil) thrown over her head, and enveloping her body, and kept muttering, like him, an unknown tongue, to the wonder and amazement of the populace, who thought she was inspired by Allah. Whenever the *melee* entered a private residence, she followed him, ascended to the harems, and so wormed herself into the faith of the wives, odalisques and oustas that they never failed to bestow lots of buksheesh upon her, sometimes they presented her with paras, and at others clothing, and the report was spread about that the Sheikh Abou Hamed had looked upon and inspired her with religious frenzy, so that she had become a *Weleeyeh* (female saint). After having associated herself with him for some time she became rampant mad, unveiled, dressed herself in male attire; and thus clothed she accompanied Abou Hamed, and both wandered about, followed by a host of 'gamins,' and the tag-rag and bob-tail of Cairo, many of whom becoming demented likewise denuded themselves like the Sheikh, and followed in procession, performing as many antics as the dancing Dervishes, their mad vagaries being attributed to religious frenzy, caused by the Sheikh's look or touch, which converted them into *Welees* as they themselves fancied. The ignorant and young who followed them from day to day soon increased in numbers,

and some of those rascals in passing through the bazaars, snatched away goods from the shops, thus creating a tremendous hubbub wherever they went. When the Sheikh squatted himself down on any spot, the crowd of followers—his disciples they might be called—did the same, and the populace gathered about that pious '*mejzooob*' and his insane companions. On these occasions the Shekhah Samani generally mounted the *mastabah* (bench) of the dokan nearest at hand, or when in the suburbs, a hillock, or mound, and there harangued them in most indecent language, sometimes giving vent to her foul tongue in Arabic, then in Turkish, and at others in an unknown tongue, while not a few of the populace would approach to kiss her filthy hands, thinking to derive a blessing from their idol of a Weleeyeh. These two insane creatures carried on this course for a long time, the Cawases never interposing, when one day the calvacade entered the lane leading from the Moski to the house of the Cadi, where both were seized by a Turkish officer there residing, named Mahmoud Agha, who, taking the Welee into his house, gave both food, for the woman as usual had followed him, and drove away the crowd; then he placed them in '*durance vile*;' he soon liberated the Sheikh Abou Hamed, brought out the woman, and had their disciples

beaten, and sent the Weleeyeh to the Moristan (lunatic asylum), where she was confined, set the others at large, after they had prayed for mercy, attired themselves decently, all of whom soon regained their senses. There the Weleeyeh Samani remained some time, and, when liberated, started off to Medeeneh, where she lived alone as a Shekah, venerated by the lowest orders, and honoured with visits and festivals.

“The Skeikh Abou Hamed, when he found that his companions and imitators had dispersed, led a different kind of life. He journeyed to Taleet, where he had a crafty brother, who, to turn the antics of his saintly ‘*gardash*’ to good account, and obtain lots of paras—knowing the superstition of the Egyptians, who are ever prone to believe in such creatures—confined him in his house, clothed him, and spread it abroad that he had been invested with the dignity of a ‘*Kulb*.’ By these means he managed to attract crowds of people to visit him. He never permitted the Sheikh to shave his beard, which consequently grew to an enormous length, he became stout and portly from the good cheer he enjoyed, and the indolent life he led; for while he roamed about in a state of nature he was, as I have already stated, as thin as a wisp of straw. During that period he passed his nights in fasting.

and watching, and lived in the streets both in winter and summer. Being now attended upon, whether sleeping or waking, he passed an indolent life, uttered confused and incoherent words, sometimes laughed, at others scolded; and in the course of his idle talk he failed not to let words fall applicable to the affairs and positions of some of his auditory, who attributed such expressions to his gift of divination and his supernatural knowledge of the thoughts of their hearts, and interpreted them as warnings and prophecies. Men and women, particularly the 'Buiük Hanems' of the grandees of Cairo, flocked to him with presents and costly offerings, which so enriched the coffers of his brother, that he bought the land about the place, and named it Abou Hamed; and those honours ceased not with his death. Shortly after that purchase had been made he died. His funeral was attended by multitudes from every quarter; he was buried in the tomb you have visited where a *muksoorah* (railed enclosure), and an oblong monument was erected over the grave, and thither his brother was frequently wont to repair with *munsheds*, readers of the Kuran, to sing odes in his honour, flag-bearers and other persons, who wailed, screamed, scourged themselves, rubbed their ludicrous looking dirty faces against the bars

of the open window before his grave, and held up their hands to catch the air of the place in their hands, so as to thrust it into their bosoms and pockets. Men and women repair annually in crowds to visit his tomb, which on that occasion is covered with black stuff, ornamented with verses from the Kuran in white characters; and bring costly offerings, wax-candles and eatables of various kinds to distribute for his sake to the poor of Medeeneh and its vicinity."

As the Grand Pacha was anxious to return to the "Taka," which he had sent on to Benisoeff he took leave of the old Kâshef, having first presented him with a "*kaftan*" most superbly embroidered in gold, and ordered the Bin Bachi, who had become his purse-bearer, to distribute buk-sheesh among the attendants, who had showed us such marked attention during our excursions. Mounting some excellent high asses which had been saddled for our journey, we proceeded for nearly eight miles on the bank of the Bahr Yoosef canal, and several smaller ones, and after having passed a deep ravine, we arrived at Hawara (Hawara el Kassob), to the north of which we inspected a brick pyramid, which is supposed to mark the spot where stood the Labyrinth, one of the most celebrated monuments of ancient Egypt. It occupies three sides of a large open area, to the north

of which stands the ruined pyramid. The bricks were not only very large but ancient. It covers a rock which has an elevation of forty feet within, it is intersected by several formidable stone walls, and has its exterior coated with stone. Through the area and the adjacent brick walls (the *débris* of houses) runs a canal. The broken red granite columns have their hieroglyphics painted green. Here we rested a short time, and after two hours' ride, we reached Illahoon, where stands a similar pyramid. There we made *détours*, first to the village of Hawara to inspect the ruins of the great stone dyke and sluices as well as a modern one which communicates with the land on the verge of the desert during the inundation of the Nile, and then to the mounds which mark the site of the ancient Toma; continuing along the base of the hills, we soon came in sight of the lofty mounds of Anasieh—the old Heracleopolis, whose inhabitants in days of yore caused the destruction of the Labyrinth by their determined antipathy to that sacred animal of the Nome, the crocodile, who could not live without a supply of fresh crabs from the Nile, which formerly stood in an island formed by the Bahr Yoosef Canal, and at the end of twenty miles we entered the large town of Benisooéf, the capital of the Province. Here the

Grand Pacha was received by the Governor and suite, who conducted His Highness to the palace which stands in the north, where we took up our residence. The selamlık into which we were ushered, was a noble apartment, covered with a Smyrna carpet, but very plainly furnished, in short it only contained several large divans, covered with red damask. There were neither chairs, tables, nor any sofas. There it was that His Excellency Osman Bey passed the greater part of his time doubled up on the divan smoking, reading and writing, for he transacted all his official business in that day. The Bey conducted the Prince to the divan that was placed close to the windows. It commanded a fine view of the bustling scene on the bank of the river, opposite to which the "Taka" had anchored. Moored to the shore, were a host of boats, some discharging, others receiving their cargoes—a complete drove of those ugly-looking animals, buffaloes, were both standing and lying in the water; the Fellahines were filling their water jars, while their mothers were washing their dirty rags in the sacred stream, jabbering away like magpies; legions of mangy ugly "*kelbs*" were lying about in all directions, some fast asleep in holes, others munching away at offal, and not a few scratching holes in the earth to screen themselves from the

heat of the sun; hosts of beggars, both men and women, most scantily clad, in dirty disgusting looking rags, which was not to be wondered at, as the Governor informed the Prince that there were no hammans (baths) in the place. "What a shame! I will not have it," said the Prince, and he forthwith ordered two to be erected, and as I have before observed, his word is law; and before we quitted Benisooëf, hundreds of Fellahs were hard at work erecting them. Fellahines were carrying jars of "*kishleh*," a cream made of buffaloes' milk, about for sale; in short the diorama before us was a perfect kaleidoscope of the ordinary occupations of the inhabitants of the large towns on the banks of the Nile. Women and children, all filthily dirty, were hurrying towards the silk and cotton fabric manufactories which Mahomet Ali established, but which have no longer the number of hands at work as in their palmy days, when immense quantities of flax besides its manufactures were exported to Tunis, different parts of Barbary, Algiers, and Morocco, where they found a ready and lucrative market. While we were looking out of the window, the Bey ordered the attendants to place "*soofras*," close to us, upon which trays were laid with a most excellent breakfast, and as the air was fresh, the Governor had ordered a "*mangal*," a large copper

brazero about a foot in height, which rested upon a stand of the same material raised on castors, similar to that used in the bungalows in India during the monsoons, and filled with the embers of charcoal, to be placed in the middle of the floor, which soon warmed it thoroughly. After we had partaken of his hospitality, the Hekim was introduced to the Prince. He was a handsome young Arab, who had taken his degrees at Aberdeen, and had held the post of native doctor in this town for several years. From him I learned that the Egyptian Government, to its credit be it recorded, had of late years appointed Hekims to all the large towns to attend the poor, and furnish them with medicine gratis. A most salutary regulation, and I could not help thinking how easily that plan might be adopted for the pilgrims, which would prevent cholera being brought into El Musr, from the Holy cities of the Moslems. In "Nights in the Haram," I have already detailed a plan whereby such a desideratum might be carried out by His Highness the Viceroy of Egypt. Then pipes and coffee were served, and as the Hekim Hassan Oghlou knew that the Europeans were very fond of clotted or Devonshire cream, he whispered a few words to the Bey, and soon afterwards a slave handed me a small glass cup filled with

kishleh, which I passed to the Grand Pacha, who liked it so much that he ordered one to be brought him, but with the addition of plenty of sugar, for His Highness has quite a "sweet tooth." Thus having refreshed the inner man, the little Prince (for his age allowed him the *entrée* to all Harams) and myself were conducted by Osman Bey into that "*oda*," which means in fact the ladies' apartments, for it does not follow that a Turk must necessarily have a plurality of wives to have a haram, for the Governor of Benisooéf was content to have but one spouse, for as the prophet says "he had perfected half his religion by marrying." The Bey's haram, however, being in the palace, consisted of a number of odas, totally independent of each other, because the Regenerator of Egypt who erected it, often visited it with several of his wives, to each of whom was allotted a separate suite of apartments. Each of them, as is the case in all princely and noble Egyptian and Turkish families, had their own suite of slaves, who waited upon them in their harams; there they took their meals, received their acquaintances, gave fantasias, and whenever they wished to commune with themselves, remained in the strictest privacy, for when the door hangings of their "*oda*" were down, none dare enter therein,—not even their lord and

master. There their own slaves attended upon them, and each had a considerable number, for it is a mark of rank to be surrounded by a host of oustas. Those oustas were allowed egress from the haram to execute trivial commissions; but when they were living at Cairo and Alexandria the eunuchs, who occupied a hall at the entrance of the haram, performed all out-door commissions. The princes and grandees enter the haram whenever they feel disposed; but when they have a plurality of "*guelins*"—wives—the Grand Eunuch invariably acts as the groom of the chamber, and informs the wife whom the grandee desires to visit that the Agam requires admittance, then he returns and preceding him, announces him. It is almost impossible to explain to Europeans the "Ins and Outs" of every haram; that would be a dangerous and ticklish task, besides the manners and customs of the inmates are very dissimilar. In some a gay and joyous life is led; such was especially the case in Osman Bey's, for, as I have already mentioned, he had but one wife, and she was the mistress of his kind heart and hospitable mansion; there Zeyneb Hanem passed her time in singing, smoking, laughing, drinking coffee, walking in her beautiful garden, and listening to the slaves who not unfrequently amused her by taking upon them-

selves the office of Mohaddetyns and relating tales of their own beloved fatherland, for the greater number of them were Abyssinians—daughters of those men whom Mahomet has prophecied "will destroy his birth-place with a powerful army."

Generally speaking, both Turkish and Egyptian women are what we term in Europe illiterate mortals, for very few of them can either read or write; they certainly know a good deal about Arabic poetry, for their "oustas" are accustomed to narrate to them pieces from the Arab bards, in which both the life of the children of the desert and the scenery of their clime are described with wonderful power and fidelity. In those tales they conjure up visions of tawny brows, flowing beards, soft eyes, picturesque turbans, pawing chargers, and patient camels. They are such able phrenographers, that when listening to them we seem to have a picture before us. Often and often have I been highly amused with their descriptive powers.

Then, like a beautiful diorama, appeared before my eyes, in full perspective, the 'Land of the Date Tree, and the Fountain, the Ostrich, the Giraffe, the Tent and the Caravan;' they described with unerring fidelity the effects of the Simoon and the Mirage; the Desert, the brightness of the stars, that hospitality which waves her torch

through the night to win the wanderer to be a guest ; then seeking vengeance, with bloodshot eyes and dripping blade, dashing by on a stallion "shod with fire," as well as the breath and blaze, were all embodied in their pictures of the lyrics of the Bedouin bards, and the language which they used was rich in the extreme. But the *summum bonum* of their existence is their toilette and luxurious splendour ; most of them embroider with gold and silver thread, in which amusement their slaves take part. Surely, they must possess some taste for literature ? Many of their "oustas " I found most amiable and willing, but all possess great vanity, and are proverbial for their carelessness and want of thought. I have seen them watch the countenances of the princesses most narrowly, and when a dark cloud has flitted o'er their brows, in the twinkling of an eye have they jumped up, taken their musical instruments and began to sing and dance to amuse them.

Indolence is the natural characteristic of all eastern woman, and I have known them pass whole hours doubled up on a divan, or squatted on soft cushions laid upon the thick Smyrna carpets, smoking cigarettes, and occasionally puffing away at a Narghilé, in which has been placed a pea of opium. Their slaves were then stand-

ing grouped about them, and the ladies of the haram, squatted on the floor, all on the *qui vive* to minister to their slightest whim or fancy. Sometimes the "oustas" would fan them with large ostrich feathers, while others served them with bon-bons, eau d'or—confectionary or findjans of coffee. At other times, especially when we were at Constantinople, where their Highnesses enjoyed much more liberty than in Egypt, they would take aquatic excursions in caïks on the lovely Bosphorus, and visit other harams; at others, they would give fantasias to the Sultanas and the Hanems of the high Turkish dignitaries, and then no person—no, not even had it been His Highness Effendina—would have been admitted without the special invitation or permission of the Princess who gave the fantasia.

It seldom happened that Osman Bey dined in the haram, but when he did his '*ehl'*' (wife) waited upon him, like a slave did upon herself, but like all the women of the Moslemah, she never eat with him, nor allowed him to be present when she partook of any of her meals. When the Selamluck and the Haram are in the same mansion, two meals at each refreshment—viz., breakfast and dinner—are always provided; that in the former being for the lord and master, his attendants and slaves; while that in the latter was for

the wife or wives, as the case may be, and their attendants and oustas. When a haram contains a plurality of wives, there generally exists considerable bickering (such was not the case, however with their highnesses the Princesses of Egypt), and the children naturally side with their own parents—then indeed it becomes “a *Gehennem*.” If a grandee keeps several harams, the wives have a terrible life of it, especially if they dislike each other, for the lord and master cannot always be present to keep them in order, and the consequence is that the most deadly animosity becomes engendered among the wives and takes root in the hearts of the children, who most mortally hate those who are not the offspring of their own mothers. The haram of Zeyneb Hanem, into which Osman Bey introduced us, was a *bijou* of Oriental luxury, with azure blue satin furniture bespangled with silver crescents. The chairs were covered with the same material, and the cushions ornamented with pearls and small brilliants. There the same coloured satin, bordered with garlands of flowers, embroidered in gold, lined the walls; two large glass chandeliers, filled with coloured wax candles, hung suspended from the ceiling, which was exquisitely painted with landscapes of the Island of Roda. The divan was a perfect gem,

and could not be worth less than two thousand pounds. Console tables were placed about the room, covered with cloths most richly embroidered with diamonds, pearls, rubies, and emeralds. On them stood the usual mats, water coolers, and several massive gold drinking vessels, richly studded with precious stones. It had been the residence of Mahomet Ali; there he kept his haram in times past, and everything was exactly as when that illustrious Viceroy inhabited it. The Egyptian Government had never disarranged anything, but had compelled the Governors to keep it in good order. When Osman Bey entered the haram, I observed him deposit on one of the console tables his "*evening offering*," for be it understood no Moslem, whether of high or low degree, ever enters his haram of an evening, when the business of the day is over, empty handed: no matter how trivial may be the value of his present; this time it was a few bundles of delicious grapes, fresh gathered from his garden; had he been a member of the lower order, it would in all probability have been a salad; had the worthy Bey failed in this duty, the inference which Zeyneb Hanem would have drawn would have been detrimental to her peace of mind, for it would have led her to imply that he was about to repudiate her—"Allah kerim" that was not the case. Having

drawn the Grand Pacha's attention to that circumstance, he requested me to ask the Bin Bachi for ten purses (£50), which I did, and handed them to His Highness, who walked up to the table, and there beside the luscious grapes placed the purses of paras, exclaiming as he did so, "Madame, I am but a poor Prince; one day I hope to be richer, when I will make amends for so meagre an offering." We were received by Zeyneb Hanem with the greatest courtesy; she seemed highly honored at the Grand Pacha's visit. Refreshments were served us on massive gold trays, the findjans of coffee placed in beautiful gold *zarfs* encrusted with diamonds, in short everything was in viceregal splendour, for the service of plate, etc., was like that of Mahomet Ali's and was only used when His Highness, the Viceroy Ismaël Pacha, took up his residence in the Palace, which he did occasionally when he came there to inspect the manufactories.

The apartments had in one angle of the divan a *tandour*, a most singular, and yet useful, piece of furniture, which I afterwards saw at Constantinople. It is so dissimilar to anything in Europe, that I cannot forbear describing it. It is a wooden frame, covered with a couple of wadded coverlets, which are overlaid by a third, less in

dimensions, but of rich silk; within the frame, which is about as high and large as a Pembroke table, stands a copper vessel, filled with charcoal embers; and, on the two sides that did not touch the divan, piles of cushions were heaped upon the carpet, to nearly the same height, for the convenience of those whose rank did not allow them to sit on the divan. The double windows, which were at the extremity of the room, were closely latticed; and, at the lower end, in an arched recess, stood a handsome *gooleh*, full of water, and a covered goblet, in a cut glass saucer.

Soon pipes were served. That which was presented to His Highness, who took it out of compliment, for he had not yet began to enjoy the acme of a Turk's existence, he merely retained in his hand, as well as the one which was handed to me, which I also took, but only placed it to my lips, as I never smoke a chibouk, were of great value, the amber mouth-pieces alone were worth from five to six hundred pounds sterling, and the stems were richly encrusted with diamonds and precious stones. That which the Bey and his Hanem smoked, were also very valuable.

Zeyneb Hanem! How shall I describe that beautiful Buiük Hanem? How phrenograph the soft, sleepy loveliness of Osman Bey's Light of

the Haram? She was just eighteen, at which age Oriental beauty is at its climax, and her gracefulness was such as is seldom seen on earth. Her figure was slender, her eyes dark, large, and lustrous, with silken lashes edging their vein-traced lids. Her hair was luxuriant and black as the raven's wing. Her teeth were regular, and as white as ivory, and the expression of her beautifully-formed mouth was sweet, yet firm. I had not as yet seen any lovely women in the different harems I had visited, neither had any, with the exception of their Highnesses, the wife and daughter of the late Viceroy (Said Pacha), ever visited the harem of the Princesses of Egypt, and, therefore, I looked upon Zeyneb Hanem as a paragon of beauty, and I am not quite sure but that I did not admire her the more for the deep shade of melancholy that overshadowed her countenance, for it cast, as it were, a sort of twilight over her beauty, and softened, without diminishing, her lovely charms.

She was an Albanian by birth, and shortly afterwards, when I retired with her to her private *oola*, she very kindly, in answer to an inquiry which I made as to the costume worn in the land of her nativity, ordered one of her *oustas* to hand her a handkerchief, with which she began to bind up her hair, so as to give me an idea

of the Albanian *coiffure*. It was a black muslin beckerchief, embroidered with bouquets of flowers in silk, and fringed with fine pearls. When she wound it round her head, it produced a most striking effect—the raven-black tresses of her luxuriant hair, relieved by the bright, gay tints of the bouquet of flowers, and the alabaster whiteness of her clear brow matched most admirably the pearls that ornamented it. Her scarlet jacket, lined with sable, fell back, and displayed to view, through the gauze chemisette, her well-formed throat, which was as graceful as a swan's. Her pale blue silk inexpressibles were richly trimmed with silver bullion, and her little, snow white feet peeped, for an instant, from beneath them, as she changed her position on the divan. She really looked what she was—a most captivating *houri*.

But the *oda* into which she had conducted me was a perfect *bijou*. It was a most splendid apartment, decorated with sky blue satin and gold, with door hangings and furniture coverings to match. In short, it was just such a boudoir as that lovely Albanian ought to have occupied. Fortunately it was not destined to be possessed by any of those thin, dark, shrivelled-looking hags. I had but too often been accustomed to behold day after day.

Then she took me into the '*bed-room*,' and I never enter a Turkish or an Egyptian one, but it recalls to my mind one of those furniture shops in the Tottenham Court Road, where the flock and feather beds, pillows, and bolsters, as well as mattresses, are piled up, one upon another, but with this difference, that the coverings of the mattresses, for they all had such, were of the most costly description. About half a dozen of them were enveloped in yellow, crimson, blue, and green satin, brocaded with gold, and four of them were covered with violet-coloured velvet, richly fringed with bullion lace. The others were encased in various coloured chintzes. The Oriental beds are some what like those of Europeans.

Well, as I have just observed, the Oriental beds do resemble those of the West, only with this difference, that they are more expeditiously arranged. The mattresses are generally covered as those described, and when placed upon the carpet have a sheet of silk gauze or striped muslin placed over them. Sometimes even that is dispensed with. Half a dozen satin-cased down pillows, some encased in richly-embroidered muslin, of various forms and sizes, are piled up at the head, through which the satin is distinctly seen; then a couple of wadded coverlets of pale blue, crim-

son, green, or violet silk, most tastefully embroidered with roses, gilliflowers, &c., lined, with fine white linen or calico, which serves for a sheet, are laid at the foot, carefully folded. Mosquito curtains are placed through a ring in the wall and hang over it.

Thus, an Egyptian or Turkish bed is arranged in the twinkling of an eye. So that the *oustas*, when performing their functions of *femmes de chambre*, have only to proceed to the bed-room, carry the mattresses, pillows, and coverlets, and place them along the sides of the wainscot of the reception rooms, which then look like wards in an hospital, or the large dormitory in the Prince of Wales Hotel (I think it is so called, that is, the Parsis Hotel) at that sandy desert of a place, Aden, so well-known to every Overland traveller, especially if he happens to gallop off to the Turkish Wall, and on his return to that hotel finds, like we once did, that the Peninsular and Oriental steamer has departed, and he has to kick up his heels at that bamboo-hutted, straggling place, until another Overland mail arrives.

The scene in the morning is literally "take up your bed and walk," for no sooner does *Aurora* rise, than in scamper the slaves, and in less than five minutes the beds have vanished into the bed-

room, and thus the large dormitory of the previous night becomes the elegant and spacious reception room of the morrow.

The toilette of the Egyptian and Turkish odalisques is soon performed, for as they sleep in their daily costume, they sit themselves down on the divan, tell their *tusbee* (rosary), arrange and re-arrange their head dress and ornaments, and are dressed for the day, that is, until they have smoked their pipes.

Well, after that, we passed into the wardrobe room. About it stood large *sarats* (trunks). Across it hung lines, almost as artistically interlaced as those dark, gloomy, antiquated festoon cobwebs of that savage-looking, black, thick-legged spider, which I had often seen hung in many an aperture in some of the old houses at Cairo, while from them were suspended wide and long drawers, pea green, pink, white, light blue, and crimson inexpressibles, gauze chemisettes, paletots of silk, velvet, and satin, jackets, some of which were richly embroidered in gold, and ornamented with pearls, diamonds, and other precious stones—a galaxy of gems—almost as radiant as His Highness, Jung Behador, of Nepaul's princely attire—one blaze of diamonds—yachmacks, dark-coloured feredjhes, head dresses,

handkerchiefs, silk, velvet, satin, muslin, and other robes, cashmere shawls, &c.

At the lower end were several closets in the walls—the everlasting Turkish wardrobes, the doors of which were open. They were neither more or less than store rooms and rubbish cupboards, for therein were mixed, higgledy-piggledy together, old garments, satin slippers, yellow papooshes, packets of wax candles, lucifers, cakes of Syrian soap, bottles of Carnabat wine, perfumes, old *sarats*, cosmetics, yellow boots, stockings, coffee, tobacco jars, cigarette papers, opium pills, enveloped in coatings of gold leaf, frankincense, henna, camel hair brushes, combs, small hand mirrors, dried herbs, raisins, almonds, sugar, sweetmeats, cakes, confectionary, melon seeds, Indian corn, otto of roses, musk, kurbajs, pieces of cotton, silk, satin, and velvet fabrics, dried dates, in short, such a collection of odds and ends, that I am at a loss to catalogue them. In a word, each "hole in the wall" combined a Howell Street, in the Strand, clothes shop, boot-maker's, Italian warehouse, grocer's, wine merchant's, confectioner's, perfumer's, chemist's, corn chandler's herbalist's, and a St. Paul's Churchyard warehouseman's establishment.

Well, woman-like, I certainly admired, not only the extent, but the costly materials of

Zeyneb Hanem's wardrobe, and I could not help regretting what a pity it was that, like all the Turkish and Egyptian Buiük hanems, she never walked abroad with her husband, father, or brother, like the Greek women do. She told me she was quite delighted whenever she repaired to Constantinople, for there she roamed about at pleasure, and that the Bey often followed her. Well did I know that the Turkish women take excursions to the "Cities of the Silent" at Pera, for I had often seen them in their painted, gilded, gaudy-looking arabas, which resemble small covered wagons, with exteriors all crimson cloth, blue gilt fringe and tassels; with interiors arranged most luxuriously with soft cushions of *duvet*, richly embroidered; having four round looking-glasses empannelled on either side of the doors, with elegantly latticed frames, as substitutes for windows, by means of which they breathed the pure air of heaven.

In them the odalisques, veiled like belted knights, with their vizors down, went shopping, which was their daily amusement. Often and often had I watched the arabajies at the shop door of some fashionable *dokan*, the owner of which, quitting his carpet, shuffled out to show these titled hanems the last importation of

European fabrics, and standing close by, as if lost in deep abstraction, I have noticed the finished coquetry of those Turkish Buiük Hanems, the admirable manner, *avec beaucoup de finesse*, with which they discharged the artillery of their lustrous eyes, the quick, yet salient manner in which they rapidly overwhelmed the poor *dokandji* with their "Thousand and One," to us, puerile questions. Sometimes they would ask a shopkeeper I knew, why he did not pitch his *dokan* near a mosque, for, said one to him, "There thou wilt eat bread by thy skill, and thy soul will have the blessing of being on holy ground, until Allah brings thee 'to certainty'" (death), to which the venerable Turk replied, "A—a—l,"—all right—for he had picked up that saying when on his pilgrimage to Allah's land (El Hejez). He was a merry fellow, and knew full well from dear-bought experience, for his *bint amm* spent the paras freely, that the junkettings of the odalisques make up long bills at the end of the year, so he added, "Peace be with thee, oh ladies among women, and believe me that

" "The generous are Allah's friends, though they be sinners;
Misers are Allah's foes, though of gold they be the winners."

Many a time have I observed from the language of those Hanems' eyes that the replies to their inter-

rogatories so highly amused them that, in order to have the pleasure of tantalizing their unsuspected *butt*, they designated all he showed them as "Bad! bad! Rubbish!" then the arabajhe drove off on to the haram, while the veiled beauties laughed at the trick they had played, fully resolved to pay the *dokandji* many a visit ere they gratified him with the touch of their *paras*, while the patient Turk replaced his merchandise, exclaiming, "Allah will open a way for me to sell." Take my word for it, gentle reader, that no European woman can ever make more use of her eyes than a Turkish or Egyptian woman does. She sees everything within the scope of their horizon, in the twinkling of an eye, and reads the innermost recesses of a European's heart and thoughts with electric telegraph velocity, and knows how to interpret them too. She requires no key to their cyphers, for by intuition she understands their sayings, and can solve the enigma of their proposed doings. Oh! the *yachmach!* the *yachmach!* how adroitly do these houris understand its use. When disposed they even make it so transparent as to display their features to the view of any mortal whom they wish to honour. While, when a prey to that green-eyed monster, jealousy, they can clothe themselves in invisibility, and spy over the

actions of their lord and master, as he wanders by himself in search of questionable or unquestionable adventures.

On our return to the reception room, we found the Bey enjoying a comfortable nap, while the Grand Pacha was amusing himself by looking out of the window, watching a number of Franks who had just landed from their dahabéehs, and were being regularly beset by a host of beggars, some of whom were lame, blind, and maimed, who importuned them for *buksheesh*, exclaiming,

"My supper is in Allah's hands, O, see!
Whatever thou givest, that will go with thee."

Many were shrieking out, "*Sowab lilláh, ya Sidi!*" others, "*Buksheesh, ya Hamágees!*" and not a few, "In the name of Allah," while those who never obtained a *para*, vociferated with stentorian lungs, "May they perish before the night!" "May Allah put out their eyes!" and many other opprobrious expressions.

Not wishing to deprive the Prince of his amusement, I did not disturb him, and as the Bey was enjoying his *dolce far niente*, I thought it an excellent opportunity to offer Zeyneb Hanem a few remarks on the happiness of her position.

"Yes, Madame," she replied, "I am indeed happy: here all is peace and comfort, but that,

alas! is not the case in most harems; I know many in which the most horrible things take place—sometimes murders, at others most ludicrous scenes—not unfrequently other atrocious crimes are therein committed, especially when the passions of the odalisques are excited, then their self-love is roused to madness; the green-eyed monster jealousy keeps gnawing at their vitals until they have avenged themselves—then envy rouses Sheitan within them, and their hatred is so implacable that the harem soon becomes the battle-field of sanguinary conflicts, the arena of craft, subtilty, poisonings, and assassinations.”

“ Believe me, Khanoum Hanem, I envy not the lives of those arrogant proud wives and *ikbals* of Princes and Pachas, who although surrounded with every thing that wealth can purchase, are continually in hot water with each other, because each cannot individually possess the *entire* affection of their lord; since such is shared not only by his three or four wives, as the case may be, but by *Allah* only knows, for his *ehls* do not, how many *ikbals*.

“ Allah be praised! there are no *ikbals* here to whom my husband can repeat the expressions of affection which he ever and anon whispers in my ear; neither are there any *oustas* beneath this

roof who are likely to become his odalisques, as is the case with—

Turco-fino

Mangia porco è beve vino—

most of the wealthy Pachas, whether Turks, Egyptians, or Armenians, who have gone, as you Alla Franca people say, the whole length of the Moslem law, and have taken unto themselves two, three, or even four wives. I know many of the women of the Osmanli who have found it no easy task to curb their revengeful feelings, and bring their minds to submit to such a painful, degrading, and humiliating position; but I am constrained to avow that knowing as they do that such is their *kismet*, they should not indulge in that self-gratification of luxury and splendour which tends to excite the envy, jealousy, and hatred of their fellow inmates of the haram, for some of the most diabolical tragedies that have been committed in those palaces have been caused by trifles 'light as air,' perhaps even the present of a beautiful jewel, a well-appointed equipage, or an extra purse of *paras* to one wife, while the others have received no evening offering, or at least only a shawl or necklace of trivial value, which slight has roused the demon in them, and then one and

all, but too soon, display by unmistakable actions that they

‘Are vipers nurtured in a bed,
Where roses all their beauty spread ;
Though nourished with the drops alone,
Of waves that spring from Allah’s throne,
They still are poisonous reptiles found,
And with the venom taint the ground.’”

“That is abominable !” I exclaimed. “*Allah Kerim*, such is not the case in the harems of H.H. the Viceroy Ismaël Pacha ; he never gives his wives any cause to be jealous of his attentions—he treats them all alike ; if he bestows jewels upon one, the others have the same, and all have an equal allowance of *paras*, the same number of eunuchs, slaves and equipages ; thus he gives them no cause for recriminations, tears, angry passions, or quarrels, and when any misunderstanding takes place among them, it merely arises from some sudden ebullition of temper, which is speedily calmed down, and then the harem becomes ‘as calm and quiet as a summer’s eve.’”

“The Viceroy, Kaden Hanem, is a good and wise prince, but all distinguished Moslems do not possess ‘that milk of human kindness,’ as you Frenks say. Now, the women of the Osmanli may be divided into three distinct classes.

“The first, who are very numerous, comprise

those who patiently submit to their fate; live in peace and harmony with all the other wives, ikbals and oustas; all of whom they call by the endearing name of sister, participate in their amusements, and never murmur at being obliged to share the affections of their husband co-jointly with them, but who, even when their lord has intimated that he intends to honor one of them by passing the evening with her, will give a fantasia to that sister, whom they fête with coffee, sweatmeats, confectionary and cigarettes. It often happens that the Pacha himself will honour the re-union with his society, smoke his pipe, listen to a tale related by one of his wives or ikbals, and when that is finished all except the *one* whom the lord of the haram delights that evening to honour with a *tête-à-tête* retire to their own apartments, there to double themselves up on a divan, smoke cigarettes, drink coffee, and be lulled to sleep by their own favourite ousta. I have heard sufficient of your European ideas of Haram Life, madame, to know that you look upon it as *fena! fena!* And yet you cannot but admit that the other wives show their sense by calmly submitting, for, as you Frenks say—

‘What cannot be cured,
Must be endured.’

"The second are those who, although deeply sensible of their humiliating position—

'Never attempt to fan the hostile spark that within them glows,
Least they should make not one, but all the odalisques their foes.'

"And the third are those who, having married the idol of their hearts, are beloved by him in return, and who, being the sole mistress of their husband's affections and their haram—

'Appear to be the happiest of mortals. Oh! how blest!
Until, O misery, a skeleton comes within their breast,'

In the shape and form of a nobler *ehl* or *odalisque* who has, when her lord went shopping in the bazaar, managed to play upon him the whole artillery of her lustrous eyes, and thus attracted not only his attention but gained his affection. Then when that enemy to the domestic hearth enters the haram, that cherished home, *addio!* to the happy and contented life the wife has led. Then she mourns her lost happiness—*Amin! Amin!*—never to return; becomes a prey to that demon jealously; and yet bows her head and submits to her *kismet*. Perhaps, as not unfrequently happens, she has been blessed with a young and numerous family, thinking that she might possibly experience some difficulty in marrying again, and remembering the words of the prophet, that "If there were any good in thee thou had'st not been divorced," she departs not from the *khodja*, but tries to school

her heart to remain with him, and exerts her best endeavours to become a contented and submissive *ehl*, notwithstanding the cruel provocation she has received. She therefore receives the second wife with kindness and attention, and tries to live on friendly terms with her. Nevertheless, she maintains her connubial rights, secludes herself in her own haram—as her apartments are termed—and never allows him to enjoy his. Thus you will admit, Kaden Hanem, that she acts as you Frenks would call the part of an injured woman—she maintains her dignity as a wife who has and still does love her husband most affectionately, but will not lend herself to gloss over the baseness of her lord and agam's conduct."

"I must candidly admit, Zeyneb Hanem," I replied, "that her calm resignation and integrity of purpose is much to be admired."

Early next morning the Grand Pacha informed me that as Gulsime had told them that one of the barber's friends had gone to visit the Convent of St. Anthony in the desert, he had made up his mind to do likewise, especially as Osman Bey had told him that he could proceed thither with ease and safety from Benisooef.

"*Taib!*" I replied; and preparations were forthwith made for our journey.

After we had partaken of coffee and new white Arab bread, a most animating scene took place beneath the palace windows, for the Bey had summoned a host of the Maazee Arabs, with their swift camels and dromedaries to carry the necessary baggage and provisions, for we had to journey nearly seventy-seven miles and would necessarily be obliged not only to encamp, but to pass a night or two in the desert, with which idea the Prince seemed highly delighted.

When Osman Bey descended into the square facing the Palace, he selected the Sheikh of Abâboleh (Mazel tribe to whom the desert which we were about to traverse belongs), as guide, and pointing up to the window at which the Grand Pacha was sitting, he explained to him that he was to obey the Prince's orders; then he selected a number of fleet camels for His Highness' suite, and had the mules, upon which we were to perform the journey, brought out to see that they were properly shod and caparisoned—there were four in number, two for the Prince and myself respectively. Water skins, filled with drinking water, were laid upon the backs of dromedaries, then smaller ones for culinary purposes and the use of the domestics.

A tent, which belonged to the Governor, and was used by him whenever he travelled in the

interior, was next brought forth and thoroughly examined. It was what is called in India a *double* tent, and could be converted into a large reception room, forming at pleasure two separate apartments, two bedrooms, and an ante-chamber. The ropes of which were carefully over-hauled, and a double supply of pegs and mallets was taken; several sheets of American oil cloth to place upon the damp ground, with fine mats to lay over them; a number of wadded coverings, camp stools and two portable folding cane divans, which folded up, together with the necessary cushions, were slung in net panniers across the dromedaries; then came the supply of creature comforts, which consisted of boxes of *mish-mish* (dried apricots), dried dates, rice, vermicelli, and maccaroni, a case of claret which had been landed from the yacht for my own use, fowls, turkeys, pigeon—"all alive!"—coffee, sugar, oranges, lemons, onions, cucumbers, the ingredients for making pillauf, a stock of lentils, and half-a-dozen sheep. A dromedary was laden with charcoal, another with boxes, candles, lamps, oil, coffee of an inferior quality, several *zemzemets* (water bottles of Russia leather), large country saddle bags, ropes, and two dromedary saddles, in case either the Prince or myself might desire or have occasion to

mount them, and a pair of portable steps, also forming a chair, by which we could alight or descend, should we not wish the camels to kneel down; and *sóoree* (tobacco) for the Bin Bachi to give as bucksheesh to the Arabs, and two others were laden with the Prince's and my own travelling baggage.

In short, the Governor had been particular in making the most complete arrangements possible for our comfort.

Repairing to the haram, we took leave of Zeyneb Hanem, H.H. promising to pay her another visit on his return from the Convent; Osman Bey had intended to accompany the Prince, but it unfortunately happened that he had received some despatches from Cairo, which demanded his immediate attention; so taking leave of us, and wishing "that Allah might have us in his keeping," he returned to the palace, after having seen us fairly on our journey.

The Arab Cheikh Hamed led the way, then followed a strong escort of the Atwenee Arabs; the Prince and myself mounted on our mules in the centre, followed by the Bin Bachi and attendants, and the dromedaries; Arabs and slaves, of whom we had a goodly number, all armed to the teeth, brought up the rear.

Soon we crossed a few torrent beds, after which we entered the *Wadee-el-Arraba* (Large Valley),

which runs between the Kalalla Ranges down to the Red Sea, and is about twenty miles long.

On arriving at Wade-el-Areideh, the tent pitchers proceeded to erect our canvas selamlick, and then for the first time in our lives the little Prince and myself found ourselves the occupants of an airy palace in the desert. The slaves bustled about—some laid down the American oil cloth on the ground, lest the damp earth might give us cold; others placed the mats upon it, then the two cane bamboo divans were brought in, and the squabs and cushions laid thereon, small *segadehs* of Turkey carpet placed at the sides, after which they vanished to prepare refreshments. The attendants having brought our camp stools, we had the tent door hangings looped up; two sentries were pacing up and down, for the Bin Bachi had placed a picket on duty. That polite and agreeable officer was squatted on his *segadeh*, smoking his chibouque; but on seeing the Grand Pacha, he rose, saluted him, and awaited his commands. The Prince requested him to *otour*, and taking a camp stool which one of the slaves had brought, he took his seat beside His Highness and myself. There, while the slaves were preparing our breakfast, we gazed upon the sandy desert, and amused ourselves by watching the manner in which the Arabs had

bivouacked themselves. The air was cool, and they had ranged themselves close to the tent of His Highness' kitchen. The dromedaries, who had been eased of their loads, which lay piled up near them, were kneeling down; their drivers, leaning their backs against them, were smoking their pipes, filled with the *sóortee* (tobacco) which the Bin Bachi had served out to them, and sipping their copper findjans, full of boiling coffee. The sun soon began to burst forth in all its glorious splendour, and the various hillocks of sand assumed volcanic tints; but as he rose higher in the heavens, the whole horizon became a vivid glare of light; occasionally the deadly stillness was broken by the howling of the jackalls, the laughing of the hyenas, and the flapping of the wings of huge kites; now and then a fleet gazelle passed within gun shot of the tent. Finding the glare too powerful for our sight, we entered; the door hangings were then let down, and the attendants having brought in the breakfast, we made an excellent repast, after which we retired to take our '*kef*' on the divans. The Grand Pacha, who was very tired and had partaken of a hearty meal, soon fell fast asleep, but I found the mosquitoes so troublesome that I became restless, and rising from the divan, I called one of the attendants, made him "*rig*" a

kind of punkah, and then set two others to pull it backwards and forwards. That kept up a current of air through the tent; after which I obtained a refreshing *siesta*.

When the heat of the day began to decline, we again seated ourselves outside and watched with peculiar interest the various lights and shades which the limestone mountains assumed as the rays of the sun fell upon them. They were beautiful, indeed, for those primitive hills are composed of the Egyptian porphyry, and different kinds of granites.

A deadly stillness reigned around; the Arabs were grouped about in the vicinity of the encampment, the cooks and attendants were busy preparing the supper.

Soon the sun began to sink to rest, then the whole group dropped down upon their knees, repeated their *namaz*, turning their faces towards Mekkeh, and bowed their heads to the earth several times while performing their *souddoud*.

After we had partaken of supper, we retired for the night, and were soon absorbed in

“Nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep.”

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